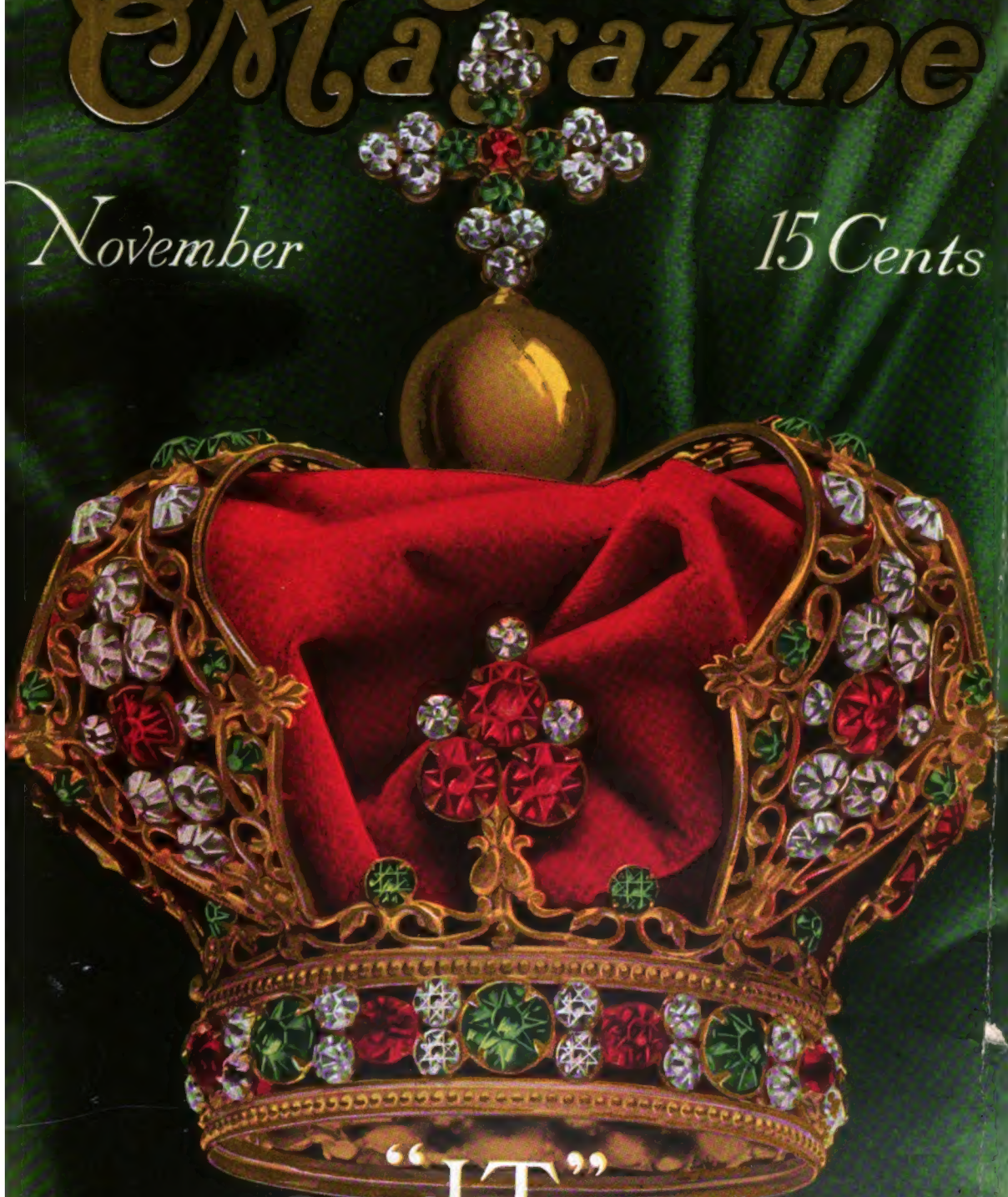


Everybody's Magazine

November

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THE AMERICAN BOY.
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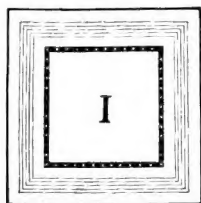


EVES of an UNKNOWN EDEN

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF LOVELY LADIES," "THE TERROR
ON EUROPE'S THRESHOLD," ETC.



T all began with a café-table discussion in As-trakhan.

"Which way are you headed, friend?" inquired my vis-à-vis, a world-wanderer of engaging manners and strange turns of speech, who, in a half hour's acquaintance, had shown an amazingly intimate knowledge of everything from the tenets of the Free Kirk to the tactics of the Foreign Legion.

"To Circassia—to see the pretty women," said I.

"You're headed wrong," said he. "The only women pretty enough to be worth the seeing are in Tehuantepec."

"It sounds like the name of a patent medicine or a Pullman car," said I.

"It's neither," said he. "It's a district in the Mexican hot lands. Boat from New Orleans to Coatzacoalcos, rail from there to Tehuantepec, and you're among the Venuses and Dianas and Aphrodites of the world. I ought to know," he added, "for I've seen 'em all."

That is why a twelvemonth later found me in that strange corner of Middle America where the oceans try to meet and are foiled by scarce a hundred miles of Mexican jungle.

It is a far cry from New York or Chicago to the Tehuantepec of deadly fevers and lovely women, but the restless spirit of the wanderer stirred within me, and it needed no urging to set my feet on the long trail which leads due south from steam heat to hammock-land. The *tierra caliente*, or "hot



Photograph by C. B. Waite, Mexico City.

THEY ARE TEHUANTEPEC—THEY IN THEIR BARBARIC COLORS—TREADING THE EARTH AS IF IT WERE THEIRS.

country," is another and distinct Mexico—in climate, people, manners, and speech as different from those portions of the republic familiar to the tourist as Equatoria is from Egypt. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec is, with the exception of Panama, the narrowest neck of land between the two great oceans, and across this neck a British contractor, with the vision of a prophet, has built a railway which is destined to threaten seriously the financial success of our much-heralded canal. The Tehuantepec route between New York and San Francisco, remember, is nearly thirteen hundred miles shorter than that by way of Panama, and to cover this additional distance the average freight steamer will require from four to five days. Now the Tehuantepec National Railway not only will, but *does*, unload a cargo, carry it across the Isthmus, and reload it in forty-eight hours. As it will probably require a day for a steamer to pass through the canal, this means a net saving of from three to four days by the Tehuantepec route. Vessels now come alongside the wharf at Coatzacoalcos—or Puerto Mexico, to give it its new official name—electric cranes dip down and lift the merchandise out of their holds and transfer it to waiting cars through hatches in their roofs, and before the ships are loaded again their discharged cargoes are being lowered into the holds of other ships at Salina Cruz, 125 miles away, for their journey across the Pacific.

This ten-hour trip from ocean to ocean has not its like in all the world. From Coatzacoalcos, an unkempt, fever-stricken hamlet, huddled on the sandy shores of a horseshoe bay, we slide past gray-green fields of pineapples, and then, without warning, plunge straight into the twilight of the jungle, where for mile after mile, hour after hour, the trees are smothered in ferns and orchids, where monkeys chatter at us from the branches, and where inconceivably gorgeous blooms of red and orange and yellow light up the home of panthers, pythons, and parrots. So rapid is the growth of vegetation in this torrid region that the passage of the trains is made possible only by the constant use of chemicals to repel the alarming encroachments of the creepers on the rails. The chemical compound, in the form of a scalding liquid, is sprayed from a heated tank-car by means of a steam-heated atomizer, the application killing all plant life;

but so quickly does another crop arise that the operation of drenching the right of way must be almost continuous to be effective.

Five years ago, to get to Tehuantepec I should have had to ride on horseback along a jungle trail, and should probably have been held up at Chinameca and again at Chivela. Now I travel in a moderately comfortable train, with nothing but the heat and the sand and the mosquitoes to disturb me. When the railway was built through here some four or five years ago, the natives used to put stones on the track to see what would happen. The habit was cured by the *rurales*. A handful of these grim rural police, recruited from the brigands, every one, was detailed to guard the line. The next time a train was jolted, they turned out and caught the offenders, disappearing with them into the jungle. The next morning the *rurales* reappeared alone, with the report that their prisoners had been shot while attempting to escape. In no country on earth is the course of justice less impeded by sentiment. There are no flowers or bonbons for the criminal; no girls gush over him; he is not even tried by a jury of his peers—his case is promptly disposed of by means of a convenient stone wall and a firing party.

Until very recently the collecting of fares on the Isthmian railway was done upon a system more remunerative to passengers and employees than to the company. Every self-respecting white man avoided buying a ticket at all costs, and by the use of pull or persuasion usually was able to provide himself with a pass for the occasion. In Mexico every one who is anybody rides on a pass. You are without friends or influence, indeed, if you are compelled to pay for transportation. I knew an American, a railway engineer, who had the colossal good luck to win the grand prize of \$100,000 in the Mexican National Lottery—and then spent three weeks hanging about the railway offices in Mexico City for a pass to take him home. In "the good old days" on the Isthmus the natives were, of course, treated differently from the whites. If they were *bona fide* passengers, say for a distance of fifty miles, the conductor gave them a ticket for half the distance and charged them half price for the balance, which he pocketed. But with the installation of American methods has come a stricter supervision, and the trains, in consequence, have become quite regular.



Photograph by C. B. Waite, Mexico City.

WITH OLIVE SKIN AND EYES BIG AND DARK—JUST SUCH EYES AS THE DOLORES SHOULD HAVE WHO SWINGS IN A HAMMOCK UNDER THE PALMS.

Our train chugs on. The sand sifts in and fills our eyes and ears and hair; the mosquitoes get in their work on neck and wrist and ankle; the heat is so sweltering that we feel like melting tallow candles rather than human beings. The jungle plants flap wet feelers against the cars, which move forward through a veritable tunnel of dank, rank foliage. On the black, oily surface of the creosoted ties are small pools of dew, and tiny rills of moisture trickle down the upright steel rails employed in lieu of wooden telegraph poles, which, if planted here, would either rot or sprout.

In this zone the white man fights the good fight with rum and nature—and loses. For, though he labors hard, he drinks harder. "A man must drink more in this climate," he meditates. "It is well to keep one's liver afloat." Scorpions and pinolias assail him; numberless gnats, countless flies, unspeakable bugs, persistent fleas make life a petty hell. The heat thins him, the fevers rack him, the ceaseless rain depresses him, but still he labors doggedly, stringing his telegraph wires or driving his gang of Indian plate-layers or pruning his wretched plantation of sickly rubber trees. Presently he takes to himself a native woman who provides him with meals and many yellow children, but eventually she gives place in his affections to a black bottle and a pack of greasy cards, and after that comes tropical paresis. Slowly and surely the insatiate jungle closes in about him, claiming its own. After a time there will be another painted headstone in the little cemetery at Rincon Antonio. Thus passes one more pioneer.

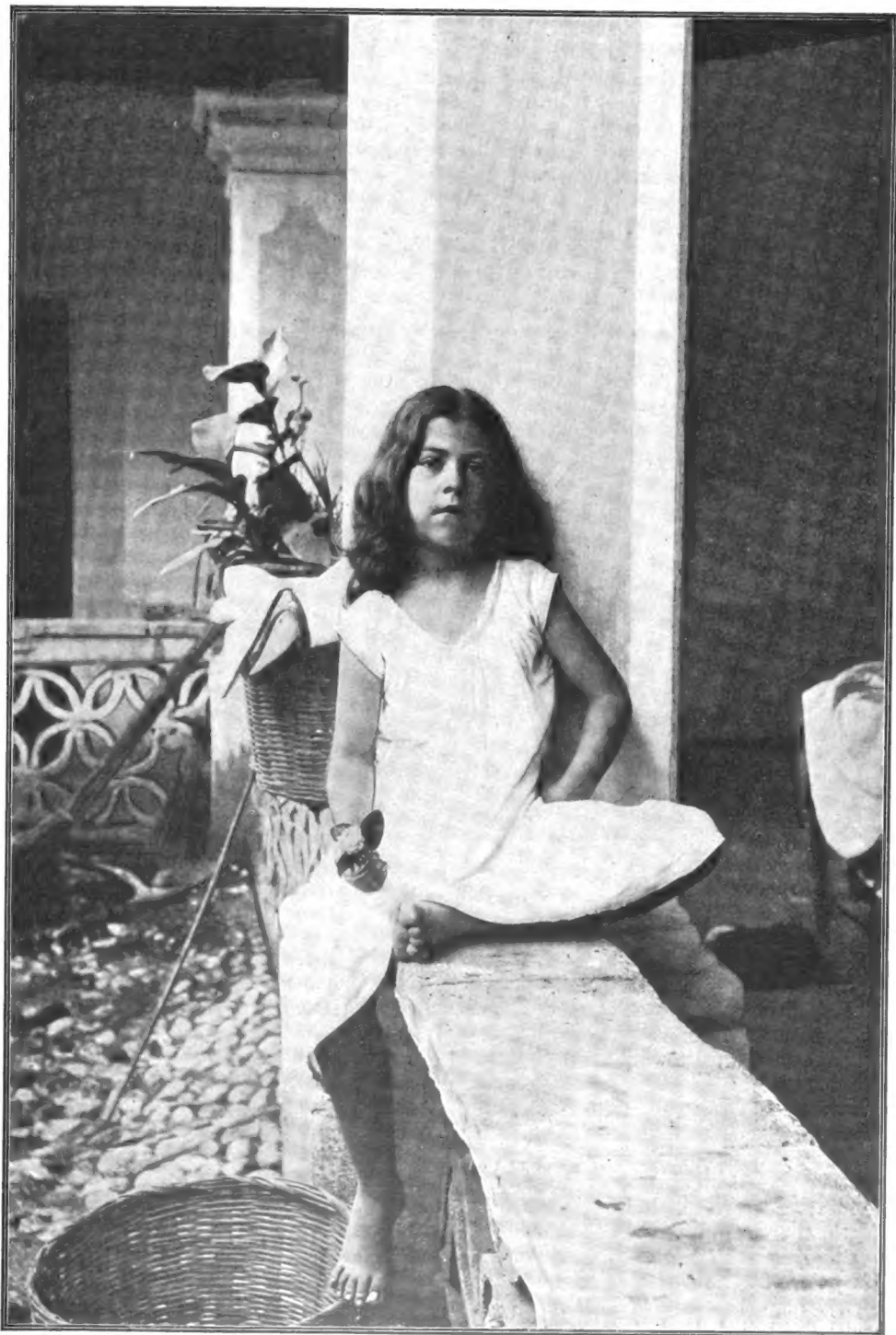
Presently the jungle through which we are steaming dwindles into scrub, and the scrub into barren, wind-swept hills, dotted, like lonely sentinels, with splendid organ cacti. We have topped the Cordillera, the backbone of the continent. The descent becomes abrupt, with a succession of loop-the-loop-like curves and roller-coaster inclines. Strong gusts of sea air sweep up from the cañons—sure sign that the Pacific is near at hand—and soon, with hiss of steam and grinding of air brakes, we draw up before the bungalow station of Tehuantepec. Tehuantepec is one of those names which, like Timbuctoo and Heligoland and Zanzibar and Mandalay, by their combination of romance and rhythm stick long in one's memory. It means, so the *jefe político* of the district told me, "the hill of the

jaguar"; not that there is any overplus of the spotted beasts here, but because in the irregular patches of white quartz which scar the face of a near-by porphyritic hill the Indian fancy discerns the outline of the native tiger.

It disappoints at first. All such places do. Fez, Bokhara, and Samarkand were, at first glance, the most disappointing places I ever saw. But the town grows on acquaintance. It is built along both banks of a broad and lazy river, on the edge of immense cocanut groves in an arid and dusty region which might, to all appearances, be northern Africa. Seen from within, the straggling town looks like a place which has been bombarded and deserted, due, no doubt, to the violent and oft-repeated earthquakes which every now and then do their best to demolish it. As a result of these frequent shocks, almost all of the low, one-story houses are scarred with earthquake cracks and many of them are in ruins; but, instead of clearing these away, the natives build new houses elsewhere. Situated in the very heart of the area of seismic disturbances, Tehuantepec is a city of impending dread. No matter how many years one has lived in an earthquake zone; no matter how many *temblores* one has experienced, it is a sensation to which one never becomes inured. When the earth heaves, and the houses rock like ships in a storm, and the long, straight street writhes like a dying snake, and the squares are filled with kneeling, praying thousands, it takes a stout-hearted man to shrug his shoulders indifferently and smile.

Once, in the company of President Diaz, I spent a few nights in the Mexican earthquake zone as the guest of the governor of the state. As a measure of precaution, the plaster ceilings of our sleeping rooms had been replaced with strips of matched boarding. "If a *temblor* should come in the night, señor," remarked my host, as he was bidding me good night, "wait for nothing, but make straight for the patio. I think these boards will hold until you get from under cover." And that evening, when I took the governor's wife out to dinner, she had remarked sadly: "We are so benighted here in the hot lands; it is impossible even to have music, for no sooner do I have my grand piano tuned than an earthquake comes along and tips it over."

And so we find ourselves in Tehuantepec,



Photograph by C. B. Wattle, Mexico City.

A CHILD OF THE HOT COUNTRY.

the home of lovely women and the Utopia of the suffragette. The women, you will understand, form the bulk of the population in a proportion of five to every man. The majority of the males are immigrants from adjoining states; they are more or less degenerate and utterly insignificant, and in every respect are infinitely inferior to the women. The Tehuana men were practically wiped out of existence as the result of the abortive uprising of Juchitan which followed the establishment of the republic.

is the wonder of the land. From Rangoon right around to Tiflis I have never seen her like. The Circassian women have more lustrous eyes, it is true, and the Cingalese are a whit more willowy of figure; but Miss Tehuana of Tehuantepec, take her by and large, combines more physical attractions than any other woman that I know. When I have said that these Tehuana women combine the figure of an Annette Kellerman with the face and features of a Ruth St. Denis and the dignity and carriage of a



MAKING TORTILLAS. THE ORDINARY LABORER RARELY RECEIVES MORE THAN TWENTY TO FORTY CENTS A DAY, BUT HE HAS NO HESITATION IN BURDENING HIMSELF WITH A FAMILY.

President Diaz's brother Felix, locally known as "El Chato"—The Pug Nose—was at that time commander of the military district of Tehuantepec, and he was as a result of the harsh, repressive measures which he had inaugurated, most heartily detested by the native population. So it is scarcely to be wondered at that when the next Indian uprising took place he was the first victim. The Tehuanas took him prisoner, and—so the local story goes—thinking to even up their score in a measure, after clubbing him nearly to death, they boiled him alive in oil. The news came, in due time, to brother Porfiro, at his palace in the capital, and when the *rurales*, whom he sent posthaste to the Isthmus, finished their grim work, there was scarcely a male Tehuana, boy or man, to be found between the oceans.

Mary Garden, I have need to say but little further in their praise. Mesdames Garden, Kellerman, and St. Denis are, in fact, the ones who may feel complimented by the comparison.

They are olive-skinned, are these Tehuana women, with a soft rose showing through; their eyes are big and dark and sparkling—just such eyes as the Dolores should have who swings in a hammock under the palms; their features are perfect, and so are their teeth, which are kept as clean and white as though they were intended for a tooth-powder advertisement. Of statuesque build, but of little more than medium stature, with great masses of blue-black hair, exquisite limbs, and smallest feet, they seem made for artists' models. If these women were to mate with Cretan men, we should have a race of

But the woman—the Tehuana woman—

demigods again. And this is saying much for Mexico, a country where one becomes discouraged and no longer looks at the women, so few are the pretty ones and far between.

In the market place are many pretty girls, and so Oriental is the color you might imagine yourself east instead of west of Suez. For these are the hot lands, and children of the sun the world over love the splendor of crimson and scarlet and gold; even the birds wear brighter colors. The lower part

mental garments, and from continued one-sided use having long since lost their original capacity of being put on over the body. The whole thing is starched, and worn in several ways. For going to mass and for festal occasions the rim of the neck is fastened round the face and tied under the chin, so that the starched neck-frill frames the features like an exaggerated Elizabethan ruff, while the waist-frill rests upon and covers the shoulders, bosom, and bare arms down to the elbow. When walking in the street,



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson, Minneapolis, Minn.

IMAGINE THIS THROG STRUNG THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS IN ONE GORGEOUS, ANIMATED PANORAMA.

of their daily costume is a *nagua*, or skirt, of cherry or scarlet cotton, striped with white, black, or yellow as the fancy of the wearer dictates, held close about her by a vivid sash. The upper part of the body is covered with a *zouave* jacket, heavily embroidered, low-necked and sleeveless, and revealing superb arms of bronze, sometimes of copper, molded on splendid lines, and at the waist a few inches of brown skin. Lastly there is the *juipil*, or headdress, a huge affair of lace, stiffly starched and with a wide flounce, a silky material of gamboge or apple-green forming the center.

Juipil is the native name for an embroidered chemise, which is worn by most other tribes in the usual way; but these particular *juipiles* have undergone a peculiar evolution, having developed into purely orna-

mental garments, and from continued one-sided use having long since lost their original capacity of being put on over the body. The whole thing is starched, and worn in several ways. For going to mass and for festal occasions the rim of the neck is fastened round the face and tied under the chin, so that the starched neck-frill frames the features like an exaggerated Elizabethan ruff, while the waist-frill rests upon and covers the shoulders, bosom, and bare arms down to the elbow. When walking in the street,

If the Treasurer of the United States should ever have occasion to call in his gold coins, he would find a most amazing quantity of them bedecking the persons of these Isthmian belles. British sovereigns and French napoleons are not desired, but a big premium will be paid for the eagles, half-eagles, and double-eagles of Uncle Sam. Every *centavo* a Tehuana woman can beg,

borrow, or earn goes into her fund for purchasing gold pieces, the gorgeous necklace with its rows of shining, tinkling coins making a showy and not unattractive ornament. As the financial and social standing of a Syrian is denoted by the amount of cloth in his trousers, so is that of a Tehuana by the number of coins on her necklace. I heard of one Tehuana heiress who has, it is said, a necklace valued at five thousand dollars.

Strangely enough, none of these gorgeously dressed women can be persuaded to wear shoes or even sandals. Clad in all her finery—*juipil*, *nagua*, necklace, and smile—she will appear barefooted—a strange anomaly. Without shoes she will dance over a stone floor, or even a dirt, gravel-bestrewn surface, with a grace which violates all the rules of the Isadora Duncanian art. There is scarcely beginning or end to one of these Tehuana dances. It consists of repetitions of some simple figure, danced to the music of an Indian harp, a guitar, and a fiddle; and this accompaniment, as well, is but the ceaseless recurrence of a simple rhythmic phrase. Dance and music are both chiefly interesting because they are among the few survivals of that strange Zapotec race which, with the exception of these few people, has disappeared from the land as mysteriously as it came.

Woman dominates the city on the torrid Isthmus. Here her rights are recognized and undisputed. The women run the place and do ninety per cent. of the business. A striking characteristic of these Tehuana beauties is their commercial enterprise. In the market place, where most of the bartering is done, they reign supreme. The wife owns the property, she holds the family purse-strings, and she must even vouch for the husband before he can obtain credit. Not only are the women *the* power in the district, but they are fully aware of it; they delegate all of the menial work, save the cooking, to the men, and devote their energies to trade, which is so fully in their hands that all commercial transactions in Tehuantepec are done by them or require their sanction. *They* are Tehuantepec—they in their barbaric colors—treading the earth as if it were theirs, while the little men shamble about with the dogs, the one as degraded as the other.

The greatest power in the entire district is, indeed, a certain old woman who rules the

countryside by means of her wealth and shrewdness. Through money-lending she has got many of the people, officials and civilians, into her hands, and is therefore in a position to have her advice accepted and her dictates obeyed. Every important transaction, political or financial, requires her approval; no official could be elected or hold office in the district for a minute unless given her support; illustrious strangers would not dream of crossing the Isthmus without stopping at her plantation to pay their respects; the railway contractors depend on her to keep their turbulent workmen in order, and the President himself is not above seeking her advice. General Diaz has always had a warm spot in his heart for Tehuantepec, very much as you always regard with a certain liking the boy whom you once licked; for many years ago—he was plain Captain Diaz then—he was the commander of the little garrison here and quelled a revolt by clapping all the women into jail. The next morning there were no *tortillas* and there was no one to prepare them, and, as revolutionists get just as hungry as any one else, the resistance of the disaffected citizens was quickly broken. The story is true, as I happen to know, for the President himself told it to me.

One hears much of the morals of Tehuantepec. The Tehuana woman is reputed a tropical Delilah. The Isthmus, very naturally, is provided with a true Isthmian code of morals, but it is no flaunting abode of sin, as some would have you think. There is no gilded vice in Tehuantepec—not so much as a glitter. Amid the dreariness of mud huts and palm shacks and frontier hotels, how should there be? The vice of places is always exaggerated, for that matter. Tangier, Port Said, Baku—I have known them all in their prime, but they all fell far below their reputations.

The conditions which we hold to be immoral in Tehuantepec could only be called *unmoral*. In any event, they are not the fault of the Tehuanas. The only legally valid marriage ceremony in Mexico, you will understand, is the civil ceremony, but to the Tehuanas the civil ceremony means nothing whatever; they cannot grasp its significance, and there is nothing in the prosaic, businesslike proceeding to touch their hearts or stir their imaginations. The only ceremony they recognize is one per-



Photograph by C. B. Waste, Mexico City.

TEHUANA BELLES IN FESTIVAL DRESS.

formed by a priest in a church. And that costs from fifteen to thirty dollars—to a Mexican Indian an unthinkable sum, which he could not possibly raise without going into debt.

On the Isthmus the ordinary laborer rarely receives more than twenty to forty cents a day. Despite his meager pay, however, he has no hesitation in burdening himself with a family. If he acquires it after the formalities of a wedding ceremony, his employer has loaned him the thirty or forty

it by what name you will—and the other, imprisonment for debt to his employer.

Because they can live on their wretchedly poor pay, it never occurs to the natives to lay up for the morrow, each day being literally sufficient for itself. I have an acquaintance, a bank president in the capital and an American, who owns a sugar plantation on the Isthmus. Learning that the average wage of his three hundred laborers was under fifty *centavos* a day, he ordered, in a burst of Northern indignation, that every man's



Photography Summer in Mexico City, Mexico.

GRIM RURALES, RECRUITED FROM THE BRIGANDS, EVERY ONE.

pesos—unreturnable sum—necessary to pay the priest and the piper, and the young man's eternal indebtedness begins from the beginning. But, whether the parents are married or not, the children are always baptized, and, if the union lasts long enough, are confirmed. This, too, costs money, and this money the employer delightedly pays. Now he has the young man exactly where he wants him. On thirty cents a day there is no possibility of a laborer's paying a debt of fifty *pesos* or more and moving away; and, if he attempts to depart without paying it, a word from the employer to his friend, the *jefe politico* of the district, would suffice to land him in jail and keep him there. The entire lives of a great number of Isthmian peons—and this is true of all southern Mexico—contain two alternatives, one of which is practical slavery, peonage, serfdom—call

wage should be increased to a *peso*. Promptly on Wednesday night every man quit work and refused to go back until the following Monday. "Why should we work," said they, "when we have already made as much money in three days as we used to make in six?"

The wardrobes of the Tehuana men are as wretched as their diet. Trousers and shirt of cheapest cotton, a gayly-striped woolen *serape* which serves as mantle, floor covering, and bed blanket in one; feet either bare or protected by coarse sandals; and a sombrero with a brim as wide as the wearer's limited means or the law will allow, compose the native costume. The peon who can possess himself, no matter how, of a complete, wide-brimmed sombrero, of either straw or felt, with a few strands of tinsel cord twisted around the crown, is a veritable

Beau Brummel among his fellows. This business of wearing wide-brimmed hats has, however, been recently regulated by law in several of the Mexican states, the gigantic headgear so dear to the people causing exceeding inconvenience in trains, tram cars, and places of public assembly. In Guadalupe, for example, a law has been passed, and is rigidly enforced, imposing a tax of a dollar for every centimeter of hat-brim over a certain width.

Take them by and large, the Tehuanas are

durance. An instance is told in Tehuantepec of a runner who carried a despatch 130 miles into the interior, over a rough jungle trail and in a sweltering temperature, returning with the answer in thirty-six hours. The foreigners will tell you, however, that these remarkable powers of endurance are only transitory and are due to the use of a narcotic and stimulant plant called the *coca*, which grows in this region and is much chewed by the native.

On the Isthmus every one smokes. Men,



Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson, Minneapolis, Minn.

WATER CARRIERS IN OAXACA. TAKE THEM BY AND LARGE, THE TEHUANAS ARE THE LAZIEST MEN I KNOW.

the laziest men I know. I had a box of curios which I wished to send to the station, a few hundred yards from the wretched inn which dignified itself with the title of hotel. Of half a dozen ox-carts which had been waiting at the station ever since sunrise for a train that did not come, not one driver could be induced to earn a *peso* by ten minutes' work. Loafers, who thought nothing of carrying pianos and other huge burdens when they were short of money, declared it was too heavy. "Why not take it empty and repack it at the station?" they would inquire, pausing to light another cigarette. Lucky for them that their women-folk possess both energy and brains, else they would starve, for they would be too lazy to beg a meal, much less earn one.

And yet, surprisingly enough, these same indolent, apathetic Indians show evidences, when necessary, of the most amazing en-

matrons, girls, children, even babies in arms may be seen puffing away at cigars, big, black, and bilious-looking. Personally, it always gives me a little shock to see a really lovely girl holding a long black cigar between her cherry lips. In Tehuantepec the children are weaned on tobacco. Strolling through the outskirts of the town one day, I saw a little boy, apparently not more than three years old, puffing away at a big cigar. It was startling to see a cigar in his baby mouth, especially a full-sized cigar, which from its color was obviously of a strength known to smokers as *colorado maduro*; yet he puffed at it with evident enjoyment, stopping occasionally to play with a small mongrel puppy or to munch a banana which he held in his hand.

Original from "How old is he?" I asked the mother.

"Two years and ten months, señor," she replied.

"Does he smoke often?" I asked.

"Sí, señor," she answered, "he smokes three or four cigars a day; all our children have done so at that age."

When you go to Sourakhani, which is in the Caucasus, they will advise you to keep away from the temple of the Fire Worshipers, and in Damascus it is unwise to trespass at the prayer-hour in the Mosque of Omar; likewise in Tehuantepec it is the part of discretion to avoid the heights which overlook the city, since they are dedicated

to the native gods and strange rites are practised there in the nighttime. Missionaries will tell you that this is not so, and that Catholic or Protestant Christianity—according to the creed of the speaker—is firmly implanted in the breasts of these simple children of the jungle. But if you will wander up and down the Isthmus leisurely, you will see and hear many things which throw unexpected light on the native idea of religion. In each of these remote Isthmian hamlets there is a church, with its usual complement of deacons and subdeacons and a choir, and when the

bells are rung for vespers or for curfew the people take off their hats and cross themselves; some go to mass, and all sprinkle themselves with holy water.

But go inside in mid week. On the altar stands the customary image of the Virgin, surrounded with withered flowers; but on either side she is supported by the squat clay figures of inconceivably repulsive native gods, with flowers around them—and these are fresh. These idols disappear toward the end of the week, when the *padre* is expected; they are put beneath the altar, only to be brought out again on his departure.

It may not be as apparent, but, as a matter of fact, idolatry has as strong a hold on the natives of the Mexican hot lands as when Cortés and his soldiers



A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BRIDE OF TEHUANTEPEC. THE TEHUANA WOMAN IS THE WONDER OF THE LAND. FROM RANGOON RIGHT AROUND TO TIFLIS I HAVE NEVER SEEN HER LIKE OUR BEAUTY.

Photograph by C. B. Wylie, Mexico City.

marched through them on their way to Honduras four hundred years ago. In the state of Oaxaca, in which is Tehuantepec, there is near every village some secluded spot—be it a cave, the top of a mountain, or a forest, encircled pool—whither the people clandestinely repair in order to make sacrifices to their gods. The favorite sacrifice is a goat, a turkey, or other fowl, the head of which is cut off and buried, while the soil and the other offerings, consisting of dishes of food and a gourd filled with an intoxicating drink, are sprinkled with the blood. The place where these sacrifices are made determines their effect. If a Tehuana bears a grudge against a neighbor, he will bury the head of a chicken or the bones of a dog at dead of night outside his victim's house; though, on the other hand, if the ceremony is performed within, it can bring nothing but good luck. The natives of the Isthmus firmly believe that every child at birth becomes intimately connected with some beast of the jungle, and the grown-up man will never hurt that particular kind of animal. If the animal dies, the child dies, too. The question is to determine just what kind of an animal it is, and in order to reassure himself the father sprinkles ashes or dust on the ground outside the house at the child's birth and watches for a spoor.

Come, stroll with me for a brief time through the highways and byways of Tehuantepec. It is evening, and the band is playing in the plaza, as it is playing in every plaza in Mexico—one universal inharmony. On the dusty streets, in the narrow lanes, wherever you look, the Tehuana girl is there, always with her outlandish, Oriental garments, always with her superb figure and carriage.



Photograph by C. B. Waite, Mexico City.

PERHAPS THE STRANGEST HEADDRESS IN THE WORLD, IT WANTS ONLY A PRETTY FACE TO SET IT OFF.

Along the highway the red *serapes* and white cotton suits of the men can be seen from afar, and their sombreros resemble so many vast and glistening mushrooms. Imagine this throng strung through the narrow streets in one gorgeous, animated panorama:

the files of women in *nagua* and *juipil* and *juipil grande*, the strings of burros, heavy laden—the long line of scarlet and blue and white moving through the winding streets, round and round the little plaza, leisurely. Peradventure you may encounter more than one lovelorn youth standing before a window—as near as Mexican etiquette permits him to approach in his shy and distant courtship.

Love-making in this corner of the world consists in pacing to and fro, day after day, before the window of the fair one—for earthquake reasons there are no two-storied houses, and hence no balconies, in the Isthmus—after a fashion known as “playing the bear.” It is so named from the restless pacing to and fro of the love-stricken youth in front of the window of his inamorata in a manner not unlike a captive bear. The same method, pursued in New York, would result in the young man’s being sent to the Island for disorderly conduct or to Matteawan as suffering from brain-storm. After a day or two of this Westonian form of courtship, the girl may wave her hand or even show her face as a sign of encouragement, and after several days she may go so far as to appear at her barred window. Then come notes concealed in flowers; an elaborate system of wireless messages by means of a fan on one side and a cigarette on the other, so highly developed that it has become a complex code; then moonlight talks, the girl behind the bars, the man without. Thus runs the course of true love here. In time, perhaps, the young man will be permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the best room and, in the presence of the entire family, discreetly converse with the object of his affections about the weather; but he is never supposed to see her alone until the marriage ceremony has been duly solemnized by both church and state.

But on the far-away and lawless Isthmus love does not always run smoothly. The *jefe político* of a certain Isthmian town, glancing out of his window one day, chanced to see a particularly beautiful girl, her olive face framed by the folds of the *juipil grande*, on her way to mass.

“Who is that?” he inquired of his secretary.

“She? She is the Señorita Dolores, the fiancée of young Juan Calanturas, the inn-keeper’s son,” was the reply.

“Bring her to me,” ordered the *jefe*, twisting his black mustaches consciously.

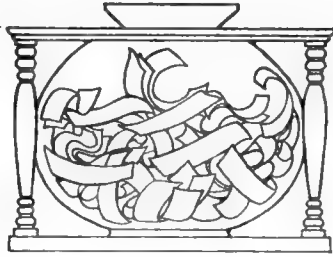
Ardently as the *jefe* pressed his suit, he was unsuccessful. “I love another,” the girl repeated. “I love another.” So, to those familiar with ways and means in the Isthmus, it was no great matter for surprise when young Juan Calanturas was suddenly arrested on a trumped-up charge and sentenced to four years’ service in the army. To-day he is serving his country in the fever-stricken province of Quintana Roo—and as for the pretty señorita, she is now the mistress of the local despot. Tehuantepec is not New York.

But the sights and sounds and smells of Tehuantepec, like the temple bells of Burma, call you ever back again. In after days it all comes over you once more. You hear the breeze wandering through the

cocoanut palms, which gently sway overhead like giant plumes. You feel the infinite relief of the serene tropical night after the torrid heat of the day. The heavens seem very near. Indescribably soft and balmy is the air. You see the lanes through the cocoanut groves, and the women—those symmetrical, beautiful, wonderful women—going to market and to mass in their snowy headdresses and their garments of apple-green and scarlet and lemon-yellow. They are the rulers, are these jungle queens, of an almost unknown Eden.



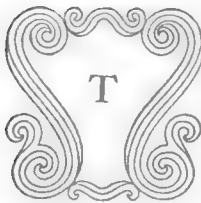
Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson,
Minneapolis, Minn.



CHOOSE YOUR CONGRESSMAN

By

FREDERIC C. HOWE



THE day breaks, the day of democracy. You thought it would never come, perhaps; and it was dark, the night of plutocracy, and long. But dawn is here at last. Light comes from everywhere, the light and the morning sounds of a people going to work on the people's job.

Milwaukee woke up first; then Denver rose; then New Hampshire muttered; and California spoke; and Wisconsin, of course; then Maine stood up and yelled; and in the solid South, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas saw the light. And others spoke—cities, states, and two territories. They all spoke. Wherever the machinery of the primary elections permitted the voters' voices to be heard, the people spoke. And they all spoke the same word in the same determined tone. All of them. It was a nation speaking. One people. We are a nation at last; a nation in motion.

Too hopeful?

We have not been accused of optimism, we muckrakers. We have been guilty of it.

We have never lost hope. It was hope and faith that inspired us. But we hated the old, empty boastings; the brag of mere bigness that proved how small we were; the swagger of lawlessness that proved we were not free; and we trembled for the future of a people that clung to the forms of democracy and let the substance go. And we helped to silence the brag of the American. We exposed him. We exposed ourselves, we muckrakers did; not only our rascals, but ourselves. We led the way in looking into our own hearts. We have stood for humility, and humility we have achieved. The American people stand before the world to-day as a nation—a whole nation of men and women who, before all the world, have confessed their sins.

Now that hurts. And the process may have seemed like pessimism. But we were reaching through vanity to pride. We believed that if the facts were told, the American people would show the stuff that is in them; that they would stand up and vote. And that's what they have done.

The primaries and the elections that have occurred in this country during the spring

and summer of this year show not only determination and a national, united purpose, but intelligence. Let us illustrate:

In the olden days, when the voters rose against the evils in the government, they used to turn in mass to "the other party," whichever it was. If the Republicans had been in power, and were responsible for the conditions deplored, the people elected the Democrats. If it was the Democratic party that was at fault, they voted the Republican ticket. Since both parties were corrupted, controlled, and openly, obviously used by the enemy of the people, these "landslides" did no good, and filled hopeful democrats with despair. It looked as if the people did not understand that one party was no better than the other. It looked as if the American people were not politically intelligent.

And this year, when the people were aroused, the grafters predicted that they would follow the same old, useless course, and vote for "the other party." Indeed, they urged, through their organs, that we make it a "Democratic landslide." And the people did that in some states; notably in Maine; and it is likely they will do it in some other states at the approaching fall elections. But there is a reason for it, as we can see now, an intelligent, political purpose.

WE ARE WINNING

"Landslides" happened only where, as in Maine, there was nothing better to do. For it is right, in a city or state where the leaders of a people give them no other choice; where one party is just as bad as the other, and where neither has put up a ticket and a platform for reform—there is nothing else to do there but to throw out the rascals that are in, and leave the new rascals to the next election.

But where, as in Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, California, and Oregon, the party responsible for the evils of the nation had developed local leaders and a faction that had fought those evils and put up tickets and a platform promising reform—there it would be fatuous to go over to "the other party." And in those states the people showed at the primaries no disposition to commit that folly. On the contrary, seeing that the best hope for reform was in the Insurgent faction of the Republican party, they backed

that faction. The people did. Not only the Republicans, you understand; the Democrats went to the Republican primaries, notably in Wisconsin and California, to support the Republican Insurgents. This showed that it was a general, popular movement. It showed that the people were looking, not for a chance to throw a brick, but for a party to represent them. And it showed they were able to see that the best chance in sight at present for such a party in all the Insurgent states was not in the aristocratic, old Democratic party, but in the very party which has most betrayed them, the plutocratic, old Republican party.

Now this was intelligent. It was much wiser than most of the expert newspaper explanations that we saw of those elections. I think, therefore—I am not sure, of course—but I verily believe that this movement of the American people is a sober, determined, progressive step onward toward conscious democracy.

How long will it continue? That is the only question. The people will give their first answer on November 8.

I, for my part, have no doubt what that answer will be. I believe that the voters will do everywhere on November 8 exactly what parts of them have done wherever and whenever they have had a chance this year. They will vote just as near right as either of the two old parties will give them a chance to vote. And my faith is so serene, not only because I feel the movement going on all around us, but because I think that the American people are becoming clear on the issue. They seem to be seeing the real enemy of the people; they know what they are after. Let's see if I can tell it aright.

We, the American people, are resuming the control of our government. For several decades it has been in the hands of men pretending to represent us, who were really acting as agents for interests inimical to the common interest. Whether it was because we were indifferent or because we were ignorant, it is true we allowed these false representatives to make difficult and burdensome by exactions and taxation the conditions of our lives, and so to enrich their masters and themselves that to-day three-fourths of our common wealth is in a few hands, while millions have only enough to keep soul and body together. We used to blame these representatives. Now we see their masters behind them. We know who

the enemy is. Theodore Roosevelt put his finger on it, the crux of the matter, just as Dr. Koch put his microscope on the tubercle bacillus; and when Dr. Koch identified the germ of consumption, we all saw that the disease was unnecessary and preventable. So with political corruption.

PRIVILEGE—THAT'S "IT"

"I believe the great issue before the people is the doing away with special privilege in all its forms," said Mr. Roosevelt in his recent Kansas City speech. What is this "special privilege"? What is this thing that must be done away with in all its forms? It is a European term, and yet there are no hereditary classes among us as there are in Europe, there are no persons born to place and power. Privilege in America cannot be personal, religious, or hereditary. Privilege with us must have something to do with business, with those businesses that are mixed up with politics. I have asked many people the meaning of the phrase, and the best definition of American Special Privilege seems to be this: *"An advantage granted by statute law to one person or class of persons to enjoy something that is not open to enjoyment by all citizens; the perversion of the function of national taxation to private ends; the law-made wealth, capitalized into a series of institutions empowered to levy tribute on or command the labor of other people."*

According to this, Privilege is legal rather than illegal, and there we have a distinction which Mr. Roosevelt once did not see. It was well put to him by an admirer who, when calling to pay his respects at the White House, said:

"Mr. President, the difference between you and us radicals out West is this: you are after the law-breakers, we are after the law-makers. You would arrest the burglar who had robbed a bank, we would station a policeman before the door to prevent the burglary. We have gone farther than you. You think the trouble is with the predatory rich who break the law. We think it's with the predatory rich who make the law. We are less troubled about Wall Street as a law-breaker than about the Wall Street which levies tribute on us by owning our Congressmen, by controlling our representatives, or by sending its personal representatives and directors to Congress."

Evidently Mr. Roosevelt sees this now.

Privilege has seized our institutions, and the representatives we elect to protect and foster our interests, and has turned them into an agency for filching our common wealth and exacting legalized tribute from each of us. A great system, surely, but now that we know it for what it is, we can stop it, if we want to.

And the best proof that the American people really want to is that in this campaign little is heard about "stealing." The battle cry is not "Turn the rascals out"; it is "Turn down the men who made the laws that have made Privilege." That is right. Stealing is sporadic, illegal. Privilege is elemental, law-made, institutional. One is measured in thousands; the other in millions. The Sugar Trust robbed the Treasury of several millions of dollars through collusion with the inspectors of the New York Custom House. The same Sugar Trust and all the other sugar refineries leagued with it or advantaged by it take ten times this sum from the consumers of America through the "Dutch standard test," which compels all sugar to be refined in "Privileged" refineries before it can be sold. This "Dutch standard test" was reenacted by the Payne-Aldrich law. As an evader of the tariff the Sugar Trust is a law-breaker; as a maker of the tariff it is a law-maker.

PEARLS AND PLOWSHARES

Mrs. Ada F. C. Adriance, of Poughkeepsie, committed a common offense when she tried to smuggle thousands of dollars' worth of pearls into the country; but the private fortune of her husband, which permitted her to spend tens of thousands of dollars for the jewelry and lace she smuggled, was made by the Adriance family through the manufacture of agricultural implements, a business which is protected by the tariff. You would suffer but little from the criminal act for which Mrs. Adriance was arrested, but, don't you see, you farmers of America, that the machinery you use to reap and harvest your fields would be cheaper if the tariff had not given a monopoly of the business of manufacturing it to the Harvester Trust?

For years the railroads gave rebates to friends in violation of law. During the first six months of 1910, according to esti-

mates of the Interstate Commerce Commission, they attempted to increase freight rates to the extent of many hundreds of millions. In granting rebates the railways were guilty of a criminal act; in raising freight rates they were using their bona-fide legal rights. They had as lawful a right to collect all the traffic would stand as the farmer has to sell his eggs for all he can get. Why? For years "our" law-makers at Washington had refused to permit the Interstate Commerce Commission to control the railroads in their rate-making power.

This enumeration of law-made Privilege might be continued indefinitely. Few of us ever heard of the Rubber Trust until the controversy between Senators Bristow and Aldrich brought it into the limelight. Yet by increasing the duty on manufactured rubber by $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. Senator Aldrich (who is the controlling owner in the \$40,000,000 Intercontinental Rubber Company, which produces more than fifty-five per cent. of the Mexican crude rubber) made it possible for the Rubber Trust to increase the price of all rubber goods and the profits of his company to \$5,000,000 a year. Simon Guggenheim, who may have bought his seat in the Senate, made a trifling investment for the protection he secured for the National Lead Company, the Smelter Security Company, the American Smelting Company, and the Guggenheim Exploration Company, whose profits for 1909 amounted to \$32,000,000, and which levied tribute on all the paint, canned goods, kitchen utensils, plumbing materials, linseed oil, and manufactured rubber consumed in the country.

THE GREATEST OF ALL LAW-MADE PRIVILEGES

It takes billions to run a nation. These billions are raised by taxation. To have some one else pay one's taxes is the greatest of all law-made privileges. When to this is added the right of using the taxing power to kill competition, and to fill one's own pockets, the privilege is colossal. It is too terrible to last. Almost all the insurgent movements of history have been a protest against the privilege of unjust taxation. In the United States the burden of the tariff and the excise taxes falls almost wholly on the common people. *Practically every cent of the \$550,000,000 now collected is paid by us.* It is collected from the things we eat,

drink, wear, and use in our homes. It is collected by being added to the cost of everything we use. *No other civilized nation dares to go as far as our law-makers and their masters have gone in shifting the cost of national government from their own shoulders on to those of the people.* Germany does not, and Germany is pretty nearly an absolutism. Great Britain does not, and the ruling class there is largely composed of an aristocracy of plantation owners and financial barons not unlike our own. Our ruling class, in distributing the burden of national taxation, deals most lightly with its own members. It takes nothing from their incomes, or their business, save such moneys as are yielded through the recently imposed tax on corporations.

THE RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE

But the people, who have so little, could pay the cost of the government, if that were the end of it. Privilege, however, has not been content with making us pay the taxes; it has made us pay monopoly prices for everything it owns. It is the farming out of the revenue that costs so much. And we have farmed out the levying of taxes to those who own our protected industries; they collect one dollar for the Treasury and five dollars for themselves. They pay \$300,000,000 to the government and \$1,500,000,000 into their own pockets. For that is what we pay the protected interests in monopoly prices because of the tariff. Our farmers of the revenue first killed competition within the country, and then excluded competition from without.

Next in importance to the power to shunt off taxes on some one else is the privilege of owning the highways of a people. In thinking of the railway question two facts must be remembered. First, the railway is a highway—just such a highway as passes your door. It is the modern highway of communication, of travel, of transportation. It is a highway in the eyes of the law, recognized as such by statute, by the decisions of all the courts, and by immemorial custom as well. The second fact is the contract with the government which the railroad signed, sealed, and delivered when it came into being. The principal consideration passing from the government was a charter and a privilege which permitted the railway to take the property of any other person against his will, a

privilege without which the railroad could hardly exist. In consideration of these favors, the railroad agreed, first, that it would always remain a public highway, which the government should oversee and regulate, and, second, that its charges for carrying persons and freight should be fair to all persons, and sufficient only to yield a reasonable return on the investment.

This, then, is the contract between the government, which means you and me, and the railroads, which should be our servant. We have performed our part of the contract to the letter and beyond; but the railroads have never been willing to carry out their agreements. They do not want us to limit their stocks and bonds to the investment made, or their rates and charges to the point that will pay operating costs and maintenance and give them only a fair return on the actual property. This we have a right to have done. This our representatives are under every obligation to have done for us. This is all there is to the railroad problem.

PRIVILEGE AND THE COST OF FOOD

Grouped about the railroads are the express, fast freight, telephone, and public utility corporations, the great mine-owners and the landed interests of the West and of Alaska. These are the "special interests" I have talked so much of; these are the powers which Privilege enjoys and this is the servitude which it imposes on all the rest of us. In the aggregate, this privileged wealth includes all the agencies of transportation, all the city utilities, all the natural resources, and all of the combinations dealing in the necessities of life, upon which the very existence of ninety millions of people depends. This is "It." This "merger of mergers" determines the wages of at least ten millions of our people, and fixes the standard of living of all of us. It determines what we shall pay for nearly everything we use, from a glass of milk in the city of New York to a threshing machine on the plains of Nebraska. This merger holds all of us in the hollow of its hands. For whoever owns the highways of the people controls their industries, the prices they shall pay to live, how much they shall receive for what they produce; whoever owns the mines and the raw materials of production can levy a toll on everything we buy and on most of

the things we use. And when to this is added the privilege of making the laws, the dominion is complete.

This is the thing which, I think, will be in the minds of the American people when they go to the polls on November 8; this is the Thing which, I think, is beginning to be understood. This is Privilege, the enemy, the disease. What is the cure?

IS YOUR CONGRESSMAN FOR OR AGAINST YOU?

We used to think that the remedy was to put somebody into jail, to levy a twenty-nine million dollar fine, or to change some charter or amend some law. Now we see that, as Mr. Roosevelt says, we must abolish Privilege; we must repeal all the privileges that are created by law. That is a long process, and necessarily a slow one, but we can begin it now.

How?

By going to the polls on November 8 and voting for men who will represent us; or, if there are no candidates that represent us, then we must defeat those representatives, regardless of party, who have shown by their records that they represent not us, but—Privilege.

This is setting up a new standard in American politics; it is applying the test, not of personal character, but of representative character, to a man; it is asking, not whether he is honest, but whether he is true to the people. And by way of example the records of Representatives in the last Congress have been studied, and lists made of them. In these lists of men condemned upon their records will be found together good men and bad, honest and possibly dishonest. There has been no inquiry as to that. No inquiry whether a man is conscientious. Undoubtedly some of those that should be defeated are thoughtful, studious, well-meaning men. And the question of personal integrity in a man is by no means to be belittled. But the time has come to ask of our Representatives another, equally essential question, viz.:

What do they represent?

And so the Congressmen named below have been listed according to the answers they gave, themselves—by their votes—on roll-calls in the House of Representatives—to the question:

What do they represent? Privilege or the people? "IT" OR US?

The Following Congressmen Voted for the People:

¶ They jeopardized their political careers in Washington and at home to organize the fight on Cannon and Cannonism. In the last Congress they represented Progressive ideas rather than Privilege, and created the new issues which have since awakened the country.

CALIFORNIA:
E. A. HAYES

IOWA:
J. W. GOOD
G. N. HAUGEN
E. H. HUBBARD
N. E. KENDALL
C. E. PICKETT
FRANK P. WOODS

KANSAS:
E. H. MADISON
VICTOR MURDOCK

MINNESOTA:
C. R. DAVIS
C. A. LINDBERGH
A. J. VOLSTEAD

NEBRASKA:
E. H. HINSHAW
N. P. KINKAID
G. W. NORRIS

NORTH DAKOTA:
A. J. GRONNA

WASHINGTON:
M. POINDEXTER*

WISCONSIN:
WILLIAM J. CARY
H. A. COOPER
J. H. DAVIDSON
A. W. KOPP
G. KUESTERMANN
IRVINE L. LENROOT
E. A. MORSE
JOHN M. NELSON

*M. Poindexter has since been nominated for the United States Senate.

The Near-Insurgents

On March 18, 1910, the House was in a measure freed by the elimination of Cannon from the Rules Committee, which steers the House. On the vote for that reform the following Republicans joined the Insurgent forces, and might be called Near-Insurgents. Some of them showed little other evidence of Progressive sympathies.

INDIANA:

WILLIAM O. BARNARD

IOWA:

ALBERT E. DAWSON

MASSACHUSETTS:

BUTLER AMES
A. P. GARDNER

MICHIGAN:

JAMES C. McLAUGHLIN
CHARLES E. TOWNSEND

MINNESOTA:

CLARENCE B. MILLER
HALVOR STEENERSON

NEW YORK:

HAMILTON FISH
OTTO G. FOELKER
HERBERT PARSONS

OHIO:

DAVID A. HOLLINGSWORTH
PAUL HOWLAND
A. R. JOHNSON
E. L. TAYLOR, Jr.

SOUTH DAKOTA:

E. W. MARTIN

The System Democrats

The Democratic Congressmen being in opposition, their votes give no evidence of their attitude on the Progressive movement. Partisan reasons were sufficient to explain their votes against Cannon, the tariff, and other Republican measures. On this account the list of Democratic members is not given, except those voting on the John J. Fitzgerald (New York) motion, March 15, 1909, which temporarily saved Cannonism. These Democrats bolted their party as an opposition party, and joined the Republican regular members to keep Cannonism in power:

FLORIDA:

S. M. SPARKMAN

GEORGIA:

W. G. BRANTLEY
W. M. HOWARD
L. F. LIVINGSTON

ILLINOIS:

J. T. McDERMOTT

LOUISIANA:

R. F. BROUSSARD
ALBERT ESTOPINAL

MASSACHUSETTS:

J. A. KELIHER
JOSEPH F. O'CONNELL
A. J. PETERS

NEVADA:

G. A. BARTLETT

NEW YORK:

M. F. CONROY
JOHN J. FITZGERALD
CHARLES V. FORNES
H. M. GOLDFOGLE
JOSEPH A. GOULDEN
FRANCIS B. HARRISON
G. H. LINDSAY
D. J. RIORDAN

TENNESSEE:

JOHN A. MOON

The System Republicans

The following Republicans supported Cannon and Cannonism. Through the organization of the House, and the preservation of the rules, they are responsible for the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. We do not attempt to pass on the honesty or integrity of these men, nor do we know the motives which prompted them in supporting Cannonism; but the roll-call finds them on the side of Privilege. To the voters of a district familiar with the declarations, pledges, or character of these men (some of whom may have been defeated at the primaries since this was written) this record is furnished to aid them to a choice which should be influenced by some consideration for the American people as a nation.

CALIFORNIA:

W. F. Englebright
Julius Kahn
Joseph R. Knowland
James Carson Needham
Sylvester C. Smith

CONNECTICUT:

E. Stevens Henry
Edwin W. Higgins
Ebenezer J. Hill
N. D. Sperry
John Q. Tilson

DELAWARE:

William H. Heald

IDAHO:

Thomas R. Hamer

ILLINOIS:

Joseph G. Cannon
Pleasant T. Chapman
George Edmund Foss
Charles E. Fuller
Joseph V. Graff
Frank O. Lowden
Frederick Lundin
William J. Moxley
William B. McKinley
James McKinney
Martin B. Madden
James R. Mann
George W. Prince
William A. Rodenberg
Howard M. Snapp
John A. Sterling
N. B. Thistlewood
William W. Wilson

INDIANA:

Edgar D. Crumpacker

IOWA:

Charles A. Kennedy
Walter I. Smith

KANSAS:

Daniel R. Anthony, Jr.
Philip P. Campbell

KENTUCKY:

Joseph B. Bennett
Don C. Edwards
John W. Langley

MAINE:

Frank E. Guernsey

MARYLAND:

John Kronmiller
Sydney E. Mudd
George A. Pearre

MASSACHUSETTS:

Frederick H. Gillett
William S. Greene
George P. Lawrence
Samuel W. McCall
Ernest W. Roberts
Charles Q. Tirrell
Charles G. Washburn
John W. Weeks

MICHIGAN:

Edwin Denby
Gerrit J. Diekema
Francis H. Dodds
Joseph W. Fordney
Washington Gardner
Edward L. Hamilton
George Alvin Loud
Henry McMorran
Samuel W. Smith
H. Olin Young

MINNESOTA:

Frank M. Nye
Frederick C. Stevens
James A. Tawney

MISSOURI:

Richard Bartholdt
Harry M. Coudrey
Charles A. Crow
Politte Elvins
Charles H. Morgan
Arthur P. Murphy

MONTANA:

Charles N. Pray

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Frank D. Currier
Cyrus A. Sulloway

NEW JERSEY:

John J. Gardner
Benjamin F. Howell
Henry C. Loudenslager
Richard Wayne Parker
Ira W. Wood
William H. Wiley

NEW YORK:

De Alva S. Alexander
John E. Andrus
William S. Bennet
Thomas W. Bradley
William M. Calder
William W. Cocks
William H. Draper
Michael E. Driscoll
Cyrus Durey
John W. Dwight
George W. Fairchild
J. Sloat Fassett
Charles L. Knapp
Charles B. Law
George R. Malby
Charles S. Millington
J. Van Vechten Olcott
Serenio E. Payne
James S. Simmons
George N. Southwick
Edward B. Vreeland
Richard Young

NORTH CAROLINA:

Charles H. Cowles
John G. Grant
John M. Morehead

NORTH DAKOTA:

L. B. Hanna

OHIO:

Ralph D. Cole
Albert Douglas
Herman P. Goebel
James Joyce
J. Warren Keifer
James Kennedy
Nicholas Longworth
W. Aubrey Thomas

OKLAHOMA:

Charles E. Creager
Bird S. McGuire
Dick T. Morgan

OREGON:

W. R. Ellis
Willis C. Hawley

PENNSYLVANIA:

Andrew J. Barchfeld
Charles F. Barclay
Arthur L. Bates
Henry H. Bingham
James F. Burke
Thomas S. Butler
Joel Cook
Allen F. Cooper
John Dalzell
Benjamin K. Focht
W. W. Foulkrod
Alfred B. Garner
William H. Graham
William W. Griest
George F. Huff
Daniel F. Lafean
J. N. Langham
George D. McCreary
Reuben O. Moon
J. Hampton Moore
Martin E. Olmsted
Henry W. Palmer
Charles C. Pratt
John M. Reynolds
John K. Tener
Irving P. Wanger
Nelson P. Wheeler

RHODE ISLAND:

Adin B. Capron
William Payne Sheffield

SOUTH DAKOTA:

Charles H. Burke

TENNESSEE:

Richard W. Austin
Walter P. Brownlow

UTAH:

Joseph Howell

VERMONT:

David J. Foster
Frank Plumley

VIRGINIA:

C. Bascom Slomp

WASHINGTON:

William E. Humphrey

WEST VIRGINIA:

Joseph H. Gaines
William P. Hubbard
James A. Hughes
George C. Sturgiss
Harry C. Woodyard

WISCONSIN:

John J. Esch

WYOMING:

Frank W. Mondell

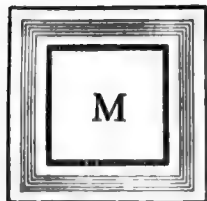


The Homely Heroine

By

EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR



MILLIE WHITCOMB, of the fancy goods and notions, beckoned me with her finger. I had been standing at Kate O'Malley's counter, pretending to admire her new basket-weave suit-ings, but in reality reveling in her droll account of how, in the train coming up from Chicago, Mrs. Judge Porterfield had worn the negro porter's coat over her chilly

shoulders in mistake for her husband's. Kate O'Malley can tell a funny story in a way to make the after-dinner pleasantries of a Washington diplomat sound like the clumsy jests told around the village grocery stove.

"I wanted to tell you that I read that last story of yours," said Millie, sociably, when I had strolled over to her counter, "and I liked it, all but the heroine. She had an 'adorable throat' and hair that 'waved away from her white brow,' and

eyes that 'now were blue and now gray.' Say, why don't you write a story about an ugly girl?"

"My land!" protested I. "It's bad enough trying to make them accept my stories as it is. That last heroine was a raving beauty, but she came back eleven times before the editor of *Blakely's* succumbed to her charms."

Millie's fingers were busy straightening the contents of a tray of combs and imitation jet barrettes. Millie's fingers were not intended for that task. They are slender, tapering fingers, pink-tipped and sensitive.

"I should think," mused she, rubbing a cloudy piece of jet with a bit of soft cloth, "that they'd welcome a homely one with relief. These goddesses are so cloying."

Millie Whitcomb's black hair is touched with soft mists of gray, and she wears lavender shirtwaists and white stocks edged with lavender. There is a Colonial air about her that has nothing to do with celluloid combs and imitation jet barrettes. It breathes of dim old rooms, rich with the tones of mahogany and old brass, and Millie in the midst of it, gray-gowned, a soft white fichu crossed upon her breast.

In our town the clerks are not the pert and gum-chewing young persons that story-writers are wont to describe. The girls at Bascom's are institutions. They know us all by our first names, and our lives are as an open book to them. Kate O'Malley, who has been at Bascom's for so many years that she is rumored to have stock in the company, may be said to govern the

fashions of our town. She is wont to say, when we express a fancy for gray as the color of our new spring suit:

"Oh, now, Nellie, don't get gray again. You had it year before last, and don't you think it was just the least leetle bit trying? Let me show you that green that came in yesterday. I said the minute I clapped my eyes on it that it was just the color for you, with your brown hair and all."

And we end by deciding on the green.

The girls at Bascom's are not gossips—they are too busy for that—but they may be said to be delightfully well informed. How could they be otherwise when we go to Bascom's for our wedding dresses and party favors and baby flannels? There is news at Bascom's that our daily paper never hears of, and wouldn't dare to print if it did.

So when Millie Whitcomb, of the fancy goods and notions, expressed her hunger for a homely heroine, I did not resent the suggestion. On the contrary, it sent me home in thoughtful mood, for Millie Whitcomb has acquired a knowledge of human nature in the dispensing of her fancy goods and notions. It set me casting about for a really homely heroine.

There never has been a really ugly heroine in fiction. Authors have started bravely out to write of an unlovely woman, but they never have had the courage to allow her to remain plain. On Page 237 she puts on a black lace dress and red roses, and the combination brings out unexpected tawny lights in her hair, and olive tints in her cheeks, and there she is, the same old beautiful





NOT EVEN MAX BAUM . . . EVER CALLED PEARLIE "BABY DOLL."

heroine. Even in the "Duchess" books one finds the simple Irish girl, on donning a green corduroy gown cut square at the neck, transformed into a wild-rose beauty, at sight of whom a ball-room is hushed into admiring awe. There's the case of Jane Eyre, too. She is constantly described as plain and mouse-like, but there are covert hints as to her gray eyes and slender figure and clear skin, and we have a sneaking notion that she wasn't such a fright after all.

Therefore, when I tell you that I am choosing Pearlie Schultz as my leading lady you are to understand that she is ugly, not only when the story opens, but to the bitter end. In the first place, Pearlie is fat. Not plump, or rounded, or dimpled, or deliciously curved, but FAT. She bulges in all the wrong places, including her chin. (Sister, who has a way of snooping over my desk in my absence, says that I may as well drop this now, because nobody would ever read it, anyway, least of all any sane editor. I protest when I discover that Sis has been over my papers. It bothers me. But she says you have to do these things when you have a genius in the house, and cites the

case of Kipling's "Recessional," which was rescued from the depths of his wastebasket by his wife.)

Pearlie Schultz used to sit on the front porch summer evenings and watch the couples stroll by, and weep in her heart. A fat girl with a fat girl's soul is a comedy. But a fat girl with a thin girl's soul is a tragedy. Pearlie, in spite of her two hundred pounds, had the soul of a willow wand.

The walk in front of Pearlie's house was guarded by a row of big trees that cast kindly shadows. The strolling couples used to step gratefully into the embrace of these shadows, and from them into other embraces. Pearlie, sitting on the porch, could see them dimly, although they could not see her. She could not help remarking that these strolling couples were strangely lacking in sprightly conversation. Their remarks were but fragmentary, disjointed affairs, spoken in low tones with a queer, tremulous note in them. When they reached the deepest, blackest, kindest shadow, which fell just before the end of the row of trees, the strolling couples almost always stopped, and then there came a quick move-

ment, and a little smothered cry from the girl, and then a sound, and then a silence. Pearlie, sitting alone on the porch in the dark, listened to these things and blushed furiously. Pearlie had never strolled into the kindly shadows with a little beating of the heart, and she had never been surprised with a quick arm about her and eager lips pressed warmly against her own.

In the daytime Pearlie worked as public stenographer at the Burke Hotel. She rose at seven in the morning, and rolled for fifteen minutes, and lay on her back and elevated her heels in the air, and stood stiff-kneed while she touched the floor with her finger tips one hundred times, and went without her breakfast. At the end of each month she usually found that she weighed three pounds more than she had the month before.

The folks at home never joked with Pearlie about her weight. Even one's family has some respect for a life sorrow. Whenever Pearlie asked that inevitable question of the fat woman: "Am I as fat as she is?" her mother always answered: "You! Well, I should hope not! You're looking real peaked lately, Pearlie. And your blue skirt just ripples in the back, it's getting so big for you."

Of such blessed stuff are mothers made.

But if the gods had denied Pearlie all charms of face or form, they had been decent enough to bestow on her one gift. Pearlie could cook like an angel; no, better than an angel, for no angel could be a really clever cook and wear those flowing kimono-like sleeves. They'd get into the soup. Pearlie could take a piece of rump and some

suet and an onion and a cup or so of water, and evolve a pot roast that you could cut with a fork. She could turn out a surprisingly good cake with surprisingly few eggs, all covered with white icing, and bearing cunning little jelly figures on its snowy bosom. She could beat up biscuits that fell apart at the lightest pressure, revealing little pools of golden butter within. Oh, Pearlie could cook!

On week days Pearlie rattled the type-writer keys, but on Sundays she shoed her mother out of the kitchen. Her mother went, protesting faintly:

"Now, Pearlie, don't fuss so for dinner. You ought to get your rest on Sunday instead of stewing over a hot stove all morning."

"Hot fiddlesticks, ma," Pearlie would say, cheerily. "It ain't hot, because it's a gas stove. And I'll only get fat if I sit around. You put on your black-and-white and go to church. Call me when you've got as far as your corsets, and I'll puff your hair for you in the back."

In her capacity of public stenographer at

the Burke Hotel, it was Pearlie's duty to take letters dictated by traveling men and beginning: "Yours of the 10th at hand. In reply would say . . ." or: "Enclosed please find, etc." As clinching proof of her plainness it may be stated that none of the traveling men, not even Max Baum, who was so fresh that the girl at the cigar counter actually had to squelch him, ever called Pearlie "baby doll," or tried to make a date with her. Not that Pearlie would ever have allowed them to. But she never had



PEARLIE WAS PREPARING TO GO HOME WHEN SAM APPROACHED HER.

had to reprove them. During pauses in dictation she had a way of peering near-sightedly over her glasses at the dapper, well-dressed traveling salesman who was rolling off the items on his sale bill. That is a trick which would make the prettiest kind of a girl look owlsh.

On the night that Sam Miller strolled up to talk to her, Pearlle was working late. She had promised to get out a long and intricate bill for Max Baum, who travels for Kuhn and Klingman, so that he might take the nine o'clock evening train. The irrepressible Max had departed with much eclat and clatter, and Pearlle was preparing to go home when Sam approached her.

Sam had just come in from the Gayety Theatre across the street, whither he had gone in a vain search for amusement after supper. He had come away in disgust. A soiled soubrette with orange-colored hair and baby socks had swept her practiced eye over the audience, and, attracted by Sam's good-looking blond head in the second row, had selected him as the target of her song. She had run up to the extreme edge of the footlights at the risk of teetering over, and had informed Sam through the medium of song—to the huge delight of the audience, and to Sam's red-faced discomfiture—that she liked his smile, and he was just her style, and just as cute as he could be, and just the boy for her. On reaching the chorus she had whipped out a small, round mirror and, assisted by the calcium-light man in the rear, had thrown a wretched little spotlight on Sam's head.

Ordinarily, Sam would not have minded it. But that evening, in the vest pocket just over the place where he supposed his heart to be, reposed his girl's daily letter. They were to be married on Sam's return to New York from his first long trip. In the letter near his heart she had written prettily and seriously about traveling men, and traveling men's wives, and her little code for both. The fragrant, girlish, grave little letter had caused Sam to sour on the efforts of the soiled soubrette.

As soon as possible he had fled up the aisle and across the street to the hotel writing-room. There he had spied Pearlle's good-humored, homely face, and its contrast with the silly, red-and-white countenance of the unlaundered soubrette had attracted his homesick heart.

Pearlle had taken some letters from him

earlier in the day. Now, in his hunger for companionship, he strolled up to her desk, just as she was putting her typewriter to bed.

"Gee! This is a lonesome town!" said Sam, smiling down at her.

Pearlle glanced up at him, over her glasses. "I guess you must be from New York," she said. "I've heard a real New Yorker can get bored in Paris. In New York the sky is bluer, and the grass is greener, and the girls are prettier, and the steaks are thicker, and the buildings are higher, and the streets are wider, and the air is finer, than the sky, or the grass, or the girls, or the steaks, or the air of any place else in the world. Ain't they?"

"Oh, now," protested Sam, "quit kiddin' me! You'd be lonesome for the little old town, too, if you'd been born and dragged up in it, and hadn't seen it for four months."

"New to the road, aren't you?" asked Pearlle.

Sam blushed a little. "How did you know?"

"Well, you generally can tell. They don't know what to do with themselves evenings, and they look rebellious when they go into the dining-room. The old-timers just look resigned."

"You've picked up a thing or two around here, haven't you? I wonder if the time will ever come when I'll look resigned to a hotel dinner, after four months of 'em. Why, girl, I've got so I just eat the things that are covered up—like baked potatoes in the shell, and soft boiled eggs, and baked apples, and oranges that I can peel, and nuts."

"Why, you poor kid," breathed Pearlle, her pale eyes fixed on him in motherly pity. "You oughtn't to do that. You'll get so thin your girl won't know you."

Sam looked up, quickly. "How in thunderation did you know—?"

Pearlle was pinning on her hat, and she spoke succinctly, her hatpins between her teeth: "You've been here two days now, and I notice you dictate all your letters except the longest one, and you write that one off in a corner of the writing-room all by yourself, with your cigar just glowing like a live coal, and you squint up through the smoke, and grin to yourself."

"Say, would you mind if I walked home with you?" asked Sam.

If Pearlle was surprised, she was woman enough not to show it. She picked up her gloves and hand bag, locked her drawer with



HE TOOK OFF HIS SMART STRAW SAILOR . . . AND THERE WAS IN THE
GLISTRE SOMETHING OF REVERENCE.

a click, and smiled her acquiescence. And when Pearlle smiled she was awful.

It was a glorious evening in the early summer, moonless, velvety, and warm. As they strolled homeward, Sam told her all about the Girl, as is the way of traveling men the world over. He told her about the tiny apartment they had taken, and how he would be on the road only a couple of years more, as this was just a try-out that the firm always insisted on. And they stopped under an arc light while Sam showed her the picture in his watch, as is also the way of traveling men since time immemorial.

Pearlie made an excellent listener. He was so boyish, and so much in love, and so pathetically eager to make good with the firm, and so happy to have some one in whom to confide.

"But it's a dog's life, after all," reflected Sam, again after the fashion of all traveling men. "Any fellow on the road earns his salary these days, you bet. I used to think it was all getting up when you felt like it, and sitting in the big front window of the hotel, smoking a cigar and watching the pretty girls go by. I wasn't wise to the packing, and the unpacking, and the rotten train service, and the grouchy customers, and the canceled bills, and the grub."

Pearlie nodded understandingly. "A man told me once that twice a week regularly he dreamed of the way his wife cooked noodle-soup."

"My folks are German," explained Sam. "And my mother—can she cook! Well, I just don't seem able to get her potato pancakes out of my mind. And her roast beef tasted and looked like roast beef, and not like a wet red flannel rag."

At this moment Pearlle was seized with a brilliant idea. "To-morrow's Sunday. You're going to Sunday here, aren't you? Come over and eat your dinner with us. If you have forgotten the taste of real food, I can give you a dinner that'll jog your memory."

"Oh, really," protested Sam. "You're awfully good, but I couldn't think of it. I—"

"You needn't be afraid. I'm not letting you in for anything. I may be homelier than an English suffragette, and I know my lines are all bumps, but there's one thing you can't take away from me, and that's my cooking hand. I can cook, boy, in a way to make your mother's Sunday dinner, with company expected, look like Mrs. Newlywed's first attempt at 'riz' biscuits. And I don't mean any disrespect to your mother

when I say it. I'm going to have noodle-soup, and fried chicken, and hot biscuits, and creamed beans from our own garden, and strawberry shortcake with real——"

"Hush!" shouted Sam. "If I ain't there, you'll know that I passed away during the night, and you can telephone the clerk to break in my door."

The Grim Reaper spared him, and Sam came, and was introduced to the family, and ate. He put himself in a class with Dr. Johnson, and Ben Brust, and Gargantua, only that his table manners were better. He almost forgot to talk during the soup, and he came back three times for chicken, and by the time the strawberry shortcake was half consumed he was looking at Pearlle with a sort of awe in his eyes.

That night he came over to say good-by before taking his train out for Ishpeming. He and Pearlle strolled down as far as the park and back again.

"I didn't eat any supper," said Sam. "It would have been sacrilege, after that dinner of yours. Honestly, I don't know how to thank you, being so good to a stranger like me. When I come back next trip, I expect to have the Kid with me, and I want her to meet you, by George! She's a winner and a pippin, but she wouldn't know whether a porterhouse was stewed or frappéd. I'll tell her about you, you bet. In the meantime, if there's

anything I can do for you, I'm yours to command."

Pearlle turned to him, suddenly. "You see that clump of thick shadows ahead of us, where those big trees stand in front of our house?"

"Sure," replied Sam.

"Well, when we step into that deepest, blackest shadow, right in front of our porch, I want you to reach up, and put your arm around me and kiss me on the mouth, just once. And when you get back to New York you can tell your girl I asked you to."

There broke from him a little involuntary exclamation. It might have been of pity, and it might have been of surprise. It had in it something of both, but nothing of mirth. And as they stepped into the depths of the soft black shadows he took off his smart straw sailor, which was so different from the sailors that the boys in our town wear. And there was in the gesture something of reverence.

Millie Whitcomb didn't like the story of the homely heroine, after all. She says that a steady diet of such literary fare would give her blue indigestion. Also she objects on the ground that no one got married—that is, the heroine didn't. And she says that a heroine who does not get married isn't a heroine at all. She thinks she prefers the pink-checked, goddess kind, in the end.

IN A MISSION GARDEN

(Santa Barbara)

By CLARENCE URMY

STAND here, and watch the wondrous birth of Dreams
From out the Gate of Silence. Time and Tide,
With fingers on their lips, forever bide
In large-eyed wonderment, where Thoughts and Themes
Of days long flown pass down the slumbrous streams
To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side
By side the many-colored Visions glide,
And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams.

And then the bells! One stands with low-bowed head
While list'ning to their silver tongues recite
The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips
A white dove low across the tiling red—
And as we breathe a whispered, fond "Good night,"
A "Pax vobiscum" parts the Padre's lips.



Lassoing

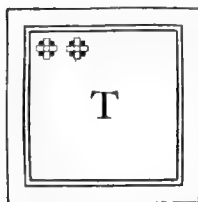
WILD ANIMALS

By In *Africa*

GUY H. SCULL

FIELD MANAGER OF THE BUFFALO JONES AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

III



HERE was no use trying to avoid the fact any longer. The lions, for the present, had left the Sotik country, and by remaining in camp at the Soda Swamp the Buffalo Jones Expedition was only wasting time. And time was precious then—was growing more precious every day—if we expected to finish the work before the rains.

The lion was the only big game we wanted now to complete the list of wild animals roped and tied, and the lion was the most important of all. The expedition had traveled the long journey to the Sotik country especially to find them. Yet ever since the capture of the rhinoceros on the moving day of March 20th we had thoroughly swept the land in the vicinity of the Soda Swamp without finding even a single spoor.

The blurred effect of the unique illustrations to this article is accounted for by the extreme difficulty of reproducing from a cinematograph film.

It simply meant that the lions were not there. Some explanations were offered, some arguments arose as to the whys and wherefores of this state of affairs. A few maintained that the lions had always been found there before; it was strange they should have gone. A theory was advanced that the rains were late and the country was unusually dry, so that the game had shifted to better pastures. Perhaps some water hole they depended on had failed. There is generally some discussion on such occasions. We had counted so much on the Sotik to give us our chance that the truth was hard to realize at first. But no matter what the cause might be, we were finally forced to acknowledge the undeniable fact—the lions had left the district.

On the evening of March 25 the expedition faced the situation. As usual, the night fell cold, and when supper was finished the company collected about the fire that was burning close to the horses. A light wind stirred in the leaves overhead and



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FOR THE FIRST THIRTY YARDS OF THE RACE THE LIONESS GAINED RAPIDLY.



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**THEN THE BAY BEGAN TO GATHER HEADWAY AND SLOWLY
FORGED AHEAD.**



the sky was full of stars. Here and there a tired horse was already half asleep, and his head nodded gently in the firelight. From the darkness came the low talk of the *saises*, rolled in their blankets on the ground at the end of the picket line.

Most of the men stood with their backs to the flames, gazing vacantly at the horses, the trees, or the stars. For a while not a word was said. Means threw another log on the fire and then squatted on his heels and silently watched the flames catch the bark and flare up brightly. As the heat in-

Accordingly, through the long hot days the *safari* plodded back over the way we had come—from the Soda Swamp to Agate's, from Agate's to the Honeybird River, and then on once more to the Last Water. The cameras were stowed away on the wagons, the ropes remained coiled on the saddles, for there was no probability of our finding lions on the way. And each man rode as his judgment decreed, because the business of the *safari* then was to get on over the road, and the ox-wagons behind came along as best they could.



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LEADING HIS ROPE OVER THE BRANCH OF ANOTHER TREE,
MEANS STRETCHED HER OUT IN A HELPLESS POSITION.



creased, Kearton took a step farther away and stood again. Every one knew that the Sotik had failed us and that it was time for us to go, and so eventually when the Colonel spoke he only voiced the general conclusion.

"We've got to go back," he said, speaking straight in front of him at the nearest of the sleepy horses. "We've got to go tomorrow and have a try from the water hole at the Rugged Rocks where we saw the two lions on the way out here. We may find one there and we may not. If we don't, we've got to go on to Nairobi and start all over again—provided the rains don't begin."

For the most part it was a silent journey. The expedition had turned its back on the district that only a short week ago had held out such alluring promises, and any day now the rains might commence effectually to put a stop to the work before it was done. Then, too—although this may seem to be a small matter, still it had weight with all of us—the white hunters of the country had ridiculed the idea of our being able to rope a lion, and the prospect of returning and admitting defeat without having been given a proper chance was not pleasant to contemplate.

At the Last Water we outspanned for the night and most of the succeeding day. In view of the situation, the long halt was absolutely necessary to give the oxen a good rest and drink before setting forth on the twenty-four-hour journey without water to the Rugged Rocks. But throughout the dragging hours of the enforced rest always there loomed ahead of us the possibility of failure and the need of haste. No mention was made of this openly. The only sign of our underlying anxiety was a vague restlessness pervading the entire *safari*.

the *safari* crossed the top of the Mau and commenced the slow descent to the valley, and the wagons in front became lost in the darkness and the dust. When the morning star rose, we had come to the foothills of the escarpment, and the dawn wind sprang up cold, so that the men shivered a little in their saddles and buttoned up their coats and began to talk.

"It was just about here that we caught the giraffe that day," said Kearton. "Remember? And wasn't it hot?"

The talk drifted aimlessly, round and



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RESTING ON A SLEDGE, THE LIONESS WAS HAULED INTO CAMP.

Once on the march again, with the sun low in the west, the restlessness disappeared. The night came dark, because the moon rose late, and the air was still, so that the dust that lifted from beneath the feet of the oxen drifted along with the wagon. Now and again one of the wheels bumped over a rock in the road and the brake beam shook and rattled. At times the high-pitched cries of the native drivers pierced the stillness. Ahead of us the bulk of the wagon load loomed big against the stars.

When the dying moon first showed red through the branches of the twisted trees

about, from the western ranches to Flicker Alley and the London Music Halls, only to return in the end, as it naturally would, to the water hole at Rugged Rocks and our chances of finding lion. The discussion was lengthy on this point—it always was.

By the time the sun came, the expedition had entered the plain of the Rift Valley, and with the rising of the sun the thirst began. Toward noon we halted for a couple of hours to allow the worst of the heat to pass over, gave the horses and the porters a little of the water that was carried on one of the wagons, and then inspanned again and went



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HER LAST STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM—TRYING TO CUT THE ROPE WITH HER TEETH.



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LAYING AN EXTRA LINE TO MAKE SURE OF HER.



on. As the horsemen took the road the Colonel outlined his plan.

"We'll give the horses a good rest to-night, for we ought to make camp early, and then start hunting the first thing in the morning. We've got enough horse-feed to last us three or four days if the water holds out that long. In that time we ought to get a lion if there's any there. I'll ride on now a bit and look for signs."

The Colonel's horse was a faster walker than the others and slowly ~~ae~~ forged ahead. Little by little the *safari* began to string out

Loveless came from behind and rode with us for half a mile or so.

"I've been thinking this thing over," he finally said, "and my idea is that after the dogs get the lion stopped, one of us can go by him, rope him, and keep on going, and then the other fellow can catch him by the hind legs and we've got him. If you keep on going fast enough, I don't think he'll have a chance to spring at you."

In the pause that followed the delivery of this opinion on a matter that had been thrashed out a hundred times before, his



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LEAVING HER HUNTING GROUND FOREVER; THE LIONESS IS NOW
A CAPTIVE IN BRONX PARK, NEW YORK.



along the road until wide spaces grew between the ox-wagons, with the porters straggling after them a mile behind. A change had come over the valley since we had seen it last. The land was whiter beneath the blazing sunshine and the dust lay thicker in the road. Somehow it seemed deserted. The only movement was the shimmer of the heat waves.

The camera department had the slowest mounts, and as the march had become a plodding procession, in which the horses were allowed to choose their own paces, one by one the other members of the expedition passed us.

horse gradually carried him farther ahead until he had gone beyond the range of talk.

Ulyate, the white hunter, was the next. Kearton had just finished filling his pipe and he silently reached out the bag of tobacco. But Ulyate shook his head.

"Throat's too dry," he said. "But I want to be sure I understand what I've got to do. I'm to stand by to protect the cameras and leave the Colonel and the two boys to look after themselves. If the lion charges them I'm not to fire—only if he comes at the cameras."

"That's right—only if he comes at the cameras."



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MAKING READY TO CAGE THE LIONESS AT THE BLACK REEF CAMP



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WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF THE LIONESS AT NAIROBI, WHENCE SHE
WAS SHIPPED TO AMERICA.



"That's what I thought, but I wanted to make sure— It's a likely place, this Rugged Rocks," he continued over his shoulder. "We might easily find one to-morrow."

Means on his big bay borrowed a drink of water from Gobbet's canteen, and rode on after the others.

The march of the *safari* grew slower and slower. The road was flat, bending a little back and forth in long, sweeping curves, like a rope that was once taut and had been loosened. The native drivers no longer cried at the oxen, for the beasts knew by instinct that they were traveling to water and could be relied upon to do their best; and the men rode with their heads hung down, watching the shadows of the horses on the road and hoping to see them lengthen.

The Colonel, the two cowboys, and Ulyate reached the Rugged Rocks at least an hour ahead, and when the rest of us came straggling in we found them seated on the ground with their backs to the bole of a tree. None of them looked up as we halted there, dismounted, and turned the horses loose. Then Ulyate spoke.

"Water hole has dried," he said.

There was nothing to be done about it. If the water hole had dried, it had dried. That was all. And we had to push on to Kijabe. Lions or no lions, there was no appeal from that decree. So we sat down with the others and watched the progress of the far-off dust cloud that marked the approaching wagons. Then, when darkness came again, the *safari* resumed the march.

But the Colonel refused to abandon his former plan entirely without making at least one more attempt. Together with the two cowboys and Kearton, he remained behind to scout at dawn the district between the Rugged Rocks and the railway.

"We might be able to tell if it's worth while to come back here," he explained.

It was nearly noon of the following day before the scouting party rejoined the expedition on the platform of the Kijabe station. The party reported that near the base of Longernot, the northern volcano, a belt of lava rock rises perpendicularly from the plain. Close to the southern end of this belt they had flushed two lions, a male and a female, and had kept sight of them for fully an hour. It was the opinion of all in the party that the lions lived in the neighborhood, probably in the rocks.

"Very likely," said Ulyate; "no one has

ever hunted that corner of the valley. There is no water there."

At first the Colonel was anxious to start back for them at once, hauling the water with us; but after a moment's reflection he was compelled to concede that it was time to call a halt. Means had strained his back again and could no longer sit straight in the saddle. An old thorn wound in Loveless's foot needed attention. Horses, dogs, and oxen were entirely fagged out. And besides, the camera department demanded time to develop the earlier pictures, already too long kept in the rolls.

Of course, as the Colonel maintained, the rains might come and the chance be lost. Also the lions might not live in the rocks, as we thought, and to-morrow they might be gone.

"Better grab the opportunity while we have it," he said.

"Look at the horses," said Means.

The Colonel walked deliberately along the platform to where the horses were tethered among the trees, and stood there watching them for quite a while.

"You're right, Means," he said, when he returned to us. "They'll need at least four or five days before we can put them at a lion—well, we've got to chance it."

The next five days were the longest in the history of the expedition. The Colonel, Means, and Ulyate remained at Kijabe with the outfit. The rest of us traveled down the line to Nairobi to procure more porters, more horse-feed, and more supplies; and every day we watched the weather closely and speculated on the probabilities of how long the lions would see fit to remain in the district. The time was so short that all other plans had been abandoned to take advantage of this one opportunity—the expedition was plunging, so to speak, on this final chance to succeed. But the weather held clear, and in the meanwhile the preparations for this last attempt were pushed with the utmost speed.

The hunters at Nairobi, together with the storekeepers and farmers of the vicinity, had heard of the capture of the rhino. On occasions some of them spoke of it to us. They explained that they had thought all along that we could undoubtedly rope a rhino.

"But you haven't got a lion yet, have you?" they said.

On April 5 the preparations were nearly completed and Loveless's foot was nearly

well. So we started up the line to rejoin the outfit, leaving Gobbet at Nairobi to finish developing the films. We could not afford to spend more time in preparation.

At Kijabe we found the horses thoroughly rested and Means's back much improved. He had refused to see a doctor, asserting that his back would just naturally get better of its own accord. He said he was ready to start.

With one exception the dogs were in good condition—old John from Arizona with his scars of many battles, Rastus and The Rake, taken from a pack of English foxhounds, and Simba, the terrier, and the collie clipped like a lion, from the London pound. Sounder, the American bloodhound, still showed some effects of distemper. But none of the dogs was to be left behind on this journey.

That night the ox-wagons were loaded—one with provisions and camp baggage, the other with drums of water—and when the dawn first began to break over the top of the range the expedition set forth from the station. The crater on Longernot had already caught the first rays of the sun when we reached the bottom of the hill and started across the flat land of the valley.

There was no road leading to where we were going, nor track, nor path, of any kind. No *safari* had ever gone there before. From the height of Kijabe station we had seen what looked to be a long, low mound in the distant veldt. The southern end of that long, low mound was our destination.

The horsemen, as usual, spread out in a widely extended line and passed in front of the wagons and porters. As we penetrated farther into the valley the nature of the country altered. Open parks and stretches of scrub succeeded one another, with here and there a dry *donga* cutting deep into the ground. As we approached the mound it rapidly grew in height and the black rocks commenced to appear beneath the covering of verdure.

Among the settlers of the district this mound is called the Black Reef. It is the general opinion that the Black Reef is formed of lava that long ago flowed down into the plain from the crater of Longernot. The sides, which rise almost perpendicularly to a height of some two hundred feet, are composed of jagged blocks of stone, honeycombed with deep caves and caverns. The top is covered with thick scrub and

creepers and tall, rank grasses. To the southward it ends abruptly, as though the lava flow had suddenly stopped and cooled.

Under the shadow of the Black Reef the hunting party was divided into three parts. The day was too far advanced for any real hunting to be done, but as long as the light lasted the Colonel wanted to make a personal survey of the ground in the immediate vicinity of the rocks. Accordingly he rode to the northern end of the reef, sending the two cowboys to the plains to the south, while the rest remained where we had halted, behind the southern shoulder, to wait for the arrival of the wagons and make camp. But the only incident of the afternoon was a thundercloud that rose up out of the north and hung there, and then gradually disappeared as the twilight advanced.

The others were late in coming in. The Colonel in the north had found tracks—innumerable tracks of different kinds of beasts—all excepting those of the lion. In the south the two cowboys had found a large mixed herd of game; and Loveless had dismounted to shoot for meat, when out of the herd a rhino charged him and he had to kill it to save himself.

"Well, so long as he's dead we'll let him lie where he is," said the Colonel. "Lions are mighty fond of rhino meat. They'll travel miles to get it. Day after to-morrow, say just at dawn, we ought to be able to pick up a fresh trail there. If we don't, it will mean that the lions are no longer here, that's all."

Loveless grunted some unintelligible comment.

"Might as well be cheerful," said Means. "We're not beat yet."

The first real hunting day commenced at daylight the next morning. Hour after hour the horsemen traveled the plains, back and forth, and across and around, and carefully searched the base of the Black Reef on every side. Only one spot was left untouched. The Colonel decreed that no one should approach where the dead rhino lay, lest our presence there should arouse suspicion too soon. The rhino was a sort of special chance that was to be saved for the proper time.

The day was unusually still and cloudless. Here and there throughout the plains scattered herds of zebra, hartebeests, and gazelles grazed in peace. Not a spoor or a sign of lion was to be seen. For us the day was a

blank, and toward evening the thundercloud rose again out of the north and again melted away into the twilight.

The camp behind the shoulder of the Black Reef was a dry camp. Every drop of water had to be hauled in drums from Sewell's Farm. The ox-wagon went in the morning and returned in the afternoon. In this way we could haul just enough water to last the outfit twenty-four hours. Special rules were inaugurated. Horses and dogs were given the preference always, and one of the *escarries* was detailed to guard the drums.

That night the wagon was long in returning from Sewell's. When it finally arrived, the water in one of the drums had a strange taste.

"It's bad," said Loveless.

Immediately the affair assumed grave proportions. That particular drum became the most important object in camp. A feeling akin to personal animosity sprang up against it. For a time the merits and demerits of the case were seriously discussed, and some of the porters gathered there and stared stupidly at the wagon load of water.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Ulyate; "it's the weeds they've used as a stopper."

The weeds in question were inspected closely and various judgments passed, and some of the men were reminded of other times in other lands when the water had turned bad on their hands.

Means drew a cupful and sipped deliberately.

"It might be the weeds," he finally remarked. "It's not really bad—only tastes bad."

So in the end we begged the question by setting the drum aside and deciding to use it only if we had to.

But there were other matters to be determined that evening.

In the Colonel's opinion the time had come for us to try to find a trail at the carcass of the rhino, and the talk lasted far into the night. When finally evolved, the plan of campaign was simple.

It was arranged that the Colonel, with the dogs, should go to the southeast, where the dead rhino lay, the two cowboys should ride about two miles to the southwest and wait near the lower end of the big *donga*, and Kearton, Ulyate, and myself should scale the southern face of the Black Reef, where, with the aid of glasses, we could keep in

touch with the Colonel and the boys on the plain below. Thus the men would be stationed at each corner of a vast triangle. If the Colonel flushed a lion, the animal would probably break for either the rocks or the *donga*, and so either the cowboys or the camera department could cut him off. Because the distances were so great, the customary signal of two revolver shots to "gather" could not be relied upon; the lighting of a fire would mean the same.

The morning star was still bright in the eastern heavens when the expedition rode out of camp in the early hours of April 8th. At the end of half a mile the three parties gradually separated on slightly diverging lines and moved silently to their appointed stations. Leaving the horses and the camera porters at the base of the reef, the three of us of the center station climbed the rocks in the darkness and waited for the dawn.

Slowly the first signs of day appeared over the hills and the morning star commenced to fade. As the light strengthened, the wide panorama of the plains and the far-off mountains unfolded and the individual patches of scrub and single trees began to stand out distinctly from the general blur of the darker reaches.

For fully half an hour everything was still and the light steadily broadened. Then suddenly Ulyate pointed.

In the plain to the southeast we could see a black speck moving about in a strange manner—first one way, then another, then stopping and moving on again.

"It's the Colonel," said Kearton, who had the glasses. "I think I can see the dogs. He's up to something."

It was not many minutes before the Colonel's actions took on a different trend. For a space he rode straight for the reef. There the smaller black specks of the dogs appeared on the plain in front. No doubt remained now of what the Colonel was up to. The dogs were on the trail of some animal—lion or hyena, there was no telling which—but the scent was hot and the hunt was coming strong.

At one place the dogs made a big bend to the north toward our camp. So the beast, whatever it was, had come to have a look at us in the night.

For the first time then, as they swung back for the rocks, we faintly heard a hound give tongue. It was the only sound in the stillness.

Kearton began tearing up the dry grass that grew in the cracks between the rocks, and piled it in a heap.

"Not yet," said Ulyate; "wait till we're sure."

On came the hunt, following close to the southern base of the reef. The hounds could be heard giving tongue in turn now. The Colonel rode behind, leaning forward and cheering on the dogs.

"He's made for the rocks all right—come on," said Ulyate as, rifle in hand, he started down the cliff.

Kearton touched a match to the pile of grass, and blew on it in his hurry, and as the small flame sprang into life he threw on some green stuff and in a thin blue column the smoke rose up straight into the air.

"That will fetch the boys, all right," he said, and we followed Ulyate down to the plain.

Although the delay in lighting the fire was brief, yet by the time we had reached the base and had mounted the horses, the Colonel, Ulyate, and the dogs had already passed out of sight beyond a farther out-jutting buttress of rock.

We rounded the buttress only to find that the chase had vanished. The almost perpendicular wall of rocks was empty. There was a moment's halt. Then two quick shots rang out, and at once there began a general chorus of baying, yelping dogs, intermingled with the deep, heavy roar of a lion.

The sounds came from somewhere in the thick growth on top of the Reef, so we left the horses and climbed toward the sound. On the plateau the ground was covered with rugged lava blocks, and the scrub and creepers were so dense that when Kearton shouted Ulyate's name the white hunter answered from not more than ten yards away.

"It's a lioness," said Ulyate. "The dogs have got her bayed. Look out! She's just on the other side of that bush. When I got here I found the Colonel seated on his horse, facing the beast and trying to rope her. He didn't even have a knife on him. Why she didn't charge him, I don't know. He couldn't get away over this kind of ground. He told me to call the others and so I fired."

When the cowboys arrived from the distant *donga*, they came threading their way toward us through the brush, leading their horses. A short consultation was held.

"We've got to shift her," said the Colonel. "Can't do anything with her here. Bring the firecrackers. Bring—there she goes!"

The lioness had decided the issue and had bolted of her own accord. There was a streak of yellow through the bushes, a scrambling of dogs, wild, frightened cries from the approaching camera porters, and the hunt was on once more.

The beast ran to an open cave at the edge of the plateau and crouched there facing the dogs. To maneuver the horses was absolutely out of the question, so the lioness had to be shifted again. For upwards of two hours then, by means of the dogs, firecrackers, and lighting the grass, we drove her from one stronghold to another, from crevasse to crevasse, in trying to force her down off the reef.

The sun rose and the heat commenced. The dogs were feeling the strain of the constant baying. One by one they would seek a spot of shade and lie panting there for a while and then return to the fray. Sounder, being weak from distemper, was the first to give out, but he had done his share of the work. Porters were sent back to camp to bring water. Because the ground was bad and the beast was on the defensive, photography was difficult, but Kearton managed to catch small bits of action here and there, with Ulyate standing by him.

The day advanced and the dogs showed signs of tiring fast, yet the lioness still clung to the stronghold of the rocks. Every means at hand to drive her into the open had been tried time and again without avail. The task began to look hopeless. We had already reached the stage when we saw our resources coming to an end.

"Get a pole," said the Colonel, "and we'll poke a noose over her."

"It won't work," said Loveless. "We've tried that often enough to show it won't work."

"Just the same we'll try it again," replied the Colonel.

Loveless had just started to hunt for the pole when, without warning, the beast gave a quick, savage snarl, scattered the dogs from in front of her, and, dropping down the face of the reef to the plain below, ran straight for the distant *donga*.

Old John led the chase, with the rest of the dogs trailing along as best they could, and behind them the men and horses, camera

porters, *saises*, and dog-boys went scrambling down the rocks in pursuit.

On the bank of the *donga* the lioness stopped to fight the ropers. She had run far enough and meant business now, and the hunt came up and halted a short distance away for a breathing spell.

The lioness had taken up her position at the end of a short tongue of land projecting into the *donga*, so that she was partially protected on three sides. The yelping dogs had quickly surrounded her, but she paid little heed to them now. Crouched by the side of a small thorn bush, she watched every move of the horsemen preparing to advance.

Kearton mounted his camera at one side of the scene, selecting his position with care to obtain the best background and general composition. He shifted about two or three times before he was satisfied.

"Of course there's no telling which way she's going to jump," he explained. "But we might as well get the beginning of it right."

Means went first. Slowly he maneuvered toward her for a chance to throw his rope, and the lioness, alert, opened her jaws and snarled at the horseman circling near.

Closer and closer Means approached. Then all at once she charged. Means wheeled and spurred his horse to escape. For the first thirty yards of the race the lioness gained rapidly. Then the bay began to gather headway and slowly forged ahead.

With a quick change of front the lioness turned and charged the Colonel, who was sitting on his horse nearby. Again the lioness gained at first and again the horse drew away from her, and so, giving up the charge, she returned to another thorn bush, where she crouched down low and snarled and growled as before. And all the while Kearton, on foot with his tripod, was busy taking pictures of the show.

This second position of hers gave the horsemen a better chance. There was now more room in which to get near her by a quick dash past the bush. While Means edged around on the northern side, the Colonel moved to the south, and by tossing his rope about and shouting he managed to attract and hold her attention. In fact, he nearly succeeded too well, for once she rose to the first spring of the charge and the Colonel half wheeled his horse for flight, but the beast sank back again and glared at him.

Then from behind her Means darted forward on the run, swinging his rope free

round and round his head. Kearton began shouting.

"Wait—the camera's jammed! Wait a bit—she's jammed here!"

But there was no stopping then, and before the lioness knew what he was up to, Means dashed by within a few feet of her and roped her round the neck. But a lioness's neck is short and thick, and with a quick, catlike twist she slipped the noose over her ears.

"Why can't they wait?" complained Kearton. "Somebody tell them to wait till I fix this. It's jammed. It must have got knocked on a rock somewhere. It never acted this way before." And all the while he talked his fingers were busy ripping out the jammed piece of film and loading up afresh.

When he declared himself ready, Loveless, this time, had already taken up his position to the north. Again the Colonel waved his rope and shouted, and when the right moment came Loveless dashed past her and likewise roped her round the neck. Again the beast slipped the noose.

Here a rather strange thing happened. We had been told on many occasions that in shooting lions the beast will give its attention to the man who has the rifle, as if the instinct of the animal told it which man to fear. Up to this moment the lioness had held off the horsemen easily, but no sooner had she freed herself from Loveless's rope than she fled into the *donga* and hid herself in a thicket of scrub and grass. For a time then it seemed that nothing would move her from out this scrub. The dogs were finished. Men and horses were becoming played out. Firecrackers and burning grass were used without result. Eventually the Colonel fastened a forked stick to his rope and dragged it across her hiding place to uncover her. This maneuver partly succeeded—succeeded enough, at least, for Loveless to throw his rope at her. And at the sight of the rope coming toward her through the air she hurled herself at him like a flash, so that it was only the side jump of his horse that saved him; then she turned and broke away along the *donga*.

At once Means was after her, galloping hard, for without the dogs there was danger of our losing sight of her.

But the lioness did not run far. Her next and last position was in the bed of a small gully about three feet deep in the bot-

tom of the *donga* and thickly grown with grasses. Here the ropers held a brief consultation and planned a final attempt.

Loveless made a throw and the noose landed fairly above the beast's head, but the thick grasses held it up. Loveless passed the other end of his rope over the branch of a near-by tree and down to the horn of his saddle.

The rest of us, with the cameras trained on the scene, had no knowledge of the plan. We had not the slightest idea what the Colonel intended to do. Still wondering, we watched him procure a long pole and ride quietly along the edge of the ditch toward the place where the lioness crouched.

For a moment there was intense silence. The Colonel stopped his horse. Then, leaning over from his saddle, he poked the noose down through the grass.

With a roar the beast sprang at him—sprang through the loop—and at the other end of the rope Loveless yanked quickly and caught her by the last hind leg going through. Putting spurs to his horse, Loveless galloped away, hauling the lioness back across the gully and up into the tree, where she swung to and fro, dangling by the one hind foot and snapping upward at the rope she could not reach.

"Got her!" yelled the Colonel. "Now the rains can come when they like."

The beast was furious. She was still swinging, head down like a pendulum, from the limb of the tree, and was tossing her body about in frantic endeavor to get loose. Means approached close and deftly slipped a noose over one of the wildly gyrating fore-

legs. Leading his rope over the branch of another tree, he stretched her out in a helpless position parallel with the ground.

"Now lower away on both lines," said the Colonel.

He dismounted and stood beneath her, directing affairs as methodically as the foreman of a construction gang.

"Steady, Means—a little more, Loveless—now together—easy."

She came within his reach and with a quick grab he caught and held her two hind legs with both hands while Kearton bound them together with a piece of light line.

The rest was easy. In less than five minutes she was bound securely and lowered all the way to the ground to rest in the shade.

It was nearly noon, and time to call a halt to let the heat of the day pass over before attempting to bring her back to camp. Porters were sent to fetch food and more water, horses were off-saddled and turned loose to graze, and one by one the dogs came straggling in.

The men stretched themselves out on the ground where a bush or a tree afforded some protection from the sun. But the Colonel kept wandering over to the prize, to examine a knot, to arrange a better shade, or to pour the last drops of water from his canteen into her open mouth. Once he stood over her for a while, watching her vain attempts to cut the ropes with her teeth.

"Yes, you're a beauty," he finally said. "You're certainly a beauty. I guess we'll just have to take you home with us as a souvenir of the trip."



The NE'ER=DO=WELL

By

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILERS," "THE SILVER HORDE," "GOING SOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

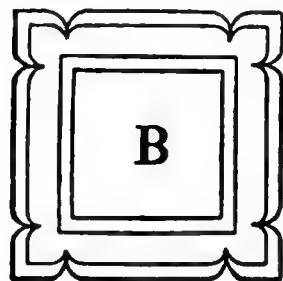


SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money": This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory he starts out, with the boon companions whom his father so dislikes, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. When the group has thinned down to half a dozen, Higgins—Anthony's closest friend—introduces one Jefferson Locke, from Missouri. Locke, claiming that he is being followed for his money, offers to play host to the company if they will stay with him till he sails, the following morning. When things are at their gayest, a waiter tells Locke that there is a man outside who wants to borrow coat and apron in order to get into the room in disguise. Anthony immediately proposes to impersonate Locke, and when the pseudo-waiter enters, Anthony and the rest jump on him. In the midst of the struggle, Higgins, half drunk by this time, fells the intruder with a bottle—and the group is sobered by the shock of the discovery that he is a plain-clothes man. The proprietor, in response to certain yellow-backed bills of Locke's, agrees to "fix" things, and the celebrators continue their restaurant rounds. At dawn Locke persuades Higgins, now quite irresponsible, to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Anthony off, penniless, on a steamer bound for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work, and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. Higgins agrees, and, as a result, the next day Anthony wakes up very sick, and both bewildered and indignant when steward and doctor insist that he is on a ship and that his name is not Kirk Anthony but Jefferson Locke.

CHAPTER THREE CONTINUED—A Gap



UT morning showed him the truth of the doctor's information. He awoke early and, although his head still behaved queerly and he had moments of nausea, he dressed himself and went on deck. The shock he had received on the evening before was as nothing to what he felt now upon stepping out into the light of day. In spite of his growing conviction, he had cherished a lingering hope that it was all a dream, and the feeling did not entirely vanish until he had really seen for himself. Then his dismay was overwhelming.

A broad deck, still wet from its morning scrubbing and lined with steamer chairs, lay in front of him. A limitless, oily sea stretched out before his bewildered eyes; he touched the rail with his hands to verify his vision. The strangeness of it was uncanny. He felt as if he were walking in his sleep. He realized that a great fragment had suddenly dropped out of his life's pattern, and it was intensely dis-

quieting to think of all it might have carried with it.

He began to pace the deck mechanically, falling in with the other early risers who were out for a breath of morning air, striving to adjust himself to this new state of affairs. But even though the solid reality of his surroundings soon brought him back more nearly to a normal state of mind, he felt an ever-present expectancy of some new shock, some new and abrupt transition that might yet bring him back to his starting point. But this obsession gradually left him, as the brisk sea breeze brought him to a proper perspective and braced him to face the full consequences of his long, restless night's orgy.

No man is so systematic, none is so well ordered in his affairs, that he can cut out a slice of his life at a moment's notice without suffering many kinds of loss and inconvenience. Although Anthony was a youth of few responsibilities, he awoke suddenly to the fact that there were a thousand things that needed doing, a thousand people who needed to know his whereabouts, a thou-

sand things that were bound to go wrong. For instance, there was his brand-new French car, standing with motor blanketed beside the Forty-fifth Street curb.

What had happened to it, and to the urchin he had left in charge of it? He owed a thousand dollars on its purchase, which he had promised to pay yesterday. Then, too, he had neglected his house account at the University Club, and it was long overdue. That remittance from his father had come just in the nick of time. Suddenly he recalled placing the check in his bill-case, and he searched himself diligently, but found nothing. That reminded him that he had won a bet or two on the football game and the money needed collecting. There was the shooting trip to Cape Cod as well. He was due there to-day for a week-end among the geese and brant. What would Benny Glover think when he failed to show up or even telegraph? Benny's sister was coming down from Boston with some friends and—oh, it was simply imperative that he get some word ashore.

He let his eyes rove over the ship in desperation, then a happy thought came to him.

"The wireless!" he said aloud. "Bone-head! Why didn't you think of that long ago?" A glance at the rigging showed him that the *Santa Cruz* was equipped with a plant, and a moment later he was hammering at the operator's door.

"I want to send a message right away," he cried excitedly; but the "wireless" shook his head with a smile.

"I'm sorry, but——"

"It's important; awfully important. I'll pay you anything." Kirk rammed a hand mechanically into his empty pocket.

"We're installing a new system," said the operator. "The old apparatus wasn't satisfactory and it's being changed throughout."

"Then you—you can't send a message—possibly?"

"Nothing doing until the next trip."

Kirk strode forward and stared disconsolately down upon the freight deck in a vain endeavor to collect his thoughts. How in the devil had he managed to get into this mess? Could it be one of Higgins's senseless pranks, or was there something deeper, more sinister behind it? He recalled the incidents of that wild night and began to feel a disquieting doubt. Did that chance meeting with the chap from St. Louis have anything to do with his presence here, or

had he really decided in some foolish, drunken whim to take a trip to Central America? He hardly knew what to think or where to begin his reasoning. He recollected that Jefferson Locke had not impressed him very favorably at the start, and that his behavior upon the appearance of the plain-clothes man had not improved that first impression. It seemed certain that he must have had his hand in this affair, else how would Anthony now find himself in possession of his ticket? What had become of the rightful occupant of Suite A? What had become of Higgins's unfortunate victim with the cracked head? What did it all signify? Kirk sighed disconsolately and gave it up. In five days more he would learn the answer, anyhow, for there must be a cable from Panama to the States. Meanwhile, he supposed he must reconcile himself to his condition. But it was tough to have two weeks of valuable time snatched out of his eventful life. It was maddening.

CHAPTER IV

NEW ACQUAINTANCES

THE sound of a bugle, which Kirk interpreted as an invitation to breakfast, reminded him that he was famished, and he lost no time in going below. Upon his appearance the steward made it plain to him in some subtle manner that the occupant of Suite A needed nothing beyond the mere possession of those magnificent quarters to insure the most considerate treatment. Kirk was placed at the captain's table, where his hunger was soon appeased, and his outlook grew more cheerful with the complete restoration of bodily comfort. Feeling somewhat less dissatisfied with his surroundings, he began to study the faces of his fellow-passengers.

"Getting your sea legs, Mr. Locke?" inquired the man at his right.

"My name is Anthony."

"I beg your pardon! The passenger list said——"

"That was a mistake."

"My name is Stein. May I ask where you are bound for?"

"I think the place is Panama."

"Going to work on the Canal?"

"What canal? Oh, of course! Now I remember hearing something about a Panama Canal. Is that where it is?"

"That's the place," Stein replied dryly.

"I'm not going to work. I don't work—don't know how."

"I see. Pleasure trip."

"Purely a pleasure trip. I'm having a great time. By the way, this Canal affair is something new, isn't it?"

"It was begun about thirty years ago." Mr. Stein regarded the speaker with puzzled inquiry, as if undecided in what spirit to take him.

"What's the idea? Why don't they finish it up?"

"I thought you were an American," returned the other politely. "You have no accent."

"I am an American. I'm the fellow who was born in Albany, New York. If you look on the map you'll find the town has a little ring around it."

"And really don't you know anything about the Panama Canal?"

"Oh, I've heard it mentioned."

"Well, you won't hear anything else mentioned down here; it's the one and only subject of conversation. Nobody thinks or talks or dreams about anything except the Canal. Everybody works on it or else works for somebody who does. For instance, that white-haired man at the other end of the table is Colonel Bland, one of the Commissioners. The man over there with the black beard is one of the engineers at Gatun."

Stein, who seemed a gossip person, ran on glibly for a time pointing out the passengers of note and giving brief details about them. Suddenly he laid his hand on Anthony's arm, and said:

"See this fellow coming down the stairs?" Anthony beheld a slender, bald-headed man of youthful appearance. "That is Stephen Cortlandt. You've heard of the Cortlandts?"

"Sure! One of them pitched for the Cubs."

"I mean the Cortlandts of Washington. They're swell people, society folks and all that—" he broke off to bow effusively to the late comer, who seated himself opposite; then he introduced Kirk.

Mr. Cortlandt impressed Anthony as a cold-blooded, highly-schooled person, absolutely devoid of sentiment. His face was stony, his eyes were cool, even his linen parrot of his own unruffled calm. He seemed by no means effeminate, yet he was one of

those immaculate beings upon whom one can scarcely imagine a speck of dust or a bead of perspiration. His hair—what was left of it—was parted to a nicety, his clothes were faultless, and he had an air of quiet assurance.

"By the way, we're getting up a pool on the ship's run," Stein told his new acquaintance. "Would you like to join?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm for anything in the line of chance."

"Very well. I'll see you in the smoking-room later. It will only cost you five dollars."

Kirk suddenly recalled his financial condition and hastened to say, a trifle lamely:

"Come to think about it, I believe I'll stay out. I never gamble." Chancing to glance up at the moment, he found Mr. Cortlandt's eyes fixed upon him with a peculiarly amused look, and a few minutes later he followed Mr. Stein to the deck above.

Once in his own stateroom, the young man began a thorough exploration, realizing more keenly than before that without baggage or money his plight might prove distressing. But, look as he would, he could find no trace of either, and an inadvertent glance in the mirror betrayed the further fact that his linen was long since past a presentable stage. Another despairing search showed that even his watch was gone and that his only asset, evidently overlooked by the hilarious Higgins and his co-partner in crime, was a modest three-stone finger ring. He was regarding this speculatively when the purser knocked, then entered at his call.

"I've just heard that there's a mistake about your ticket," the newcomer began. "It is made out to 'Mr. Jefferson Locke,' but the doctor says you insist your name is something else."

"That's right. My name is Anthony."

"Then how did I get this ticket?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Have you any baggage?"

"I don't know."

"What is your destination?"

"I don't know. You'll pardon my limited vocabulary?"

"Are you joking?"

"Do I look as if I were?"

"But I don't understand."

"Neither do I. But I must have some luggage—a fellow wouldn't make a trip like this without baggage, would he?"



"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SPEAKING TO YOU," HE ADDED; "I'M AWFULLY LONESOME.
MY NAME IS ANTHONY, KIRK ANTHONY."

"I should think not. I'll look it up for you if you wish. But about this ticket—"

"My dear man, don't bother me with that. I have worries enough as it is. What I want now is a clean shirt and collar."

"Yes, but this ticket says—"

"Please! Look at my linen. I'll create a scandal this way."

"Mr. Locke—"

"Anthony."

"Very well, Mr. Anthony. I must straighten out this ticket affair. Really, I must."

"All right, straighten away."

"If you are not Mr. Locke, it is no good."

"Hurrah! Put me off."

"You don't understand—the ticket is good, but— See here, there's something mighty strange about this. You say your name isn't Locke, you have no baggage, you even thought this ship was a hotel—"

"I did. It was a great disappointment. And now I want a shirt." Anthony began to laugh. "Funny, isn't it?"

"You will have to buy another ticket," said the purser with dignity.

"A bright idea." Kirk smiled grimly, then, turning his pockets wrong side out, continued lightly: "You look me over and if you can find the price of a ticket I'll give you half."

"Then you have lost your money as well as your baggage and your identity?"

"So it would seem."

"Impossible!"

It was plain that the officer was growing angry, so Kirk made haste to say:

"Now let's be friends, at least. By the way—pardon the personal nature of the question—but—what size shirt do you wear?"

"Seventeen."

"Saved! Let me have about six, will you?"

"Certainly *not*," returned the other. "I need all I have."

"Miser! Then you must help me find some one my size."

The purser, however, seemed in no mood to go shirt-hunting, and backed out of the door, saying: "I'll have a look for your baggage, Mr.—Anthony, and I'll see the captain about this ticket, also. I don't know whether you're making fun of me or not, but—I'll look you up later."

He departed, shaking his head as if this were a form of insanity he had never before

encountered. A moment later, Kirk followed him and made a round of the deck, staring at each man he met and mentally estimating the girth of his neck; but it seemed that the male passengers of the *Santa Cruz* were all of medium size, and he saw no one whose appearance held out the slightest hope. He did observe one fellow whose neck seemed as large as his own, but the man looked surly and not too cleanly, and Kirk was not yet desperate enough to bring himself to the point of approaching such a fellow for such a favor. He thought of appealing directly to the captain, but promptly remembered that he was a small, wiry man whose wardrobe could by no possible chance afford him relief. At last he made his way toward the smoking-room, determined to enlist the help of his new acquaintance, Stein.

Midway aft, he paused. A girl had emerged from the deck-house ahead of him, whose appearance was sufficiently striking to divert him, momentarily at least, from his quest. She was well above the usual height, quite slender, yet of an exquisite rounded fullness, while her snug-fitting tailor-made gown showed the marks of a Redfern or a Paquin. He noted, also, that her stride was springy and athletic and her head well carried. Feeling that friendly approval with which one recognizes a member of his own kind, Kirk let his eyes follow her, then retraced his way around the deck in the hope of meeting her face to face.

A woman frequently betrays her beauty by the poise of her head, by the turn of her neck, or the lines of her figure, just as truly as by a full glimpse of her features. Hence it was that Anthony felt a certain pleasurable expectancy as he crossed in front of the deck-house, realizing that she was approaching. But when they had met and passed, he went his way vaguely disappointed. Instead of a girl, as the first sight of her youthful figure had led him to expect, he had seen a woman of perhaps forty. There was little in her countenance to reveal her age except a certain settled look that does not go with girlhood, and, while no one could have thought her plain, she was certainly not so handsome as he had imagined from a distance. Yet the face was attractive. The eyes were wide set, gray, and very clear, the mouth large enough to be expressive. Her hair shone in the morning sun with a delicate bronze luster like that of a turkey's



"OVER YONDER"—SHE WAVED A GRACEFUL HAND TO THE NORTH AND EAST—
"ARE THE HAUNTS WHERE THE ADVENTURERS OF OLD ENGLAND USED TO
LIE IN WAIT FOR THEIR PREY."

wing. It did not add to the young man's comfort to realize that her one straight, casual glance in passing had taken him in from his soiled collar to his somewhat extreme patent leathers with the tan tops and pearl buttons.

Being very young himself and of limited social experience, he classed all women as either young or old—there was no middle ground. So he dismissed her from his thoughts and continued his search for a number seventeen shirt, and collar to match. But he did not fare well. He found Mr. Stein in the smoking-room, but discovered that his size was fifteen and a half; and there was no one else to whom he could apply.

For a second time, Stein importuned him to buy a chance on the ship's run, and, failing in this, suggested that they have a drink together. Had not Kirk realized in time his inability to reciprocate, he would have accepted eagerly, for his recent dissipation had left him curiously weak and nervous. At the cost of an effort, however, he refused. It was a rare experience for him to refuse anything, being, like many indolent youths, an accomplished guest. In fact, he was usually as ready to accept favors as he was carelessly generous when he happened to be in funds. The technique of receiving comes to some people naturally; others cannot assume an obligation without giving offense. Kirk was one of the former. Yet now he felt a sudden strange hesitancy and a self-consciousness that made graceful acquiescence impossible. He continued firm, therefore, even when Stein gibed at him good-humoredly:

"I suppose it's against your principles to drink, as well as to gamble?"

"Exactly."

"That's good, after the way you came aboard."

"How did I come aboard?"

"Oh, I didn't see you, but I heard about it."

Kirk flushed uncomfortably, muttering: "The acoustics of this ship are great. A man can't fall asleep but what somebody hears it."

Stein laughed: "Don't get sore; all ships are alike—we have to talk about something. Sorry I can't help you with the shirt question. Deuced careless of them to lose your luggage."

"Yes! It makes one feel about as comfortable as a man with two broken arms and

the prickly heat. Something's got to be done about it, that's all." He glared enviously at the well-dressed men about the room.

Over in a corner, propped against the leather upholstery, was Mr. Cortlandt, as pale, as reserved, and as saturnine as at breakfast. He was sipping Scotch-and-soda, and in all the time that Anthony remained he did not speak to a soul save the waiter, did not shift his position save to beckon for another drink. Something about his sour, introspective aloofness displeased the onlooker, who shortly returned to the deck.

The day was warming up, and on the sunny side of the ship the steamer chairs were filling. Two old men were casting quoits; a noisy quartette was playing shuffle-board. After idling back and forth for a time, Kirk selected a chair and stretched himself out; but he was scarcely seated before the deck steward approached him and said:

"Do you wish this chair for the voyage, sir?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I'll put your name on it."

"Anthony, Suite A, third floor, front."

"Very well, sir." The man wrote out a card and fitted it to the back of the chair, saying, "One dollar, if you please."

"What?"

"The price of the chair is one dollar."

"I haven't got a dollar."

The steward laughed as if to humor his passenger. "I'm afraid then you can't have the chair."

"So I must stand up all the way to Panama, eh?"

"You are joking, sir. I'll have to pay it myself, if you don't."

"That's right—make me as uncomfortable as possible. By the way, what size collar do you wear?"

"Sixteen."

Kirk sighed. "Send the purser to me, will you? I'll fix up the chair matter with him."

While he was talking, he heard the rustle of skirts close by and saw the woman he had met earlier seating herself next to him. With her was a French maid bearing a rug in her hands. It annoyed the young man to realize that out of all the chairs on deck he had selected the one nearest hers, and he would have changed his position had he not been too indolent. As it was, he lay idly

listening to her words of direction to the maid; but as she spoke in French, he was undecided whether she was telling her companion that bad weather was imminent, or that the laundry needed counting—his mind, it seemed, ran to laundry.

Then the purser appeared. "Did you send for me?" he inquired.

"Yes. There was a strange man around just now, and he wanted a dollar for this chair."

"Well?"

"I want to establish a line of credit."

The purser grunted.

"And say!" Kirk ran on seriously. "I've been all over your little ship, but the passengers are boys' size. I can't wear this collar any longer."

"And I can't find any baggage of yours."

"Then there isn't any. I never really expected there was. Come now, be a good fellow. This is my case shirt."

"If you really wish some clothes, I'll see what I can find among the steward's."

"No, no," Kirk hastily interposed, "I can't wear a shirt with soup stains on it. Let me have one of yours—we're twin brothers."

"I have no more than I need," said the purser coldly. He opened a cigarette case, at which Anthony gazed longingly. It seemed ages since he had had a smoke; but the other seemed disinclined for small courtesies.

"I've seen the captain about that ticket matter," he went on, "and he says you must buy another."

Kirk shook his head languidly. "Once more I tell you there is nothing doing."

The officer broke out with some heat: "If you are joking, you've carried this thing far enough. If you are really strapped, as you say you are, how does it happen that you are occupying the best suite on the ship?"

"It is a long story."

"Humph! You will have to give up those quarters and go forward."

"Why? You have your money for that ticket."

"Yes, but you're not Mr. Locke."

Kirk smiled meditatively. "How do you know?" he queried.

"Good heavens! You've told me so a dozen—"

"Ah! Then you have nothing except my word. Well, sir, now that I come to think it over, I believe my name is Locke, after all."

He grinned. "Anyhow, I love my little room and I think I'll keep it. Please don't be peevish. I want you to do me a favor." He removed the ring from his finger, and, handing it to the purser, said: "I want you to get me two diamonds' and a ruby's worth of shirts and collars; and also a safety razor. My mind has stopped working, but my whiskers continue to grow."

The officer managed to say with dignity: "You wish to raise money on this, I presume. Very well, I'll see what can be done for you, Mr. Locke."

As he turned away, Kirk became conscious that the woman in the next chair had let her book fall and was watching him with amused curiosity. Feeling a sudden desire to confide in some one, he turned his eyes upon her with such a natural, boyish smile that she could not take offense, and began quite as if he had known her for some time:

"These people are money mad, aren't they? Worst bunch of gold-diggers I ever saw." Surprised, she half raised her book, but Kirk ran on: "Anybody would think I was trying to find a missing will instead of a shirt. That purser is the only man on the ship my size, and he distrusts me."

The woman murmured something unintelligible. "I hope you don't mind my speaking to you," he added. "I'm awfully lonesome. My name is Anthony, Kirk Anthony."

Evidently the occupant of the next chair was not a football enthusiast, for, although she bowed her acknowledgment, her face showed that the name carried no significance.

"I understood you to tell the purser your name was Locke," said she, in a very low-pitched, well-modulated voice. "I couldn't help overhearing."

"But it isn't really, it's Anthony. I'm the undignified heir to the stocks and bonds of an old party by that name who lives in Albany."

"Darwin K. Anthony?" questioned she quickly. "Is he your father?" Her face lighted with a flash of genuine interest.

Kirk nodded. "He's my prodigal father and I'm the fatted son. Do you know the governor?"

"Yes, slightly."

"Well, what do you think of that? He's a great old party, isn't he?" He chuckled irrepressibly. "Did you ever hear him swear?"

The woman shook her head with a smile. "I hardly know him well enough for that."

"Oh, he's a free performer; he swears naturally; can't help it. Everybody knows he doesn't mean anything. It's funny, isn't it, with all his credit, that I can't get a shirt until I put up a diamond ring? He could buy a railroad with half that security."

"You are joking, are you not?"

"No indeed. I never needed a shirt so badly in my life. You see, I didn't intend to take this trip; I didn't even know I had sailed. When I woke up I thought this was a hotel. I've got no more baggage than a robin."

"Really?" The woman by now had closed her book and was giving him her full attention, responding to some respectful quality in his tone that robbed his frankness of offense. "How did it happen?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I got drunk—just plain drunk. I didn't think so at the time, understand, for I'd never been the least bit that way before. Hope I don't shock you?"

His new acquaintance shrugged her shoulders. "I have seen something of the world; I'm not easily shocked."

"Well, I was perfectly sober the last I remember, and then I woke up on the *Santa Cruz*. I'd never even heard the name before."

"And hadn't you intended taking an ocean trip?"

"Good Lord, no! I had just bought a new French car and was going to drive it up to New Haven yesterday. It's standing out on Forty-fifth Street now, if somebody hasn't stolen it. Gee! I can see the newsboys cutting their monograms in those tires."

"How remarkable!"

"You see, it was a big night—football game, supper, and all that. I remember everything up to a certain point, then—curtain! I was 'out' for twelve hours, and *sick!*—that's the funny part; I'm still sick." He shook his head as if at a loss what to make of this phenomenon. "I suppose I'm the pitcher that went once too often to the bar." He noted how the woman's countenance lighted at even a passing interest, as he continued: "What I can't understand is this: It took all my money to pay for the supper, and yet I wake up with a first-class ticket to Panama and in possession of one of the best suites on the ship. It's a problem play."

"You say you were sick afterward?"

"Was I?" Kirk turned his eyes upon the

speaker mournfully. "My head isn't right yet."

"You were drugged," said the woman.

"By Jove!" He straightened up in his chair. "Knockouts!"

"Exactly. Some one drugged you and bought a ticket—"

"Wait! I'm beginning to see. It was Locke. That's how I got his name. This is his ticket. Oh! There's going to be something doing when I get back."

"What?"

"I don't know yet, but I'm going to sit right here and brood upon some fitting revenge. After that chap gets out of the hospital—"

"You did not impress me as a college student," said the stranger.

"I'm not. I graduated four years ago. I barely made it, but I did get through."

"And you have never been to the tropics?"

"Not since I had my last row with the governor. Have you?"

"Many times. It will prove an interesting trip for you. At least you have that consolation."

"What is it like?"

Evidently the artless effrontery of the young man had not offended, for his neighbor talked freely, and in a short time the two were conversing as easily as old acquaintances. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that he had appealed to her with the same frankness he would have used toward a man and, thus far at least, had quite ignored her sex. She was sufficiently quick to appreciate the footing thus established, and allowed herself to meet him halfway. Had he presumed in the slightest, she would have chilled him instantly; but, as it was, she seemed to feel the innate courtesy back of his boldness, seeing in him only a big, unaffected boy who needed an outlet for his feelings. In the same way, had a fine St. Bernard dog thrust a friendly head beneath her hand, she would have petted it.

When at last she rose, after an hour that had swiftly sped, she was gratified at the look of concern that came into his eyes. She looked at him with genuine approval as he bowed and said:

"Thank you for the pointers about Panama. I hope I may have the pleasure of talking to you again."

When she had disappeared he murmured admiringly:

"Jove! She's a corker! And she's not so



"COME IN. DAMMIT, DON'T STAND THERE HAMMERING!"

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old, after all. I wonder who she—" He leaned over and read the card on the back of her steamer chair. "Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt, Suite B," it was lettered. Straightening up, he grumbled with genuine disappointment: "Just my blamed luck. She's *married*."

CHAPTER V

A REMEDY IS PROPOSED

By pledging his one article of jewelry, Kirk became possessed that afternoon of several shirts, collars, and handkerchiefs—likewise a razor, over which he exercised a sort of leasehold privilege. The purser made it plain, however, that he had not sold these articles, but merely loaned them, holding the ring as security for their return, and this arrangement allowed Kirk no spare cash whatever. Even with all his necessities paid for, it surprised him to find how many channels remained for spending money. For instance, the most agreeable loafing spot on the ship was the smoking-room, but whenever he entered it he was invited to drink, smoke, or play cards, and as he was fond of all these diversions, it required such an effort of will to refuse that it destroyed all the pleasure of good company. It was very hard always to be saying no; and in addition it excited his disgust to learn that he had inadvertently founded a reputation for abstemiousness.

Before long he discovered that the passengers considered him an exceptionally sober, steady youth of economical habits, and this enraged him beyond measure. Every tinkle of ice or hiss of seltzer made his mouth water, the click of poker chips drew him with magnetic power. He longed mightily to "break over" and have a good time. It was his first effort at self-restraint, and the warfare became so intense that he finally gave up the smoking-room almost entirely, and spent his hours on deck away from temptation. He suffered most, perhaps, from the lack of tobacco, but even in the matter of cigarettes he could not bring himself to accept favors that he could not return. In the solitude of his richly appointed suite, he went through his pockets, collecting a few cork-bound stumps, which he impaled on a toothpick in order to light them.

Meanwhile he amused himself by baiting the purser. He dogged that serious-minded

gentleman through all his waking hours, finding a rare delight in playing upon his suspicion and lack of humor. To him Kirk was always Mr. Locke, while he insisted upon being called Mr. Anthony by the others, and the officer never quite got the hang of it. Moreover, the latter was full of dignity, and did not relish being connected with a certainly dubious and possibly criminal character, yet dared not resort to rudeness as a means of riddance.

The situation was trying enough to the young man at best; for the ship's hirelings began to show a lack of interest in his comfort, once it became known that he did not tip, and he experienced difficulty in obtaining even the customary attentions. It was annoying to one who had never known an unsatisfied whim; but Kirk was of a peculiarly sanguine temperament that required much to ruffle, and looked upon the whole matter as a huge joke. It was this, perhaps, that enabled him to make friends in spite of his unsociable habits, for the men liked him. As for the women, he avoided them religiously, with the exception of Mrs. Cortlandt, whom he saw for an hour or two, morning and afternoon, as well as at meal-times. With her he got on famously, finding her nearly as entertaining as a male chum, though he never quite lost his dislike for her husband. Had she been unmarried and nearer his own age, their daily intimacy might have led to comment, but, under the circumstances, no such thought occurred to him, and he began to look forward with pleasure to their hours on deck.

The *Santa Cruz* was four days out before Cortlandt joined them, and when he did he merely nodded casually to Kirk, then, after exchanging a polite word or two with his wife, lapsed into his customary silence, while Mrs. Cortlandt continued her conversation without a second glance in her husband's direction.

"That's what I call an ideal married couple," Kirk reflected—"complete understanding, absolute confidence." And the more he saw of them, the stronger this impression grew. Cortlandt was always attentive and courteous, without being demonstrative, while his wife showed a charming graciousness that was plainly unassumed. Their perfect good-breeding made the young man feel at ease; but though he endeavored to cultivate the husband on several occasions, he made little headway.

The man evidently possessed a wide knowledge of current events, a keen understanding of men and things, yet he never opened up. He listened, smiled, spoke rarely, and continued to spend nine-tenths of his time in that isolated corner of the smoking-room, with no other company than a long glass and a siphon.

One day when Kirk had begun to feel that his acquaintance with Mrs. Cortlandt was well established, he said to her:

"Stein told me to-day that your husband is in the diplomatic service."

"Yes," said she. "He was Consul General to Colombia several years ago, and since then he has been to France and to Germany."

"I thought you were tourists—you have traveled so much."

"Most of our journeys have been made at the expense of the Government."

"Are you diplomatting now?"

"In a way. We shall be in Panama for some time."

"This Stein seems to be a nice fellow. He's taken quite a liking to me."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed lightly. "That is part of his business."

"How so?"

"He is one of Colonel Jolson's secret agents."

"Who is Colonel Jolson?"

"Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Your father knows him."

"Do you mean that Stein is a—detective?" Kirk looked uncomfortable.

"I do! Does he know you are the son of Darwin K. Anthony?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"Colonel Jolson will be interested."

"Again I don't see the point."

"Your father is one of the most powerful and aggressive railroad men in the country. Perhaps you know something about the railroad opposition to the Canal?"

Kirk smiled. "Well, to tell you the truth," said he, "the governor doesn't consult me about his business as much as he ought to. He seems to think he can run it all right without me, and we've only been speaking over the telephone lately."

"One of the strongest forces the Government had to combat in putting through the Canal appropriations was the railroads. Colonel Jolson has no reason to love your father."

"Yes, but *I* don't object to this Canal. I think it must be a rather good idea."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed for a second time. "The Colonel's dislike for your father will not affect you, inasmuch as you are returning so soon, but if you intended to stay it might be different."

"In what way?"

"Oh, in many ways. There are two classes of people who are not welcomed on the Canal Zone—magazine writers and applicants for positions who have political influence back of them. The former are regarded as muckrakers, the latter as spies."

"That's rather rough on them, isn't it?"

"You must understand that there is a great big, human machine behind the digging of this Canal, and, while it is more wonderful by far than the actual machinery of iron and steel, it is subject to human weaknesses. Men like Colonel Jolson, who form a part of it, are down here to make reputations for themselves. They are handicapped and vexed by constant interference, constant jealousy. It is a survival of the fittest, and I suppose they feel that they must protect themselves even if they use underhand means to do so. It is so in all big work of this character, where the individual is made small. You would find the same condition in your father's railroad organization."

"Oh, now! My old man is a pretty tough citizen to get along with, but he wouldn't hire detectives to spy on his employees."

Mrs. Cortlandt smiled. "By the way, when are you going into business with him?" she said.

"I? Oh, not for a long time. You see, I'm so busy I never seem to have time to work. Work doesn't really appeal to me, anyway. I suppose if I had to hustle I could, but—what's the use?"

"What is it that keeps you so busy? What are you going to do when you get back, for instance?"

"Well, I'm going to Ormond for the auto races, and I may enter my new car. If I don't get hurt in the races I'll take a hunting trip or two. Then I want to try out an ice boat on the Hudson, and I'll have to be back in New Haven by the time the baseball squad limbers up. Oh, I have plenty of work ahead!"

Mrs. Cortlandt let her eyes dwell upon him curiously for a moment; then she said:

"Have you no ambition?"

"Certainly."

"What is it?"

"Why—" Kirk hesitated. "I can't say

right off the reel, but I've got it—lot's of it."

"Is there no—girl, for instance? Have you never been in love?"

"Oh, see here, now." Anthony blushed in a manner to excite the envy of any woman. "I don't like 'em. I'd rather play football."

"That explains something. When the time comes you will cease wasting your life and—"

"I'm *not* wasting my life," the young man denied hotly. "I'm having a great time; simply immense."

"I remember reading an article once by a man who attacked American colleges with bitter personal feeling, on the ground that they fostered exactly the attitude toward life which you have just expressed."

Anthony looked sober. "That was my father," he said.

"Really! How stupid of me to forget the name. But I don't agree with him," she continued gently. "You merely lack stimulus. If you should meet the right woman—" Then, seeing the amusement in his face: "Believe me, I know what I am talking about. I know what a woman can do. Your life has been too easy and placid. You need some disturbing element to make it ferment."

"But I don't want to ferment."

"Why don't you stay in Panama and go to work?"

"Work? Hideous word! For one thing, I haven't time. I must get back—"

"You will find great opportunities there."

"But how about the girl who is to sour the syrup of my being and make it ferment?"

"Oh, she may appear at any moment; but, joking aside, you had better think over what I have said." She left him with an admonitory shake of her head.

The *Santa Cruz* was now rapidly drawing out of the cold northern winter and into a tropic warmth. Already the raw chill of higher latitudes was giving way to a balmy, spring-like temperature, while the glittering sunshine transformed the sea into a lively, gleaming expanse of sapphire. The nights were perfect, the days divine. The passengers responded as if to a magic draught, and Kirk found his blood filled with a new vigor.

A brief sight of Columbus' Landfall served to break the monotony; then followed a swift flight past low, tropical islands ringed with coral sand, upon which broke a lazy,

milk-white surf. Through the glasses villages were spied, backed by palm groves and guarded by tall sentinel lighthouses; but the *Santa Cruz* pushed steadily southward, her decks as level as a dancing floor, the melancholy voice of her bell tolling the leagues as they slipped past. The eastern tongue of Cuba rose out of the horizon, then dropped astern, and the gentle trades began to fan the travelers. Now that they were in the Caribbean, schools of flying fish whisked out from under the ship's prow, and away, like tiny silver-sheathed arrows. New constellations rose into the evening sky. It became impossible to rest indoors, with the trade winds calling, and the passengers spent long, lazy hours basking in the breath of the tropics and grudging the pleasure of which sleep deprived them.

It was the last night of the voyage, and the thrill of approaching land was felt by all. As usual, the monotony of the first day or two had given way to an idle contentment and a vague regret at leaving the ship and severing the ties so newly made. Home, instead of looming close and overshadowing, had become a memory rather indistinct and blurred, clouded by the proximity of the new and unknown.

Kirk Anthony acknowledged to a reluctant enjoyment of the change and found himself less eager to go back. As he paced the deck after dinner, he felt a lurking desire to defer his return until he had absorbed something more of this warmth and languor; he even reflected that he might welcome a stay of some length in the tropics if it were not for the fact that he had so much to do.

Mrs. Cortlandt joined him as usual, and they did a mile around the promenade, chatting idly of many things. The evening was too glorious to permit of early retiring, and a late hour found them leaning over the rail, side by side, while Anthony bewailed the fact that he knew nothing of the country just beyond the dark horizon ahead of them.

"You are quite right," his companion agreed. "You will miss its best flavor if you don't know the history back of it. For instance, we are now on the Spanish Main, the traditional home of romance and adventure."

"I always wanted to be a pirate," he acknowledged gravely, "up to fifteen. Then I thought I'd rather run a candy store."

"The ships of Sir Henry Morgan and the galleons of His Catholic Majesty, Philip of

Spain, sailed these waters. Over yonder"—she waved a graceful hand to the north and east—"are the haunts where the adventurers of old England used to lie in wait for their prey. Ahead of us is the land that Pizarro soaked with blood. We're coming into the oldest country on this side of the globe, Mr. Anthony, where men lived in peace and plenty when most of Europe was a wilderness. I suppose such things appeal more to a woman's fancy than to a man's, but to me they're mightily alluring."

Kirk wagged his head admiringly, as he said:

"I wish I could make language behave like that," and Edith Cortlandt laughed liked a young girl.

"Oh, I'm not a perfervid poet," she disclaimed, "but everything down here is so full of association, I can't help feeling it."

"I'm beginning to notice it myself. Maybe it's the climate."

"Perhaps. Anyhow, it is all very vivid to me. Did you ever stop to think how brave those men must have been who first went venturing into unknown seas in their little wooden boats?"

"They were looking for a short cut to the East Indies, weren't they?"

"Yes, to Cathay. And then the people they found and conquered! The spoils they exacted! They were men—those *conquistadores*—whatever else they were—big, cruel, heroic fellows like Bastida, Nicuesa, Balboa, Pedrarias the Assassin, and the rest. They oppressed the natives terribly, yet they paved the way for civilization, after all. The Spaniards did try to uplift the Indians, you know. And the life in the colonies was like that in old Spain, only more romantic and picturesque. Why, whenever I pass through these Latin-American cities I see, in place of the crumbling ruins, grand cathedrals and palaces; in place of the squalid beggars idling about the market places I see velvet-clad dons and high-born ladies."

"Aren't there any beautiful ladies left?"

"A few, perhaps."

"What happened to the cathedrals and the velvet fellows and all that?"

"Oh, the old state of affairs couldn't last forever. The Spanish administration wasn't so bad as is generally supposed, yet of course there was too much rapacity and not enough industry. Central America, broadly speaking, was known as the treasure chest

of the world, and there were constant wars and disturbances. The colonies as a whole did not progress like those in the North, and in course of time deteriorated. The old cathedrals decayed and were not rebuilt. The old Spanish stock died out and in its stead grew up a motley race given to revolt, revolution, and corruption. Even when the provinces became free, they weren't able to unite and form a strong nation. The Isthmus of Panama became a pest-hole where the scum of the Four Seas settled. The people became mean and unhealthy in mind and body and morals, preserving nothing except the cruelty of their forefathers. Here and there, to be sure, one comes across the old Castilian breed, like a silver thread running through a rotting altar-cloth, but only here and there, and most of those silver threads have become tarnished from contact with the fabric."

"It must be a nice place," Kirk observed with gentle sarcasm.

"It affords one a great chance to moralize, at any rate. Take the building of this Canal, for instance. First the French came, led by a dreamer, and poured in the wealth of an empire in order that they might exact toll from the world. You see, they were allured by the love of gain—the Spaniards who pillaged the natives to begin with, and the French who set out to squeeze profit from all the other nations. But it seems as if the spot were infected. The French lost an army in their project; corruption gnawed through, and the thing ended in disgrace and disaster. Spain and France have come and gone, and at last we Yankees have arrived. It seems to be the will of God that the youngest, lustiest people on the earth should finally be sent to clean this Augean stable."

"By Jove! I never thought of it that way."

"It is a big task, Mr. Anthony, and the mere digging of the ditch is the smallest part. There is a great deal more to be done. You see, as men attain culture, they require more than mere food and drink and bedding, and in the same way, as nations attain to greatness, they require more than mere territory—they reach out and absorb power and prestige. Our decision to build the Panama Canal is like the landing of another Columbus; the conquest is to follow. After that will come—who knows what? Perhaps more wars, more pillage, more injustice."

"You talk like a man," Anthony said ad-

miringly. "I had no idea you looked at things in such a big way."

"You are laughing at me."

"No indeed."

"You see, it is part of my husband's profession. As to the romance—well, all women are romantic and imaginative, I suppose, and you've been an inspiring listener."

"I don't know about that, but—you're a corking good talker. Excuse my archaic English." Mrs. Cortlandt turned her eyes upon the speaker, and he saw that they were very bright. "I've been thinking about what you told me the other day," he ran on, "about myself. Remember?"

"I'm glad I have the knack of making something besides football signals stick in your memory," said she. "Have you been thinking about that girl I spoke of?"

"Yes," he replied ingenuously. "I've been making up my mind to ask you if you happen to have a sister—an unmarried sister, I mean."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed appreciatively. "No, I have no sister, but I thank you for the compliment. I suppose you meant it for one?"

"Yes. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. I'm quite sure now that my notion about you was right. It will take a woman to make a man of you."

"It used to be my wind that troubled me," said the athlete mournfully. "Now it seems to be my heart."

"It doesn't seem to be seriously affected as yet, but it's remarkable the number of ways in which the heart of man may be reached. I remember once having breakfast in a queer little restaurant in the French quarter of New Orleans, famous for its cooking and for the well-known people who had eaten there. There was a sort of register which the guests were asked to sign, and in looking it over I read the inscription of one particularly enthusiastic diner. It ran, 'Oh, Madame Begue, your liver has touched my heart,' and the story is that the writer made desperate love to the proprietor's wife."

"Oh, come, that's rather hard on me. I have some emotions besides a hearty appreciation of food."

"No doubt. I only mentioned that as one of the ways, and, seriously, I am convinced that, however your awakening may come, you will be the better for it."

"I do hope the cook will prove to be unmarried," he mused. "Imagine having to

do away with a husband who can handle a cleaver."

"Oh, I don't mean you should necessarily marry the woman. It would be quite as good for you if she refused even to look at you. However, let us hope that you meet some nice American girl—"

"Why not a señorita? You have inspired me with Spanish romance."

But Mrs. Cortlandt shook her head. "Wait until you have seen them."

"Already I imagine myself under some moonlit balcony teasing chords out of a guitar. I have rather a good singing voice, you know."

"It is not done that way nowadays. Panama is Americanized. You will need a pianola and an automobile."

"And all the romance is gone?"

"Oh, there is romance everywhere; there is quite as much in Pittsburg as in Andalusia. But to speak of more practical things"—Mrs. Cortlandt hesitated slightly—"I heard you tell the purser the other day about your financial troubles, and it occurred to me that Mr. Cortlandt might assist you."

"Thanks, awfully," Kirk hastened to say, feeling himself flush uncomfortably. "But I sha'n't need anything. The old gentleman will wire me whatever I ask for. Does—Mr. Cortlandt know how I am fixed?"

"No."

"Please don't tell him—I—I'm a little bit ashamed of myself. You're not going?"

"Yes. It is getting late, and my maid is looking for me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's lonesome around here without—somebody to talk to." He took her hand and shook it as if she were a man. "You've been mighty good to me and—I wish you had a sister. That's all."

She left him the memory of a very bright and very girlish smile, and he found himself thinking that she could not be so much older than he, after all.

Mr. Cortlandt was awaiting his wife and rose courteously as she entered their suite.

"Did you send Annette for me?" she inquired.

"Yes. I thought you had forgotten the hour. We rise at six."

"My dear," she returned coolly, "I was quite aware of the time. I was talking to Mr. Anthony."

"Do you find him so amusing?"

"Very much so."

"He's such a boy. By the way, some of

the passengers are remarking about your friendship for him."

Mrs. Cortlandt shrugged. "I expected that. Does it interest you?"

The man favored her with his wintry smile. "Not at all."

"If he should need assistance while in Panama, I should be obliged if you would accommodate him."

"Money?"

"Yes, or anything else. He left New York unexpectedly."

"Don't you think that is going a bit too far? You know I don't fancy him."

Mrs. Cortlandt frowned slightly. "We won't discuss it," she said. "I assured him he was at liberty to call on us for anything and—naturally that ends the matter."

"Naturally!" he agreed, but his colorless cheeks flushed dully.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH KIRK ANTHONY IS GREATLY SURPRISED

WHEN Kirk came on deck early the following morning, he found the *Santa Cruz* nosing her way into Colon harbor. A land fog obscured his view somewhat, but through it he beheld a low, irregular line of mountains in the background and close at hand a town. The ship came to anchor abreast of a point upon which he descried a squat little spider-legged lighthouse and long rows of frame dwellings half hidden behind slender palm trees. Beyond were warehouses and docks and the funnels of many ships; on either side of the bay was a dense tropical wilderness. As the sun dissipated the morning haze, he saw that the hills were matted with a marvelous vivid green. There were no clearings on the slopes, no open spaces dotted with farmhouses or herds, the jungle flowed down to the water's edge in an unbroken sweep, and the town was cut out of it.

A launch came plunging through the swells, and the deck steward made his rounds requesting the passengers to assemble for medical examination.

Kirk found the Cortlandts ahead of him.

"What's coming off?" he inquired.

"Vaccination," Cortlandt explained briefly. "They are very particular about disease."

His wife added: "This used to be the

worst fever spot in the world, you know. When we were here five years ago, we saw carloads of dead people nearly every day. A funeral train was a familiar sight."

"What a pleasant place to spend my vacation!" exclaimed Kirk. "Now if I can rent a room over the morgue and board with the village undertaker, I'll have a nice time."

"Oh, there's no more yellow fever—no sickness at all, in fact," said Mr. Cortlandt. "Will you go over to Panama City or will you stay in Colon?"

"I think I'll remain on the ship; then she can't get away without me," Kirk answered. But when, after taking his turn before the doctors, he explained his desire to the purser, that worthy replied:

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to arrange that with the agent. We make a charge, you know, just like a hotel."

"I'm going to cable my old man for money."

The officer shook his head with finality. "Nothing doing, Mr. Locke."

"Anthony."

"I'll take no chances. If you don't pay, I'll have to. Look here! Do you want to know what I think of you, Mr.—Anthony Locke?"

"I haven't any special yearnings in that direction, but—what do you think about me?"

"Well, I don't think your name is either Locke or Anthony."

"Marvelous!"

"And I don't think you have any money coming to you, either."

"Mighty intellect!"

"I think you are no good."

"You're not alone in that belief. But what has all that to do with my sleeping aboard the *Santa Cruz*?"

"If you want to stay aboard, you'll have to pay in advance. You're not so foolish as you try to make out."

"Those are glorious words of praise," Kirk acknowledged, "but I'll make a bet with you."

"What?"

"That you change your mind. I *am* just as foolish as I appear, and I'll prove it. I'll bet my ring against your shirts that my name is Anthony, and if I don't come through with the price of a ticket to New York you can keep the ring."

"Very well, but meanwhile I don't intend to be stuck for your bill." The purser was a man of admirable caution.

"All right, then, I shall throw myself upon the mercy of strangers and take your belongings with me."

By this time the ship was being warped into her berth and the dock was crowded. There were little brown customs inspectors in khaki, little brown policemen in blue, little brown merchants in white, and huge black Jamaicans in all colors of rags. Here and there moved a bronzed, business-like American, and Anthony noticed that for the most part these were clean-cut, aggressive-looking young fellows.

He was delayed but an instant by the customs officials, then made his way out through a barn-like structure to the street, reflecting that after all there are advantages in traveling light. He came into a blazing hot, glaring white street jammed with all sorts of vehicles, the drivers of which seemed perpetually upon the point of riot. Before him stretched a shadeless brick pavement, with a railroad track on one side, and on the other a line of naked frame buildings hideous in their sameness. The sun beat down fiercely. Kirk mopped his face with the purser's handkerchief and wondered if this were really December.

Clumsy two-wheeled carts came bumping past, some with prehensile-footed negroes perched upon them, others driven by turban-crowned Hindoos. A fleet of dilapidated surreys and coaches, each equipped with a musical chime and drawn by a flea-bitten, rat-like horse, thronged the square. Kirk noticed with amusement that the steeds were of stronger mentality than the drivers, judging from the way they dominated the place, kicking, biting, squealing, ramming each other, locking wheels and blocking traffic, the while their futile owners merely jerked the reins after the fashion of a street-car conductor ringing up fares, or swore softly in Spanish. Silent-footed coolies drifted past, sullen-faced negroes jostled him, stately Martinique women stalked through the confusion with queenly dignity. These last were especially qualified to take the stranger's eye, being tall and slender and wearing gaudy headresses the tips of which stood up like rabbits' ears. Unlike the fat and noisy Jamaicans, they were neat and clean, their skirts snow-white and stiffly starched, and they held themselves as proudly erect as if pacing a stage.

The indescribable confusion of races reminded the young American of a Red Sea port where the myriad peoples of the far East intermingle. He heard a dozen different dialects; even the negroes used an accent that was difficult to understand. One thing only struck a familiar note, and that with peculiar force and sharpness. Down the railroad track toward him came a locomotive with the letters "P. R. R." upon it, at which he said aloud:

"Hurrah, I'm in Jersey City! I'll take the Twenty-third Street Ferry and be at the Astor in no time."

He made his way slowly through the turmoil to the cable office, where he wrote a message, only to have it refused.

"We don't send C. O. D.," the operator told him.

"Must have coin in advance, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"I left my gold purse on the dresser," Kirk said cheerfully. "I'll be back later." Then he wandered forth again, bearing his bundle of shirts beneath his arm. He thought of appealing to the Cortlandts before they left for Panama City, but could not bring himself to ask a favor from that slim, agate-eyed man for whom he felt such an instinctive distaste. Instead, he resolved to enlist the services of the American consul.

He began to feel the heat now, and his borrowed collar drooped, but as he neared the seaward side of town there was a remarkable transformation. A delightful, cooling breeze swept in from the ocean, and when he finally came out upon a palm-guarded road along the breakers, he paused in silent enjoyment. The trade winds were drawing inward as steadily as if forced by a great electric fan, piling the green waters upon the rocks in a ceaseless, soothing murmur, making the palm fronds overhead rustle like the silken skirts of an aerial ballet. The effect was wonderful, for while the air was balmy and soft it was also deliciously refreshing and seemed to have magic properties.

After some further wandering, he found the consul's house and knocked at the door, whereupon a high-pitched, querulous voice from inside cried:

"Come in. Dammit, don't stand there hammering!"

The Third Instalment of "The Ne'er-Do-Well" will appear in the December Number.

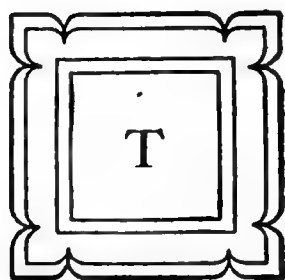
The Little Cuss

By

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

AUTHOR OF "DR. ELLEN," "OPEN HOUSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
C. D. WILLIAMS



THE two were amazingly, even absurdly, alike as they faced each other across the library table. The very scowl that lay heavy on the girl's forehead was an obvious inheritance from the paternal scowl opposite. One would have known that they were combatants at the opening of the door, though their voices were carefully calm.

"I'm a self-made man, Paula—plain Western goods." Mr. Dennison crossed his knees and let his hands fall with a clap on the leathern arms of his chair. "It's too late to teach me fancy values; I don't go a hang on anything but facts. Some folks can put a paper frill around a mutton chop and call it lamb, but that ain't my way. I see things as they are."

"Well, I'm the daughter of a self-made man, and of a New England school-teacher, too; if you can beat that combination for seeing things as they are—!" And Paula unconsciously assumed her father's attitude.

"And it's your idee——"

"Idea, please, father."

"Oh, hang! This ain't a time for grammar." Yet he was visibly disconcerted, and

went on with less assurance. "It's your— notion that you see this young feller as he is?"

"I do. And he has got just the things that you and I haven't, and need."

"He has, eh? You might mention one or two."

"Ancestors."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"Well, then, a sense of humor."

He inclined a doubting ear toward her. "A—what?" If she had said "a top-knot," he could not have looked more amazedly disgusted.

"A sense of humor. Don't ask me what it is, for I don't rightly know, yet. But I'm beginning to see. It hasn't anything to do with making jokes."

"He didn't try any funny business on me," snorted Mr. Dennison.

"Oh, he's got common sense, too. He's poor and alone in the world and not awfully practical, but I tell you, father, there's stuff in him that we hustlers have got to get into our families sooner or later, if we're going to the top. And—I—am."

"H'm. On sixty dollars a month?"

"If necessary. Oh, I don't pretend that Ralph has done much in business, as yet. Few men have, at nineteen."

"At nineteen I had been at work seven

years, and had been raised six times, both in salary and position." Mr. Dennison straightened his waistcoat with honorable self-respect. "This young feller tells me he has been at work three years, and has been raised once—in salary only."

"And that once was since he became interested in me. There is one thing you have got to take into account, father—that Ralph with me will have a very different career from Ralph without me." She gave him an emphatic nod. "The man I like will get on."

"Get on better—h'm. Yes, I think you could hist 'most anything, if you set your mind to it." There was a gleam of pride in his eyes, quickly concealed. "But, Paula, is that just your notion of a husband?"

She flushed—a quick, angry red. "Ralph is my notion of my husband," she said shortly.

"Well, I'm sorry, but he ain't mine, and that settles it. You'll live to thank me for it." Mr. Dennison opened the telephone book and began a pointed search for a number. "Guess we've said all we need to," he added.

Paula glanced at her watch and rose. "Well, here's fair warning: I don't give him up." Her father was running his finger down a column of names.

"Oh, I guess you will," he said coolly, without lifting his eyes. Fifty years of solid dominance and success had gone to the making of that tone; yet the voice of untried eighteen answered with equal steadiness:

"What do you bet?"

"I don't bet where I expect obedience," he snapped. She went to the door, but paused there to look back thoughtfully at the bent head.

"You are trying to make the worst mistake of your life, father," she said reasonably. "Now a mushy daughter would give in and let you repent it later; but I think it's a lot better to save you from it. And you'll live to thank me yet."

"I'll live to take you east and leave you there with your Aunt Jennie till you get sense, if I hear any more of this!" He had come to the thunder stage of indignation, but her temper was well in hand.

"You won't hear any more," she said meaningly, and went out. He half started up, as though to call her back, then hesitated, and fell to restless pacing about the great, paneled room, gloomy in spite of the early morning sunshine without.

"The little cuss!" he muttered, between rage and admiration. Then he sat down and wrote a letter beginning, "Dear Jennie," and ending, "For Heaven's sake, wire that you will take her, or she'll be off with him—by the front door and in broad daylight, understand. She's a straight little cuss. What an everlasting shame she wasn't a boy!" Even as he signed, "Your aff. Bro.," the massive front door banged; but he was too absorbed to notice.

Paula, calm and serious, carrying a suitcase and a well-rolled umbrella, took a car for the station, where a young man was nervously pacing the platform—a worried-looking young man, attractive after a pleasant blond fashion, though his face was more noticeable for understanding and sweetness than for force. He stood watching her for a moment before she saw him. The clear red of her cheeks was no deeper than usual, her blue eyes were unclouded; in all her handsome, well-dressed person there was not one hurried movement. She even paused to compare her watch with the station clock.

An irrepressible laugh brought the color back to his face.

"Oh, Paula, darling, you'll be the death of me!" he murmured, as he hurried to meet her.

"You are laughing at me," stated Paula, as she withdrew her hands.

"Well, I can't kiss you here, and I have to do something!" He put his arm against her shoulder under pretext of guiding her to a seat. "You elope as calmly as you would go shopping," he added, with a recurrent note of laughter.

"It's a far more sensible proceeding! Have you the tickets?"

"Not yet, dear." His face clouded again and he drew away from her on the bench, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. "Paula, I want you enough to commit almost any crime—you know that," he went on with sudden vehemence. "And yet I can't quite square it with myself, this running away with a man's daughter. And—such a rich man, confound it! I've been awake all night over the thing. You swept me off my feet yesterday; but to-day——"

"But, Ralph, I gave father fair warning. And this happens to be a case where he is wrong and I am right. I don't think that just because I'm—I'm fond of you." Her color deepened under his smile, and he moved nearer to her, resting his elbow on the back of the bench. "I can see, you know, just



"RALPH WITH ME WILL HAVE A VERY DIFFERENT CAREER FROM RALPH WITHOUT ME. THE MAN I LIKE WILL GET ON."

what you have got, and what the other men I know haven't, better than father can. He will see it too, some day, and thank me—I told him so. I'm marrying you out of ambition as well as—other things."

"Ah, I've got to kiss you, whether or no," he murmured. A tiny smile tugged at her lips, but she went on without heeding.

"And then, you see, I'm not really eloping, since eighteen is of age for a girl in this state. And the fact that you're not of age yet doesn't matter, for you haven't any parents or guardians to object. And father needn't give us any money—we can get along with yours and mine. Now the train is due in three minutes, and of course you needn't marry me if you don't want to. But if you do, you'd better get the tickets."

"If I do!" he echoed, starting to his feet.

Three hours later the two emerged from a cab in front of an imposing courthouse and followed endless lengths of unclean tessellated pavement until they reached a door bearing the significant sign, "Marriage Licenses." Paula obviously would have liked to conduct the business, and restrained herself with some difficulty as Ralph showed a tendency to stammer and hesitate. The clerk had the engraved forms out before anything coherent had been said. He was a hurried, dry little man who appeared suffering to say, "Step lively, please!" at every pause.

"Parent's or guardian's consent?" he rattled off mechanically as he filled in Ralph's age.

"I have no parent or guardian," returned Ralph.

"Can't issue license to you, then." And he would have turned away from them as from a closed topic.

"Why, see here! Why not?" Ralph exclaimed.

"Law of the state."

"But I am of age!" burst in Paula.

"Oh, yes, you can get married all right; but he can't." The clerk was increasingly impatient at being detained.

"But what can we do?" they demanded.

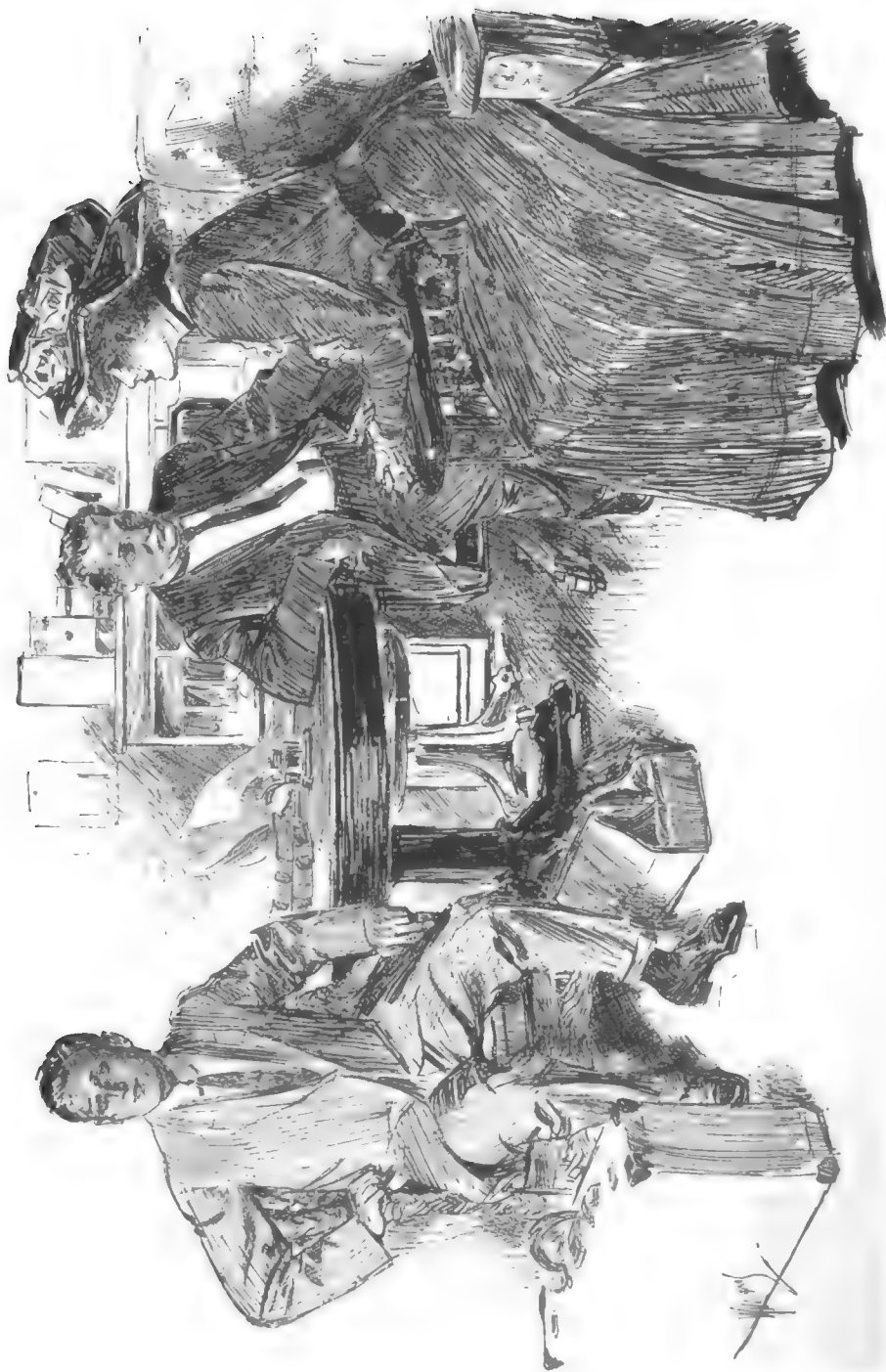
"Wait two years, or get a guardian and obtain his consent." And Cupid turned firmly back to the papers on his desk.

They went out into the corridor and, finding a bench in a windowed recess, dropped helplessly down on it while Ralph gave voice to his personal opinion of the state laws.

"Swearing isn't going to help," said Paula decidedly. "Now we've got to consider everything."

"But the old fool—when I haven't a soul who could raise the least——"

"Yes, dear. Now suppose we take up each possibility in turn. It's half past twelve, and there isn't a train back till five twenty, too late to head off my letter to father."



"OF COURSE, YOU MUST SHOW THAT THE CHILD IS WILLING," SAID THE COURT.

"Oh, it would be too flat!" he groaned, his head on his hands.

"And yet we don't know a soul in this city, and we can't stay here unmarried," she pursued with an air of checking off item B.

"Darling girl, I was a beast, an ass, to get you into such a mess!" He clenched his hands desperately in his blond hair. Then he started up. "Perhaps some sort of a minister could marry us without a license," he exclaimed. "I know they do in some states."

"Go ask him," commanded Paula, who was frowning thoughtfully over folded arms. He came back dejectedly.

"Can't be done," he sighed. "My dear love, I ought to be hanged!"

Paula rose. "Suppose we go and get lunch," she said. "I want a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

In spite of his misery, his eyes showed a gleam of amusement.

"Ah, Paula, you're the joy of my life!" he said. "That is just what I want, too."

They found it near by, at a marble counter, and presently took up their problem with revived courage.

"Of course, we can't stay here unmarried," repeated Paula, putting down her empty cup. "If we don't find a way before five twenty, we must go back—and father will probably take me east by the next train."

"And quite right," added Ralph disgustedly. "I wouldn't let my daughter marry a blithering idiot who could get her into a scrape like this."

"Then I hope she would know her own mind well enough to defy you," said Paula. His eyes softened to a smile as they rested on the determined youth of the face beside him.

"I think she—would," he murmured.

"We're not getting anywhere," said Paula severely, trying to frown down the deepening red in her cheeks. "I shouldn't mind father's rage, but I should hate his crowing. I can't bear to be beaten like this."

"Is that the only reason you don't want to give up?"

The little smile tugged at her unwilling lips. "No," she admitted.

"Is it the biggest reason?"

"You're very silly," said Paula, but a laugh escaped. "If you don't try to think, we might as well go back to the station," she added.

"But what can thinking do against a set of darn fool state laws?" he burst out. "If I had only had the sense to set up a guardian—"

He broke off at her gasp of excitement. Her eyes were fixed on space, big with a growing idea, for a breathless moment; then she turned to him radiant, both fists clenched on the counter.

"Ralph! I'll adopt you!" she cried.

"You'll—*what?*"

"Adopt you! Anybody of age can adopt anybody who isn't. Then I will give my consent, and—oh, dearest, there we are!"

He stared at her speechlessly; then he hid his face in his hands and gave way to wild laughter. He laughed till the room echoed and people on the other stools laughed in sympathy.

"Oh, Paula, darling, you'll kill me yet!" he gasped.

"Have you anything against it?" she demanded, dragging on her gloves.

"No—no! Nothing!"

"Come on, then. We shall have to hurry," and she started up. They fairly ran to the courthouse, Paula frankly taking the business into her own hands, this time, while Ralph, limp and shaken, followed in humble silence.

"The Court," to whom they were referred for information about adoptions, proved to be a huge, middle-aged, kindly person with preternaturally black hair straggling above openly gray eyebrows, who answered them in a big, distinct voice, as though he were in the habit of dealing with deaf foreigners. If marriage was difficult under the state laws, adoption was comparatively easy. You entered your application and had it published in a leading newspaper, and then, if the Court was satisfied that you were a responsible person, the application was granted.

"Of course, you must show that the child is willing," he added. Ralph turned hastily aside, one hand clenching his chin, but Paula did not move a muscle.

"The—person is willing," she said. "Now what is the very shortest time in which it could be done?"

"Oh, it need not take much time," he assured her. "A couple of weeks would be ample."

Two pairs of dismayed eyes consulted each other.

"Couldn't you do it in less?" she asked. For the first time her impersonal business tones faltered. There was kindly interest in the cock of the grizzled eyebrows.

"Why, we generally order the advertisement to be continued for ten days," he began.

"If the circumstances were extraordinary—"

"Couldn't you do it before five o'clock to-day?" broke in Paula; and her lips actually trembled.

"To-day!" he exclaimed, slowly heaving his great bulk away from the chair-back, to which it had seemed permanently attached.

Ralph suddenly took a hand.

"We came down here to be married, but were refused a license because I am not of age and hadn't anybody to give consent," he explained, looking the Court firmly in the eye. "But if this lady, who is of age, could legally adopt me before the marriage bureau closes, then, you see, she could give the necessary consent. It is important that we should be married to-day." And he put his arm about Paula, defying any one to laugh.

But the Court did laugh, gloriously, thunderously, with a bull-like bellow, after one astonished "God bless my soul!" had cleared the way. The Court laughed till his whole bulk was a heaving field of merriment, and presently Ralph broke down and joined; but Paula suddenly hid her face.

They were sobered again in an instant, calling themselves names and applauding her ingenuity, each with an arm about her, and avoiding each other's eyes lest they laugh again. She had her head up in a moment.

"But can we do it?" she interrupted their consolations.

"By the Lord, we've got to!" said the Court, with tremulous solemnity.

After a moment's deliberation, which they respected with an intensity that precluded breathing, he took down their names and ages and wrote briefly, wholly grave now, though his mouth twitched a little as he concluded:

"And you say the child is willing?"

She could smile herself. "He seems to be," she said.

Her application for guardianship was read to them; said application to be published in a leading newspaper until the next session of the Court. The two eager faces fell.

"But—it had to be to-day," faltered Paula.

"Of course it had! This goes into the three-thirty edition of the *Recorder*; the Court closes at three, and, for this occasion only, the next session will be at four. A little irregular, but I'm convinced that you are a suitable guardian—for any one—and they allow us a certain discretion. By George, we've got to catch the *Recorder* pretty quick!" And he turned to the telephone, while the two

dropped down together on a bench, spent, but filled with a beautiful peace.

It did not last long. Half of a telephone conversation may have dire significance.

"Oh, by George, not closed yet! The three-thirty edition? . . . See here, Bob, I've got to get this notice in. . . . Well, does any other paper come out at four, then? . . . No, that's too late. Now listen—suppose you take it down and do the best you can for me; stick it in anywhere. . . . Well, I'll give it to you, anyway. And, say, Bob! If you pull this off, I won't forget it. . . . Sure thing. All right, then; you do your best. I'll explain later."

The notice was dictated, and then the Court faced reluctantly about.

"Well, if it can be done, it will be," he said ruefully. "You'd better be down at the office to get a copy the moment it's out."

"If it doesn't get in, perhaps we can persuade the license bureau to stay open an hour later," proposed Paula. His headshake was dubious.

"Well, we'll hope it gets in," he said.

They went to the *Recorder* office, and, after finding the exact door through which the next edition would emerge, tried to pass the time by looking into neighboring shop windows. But their eyes stared without seeing, their comments died unfinished and unheeded, and presently they went back and gave themselves up to frank waiting. As the hour approached, a crowd of newsboys assembled; Paula looked them over, and summoned the most intelligent.

"If you see that I get the first paper sold, I'll give you ten cents for it," she said, and received a fervent promise.

"Why didn't I think of that?" sighed Ralph.

"Oh, well, your father was a college professor!" she excused him. "If you had had mine——"

The door had suddenly opened, and an instant later the newsboys were swarming about bales of fresh papers. Almost before the distribution had begun, their boy had received a quarter from Ralph, and they were seated on the dirty step, heedless of publicity, their heads in the afternoon edition.

Five pages were searched with no result, and their hands were unsteady as they turned to the last. Suddenly Ralph completed the eccentricity of their position by flinging his arm about her shoulders in utter oblivion of the passing crowd and giving her a mighty kiss.

"There it is, old blessing!" he cried. It was blurred and badly printed, thrust in among advertisements of manicures and soothsayers, but, nevertheless—there. When Paula had seen it with her own eyes, they rose up and bore it back to the courthouse in relief too deep for speech; and neither ever realized that the street had smiled at them.

Half an hour later Paula Dennison had been formally appointed guardian of her future lord and master, and had given her written consent to his marriage.

The Court himself conducted them to the license bureau, explained matters to the dry little clerk, dryer and more hurried than ever, witnessed the marriage, kissed the bride, escorted them downstairs, and put them into a cab.

"You'll get on, my boy," he said as he grasped the groom's hand for the last time. Their eyes met with humorous appreciation. "I'll have to," said Ralph.

The Court was still standing to smile after the departing carriage when another came lurching up from the direction of the station, its horse at a floundering gallop. Even before it could stop, a middle-aged man had burst out and was striding up the steps with dark and concentrated purpose on his flushed face. The Court stared at him, at first absently, then with dawning suspicion: chin, blue eyes, carriage—surely such a resemblance could not be a mere coincidence! After a brief hesitation he discreetly followed, and suspicion grew to conviction as the man turned to the marriage license bureau. The door stayed open behind him, and the Court, lurking in its shadow, heard him demand whether a young woman named Dennison had tried to get married there that day.

"Was married fifteen minutes ago," said Cupid dryly.

Mr. Dennison exploded into an incredulous "What!"

"Married fifteen minutes ago."

"But they couldn't be—the boy wasn't of age. 'Taint legal. You had no right to issue a license. Why, I'll have you——"

"The applicant had the written consent of his guardian," put in the clerk, stolidly.

"But he hasn't got a guardian—I found that out before I started. He was fooling you. It's a——"

Paula's written consent was laid under his eyes, which were presently lifted

with so bewildered an appeal that the clerk was moved to an explanation.

"The lady took out papers of guardianship, and so her consent was valid," he said wearily.

"Adopted him!" muttered Mr. Dennison. "Adopted him and then married him!" The paper fell from his fingers; he turned away and dropped blindly into the nearest chair, pressing his hand to his forehead. The Court, lingering guiltily outside the door, could hear him repeating the phrase over and over, as though it passed belief. Then, as the Court meditated confession, he saw a slow light dawn in the bewildered face and spread until it was a glow—a subdued but unmistakable glow of pride. Mr. Dennison's hands came down on his knees with a sharp clap.

"Adopted him—the little cuss!" he burst forth. "Adopted him, by golly! Oh, why wasn't she a boy!" He rose with a deep breath, throwing out his chest. "Oh, well, I guess it's all right," he said to the unheeding Cupid, and passed out with erect dignity. The Court, following, saw him pause at the top of the courthouse steps and nod triumphantly at the world below.

"She beat me!" he was heard to mutter. "The little cuss—adopted him! And I never thought of that!"



FIVE PAGES WERE SEARCHED WITH NO RESULT.

AUTHOR OF
"THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," "THE STRUGGLE FOR
SELF-GOVERNMENT," "UPBUILDERS."

Measuring The Might of Organized Business

Financiers have no measure of financial power. Even when the "abstraction" was made concrete; when I asked, for example, how great the power was that Mr. Morgan could wield—even then they couldn't answer. They did only what the newspapers do: they offered imperfect lists of "Morgan properties." And I offer you the best of these, the lists published by the New York *World*. On February 7, 1910, this one was given:

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES

	Assets.
Equitable Life Assurance Society . . .	\$462,000,000
New York Life Insurance Company . .	557,000,000
	\$1,019,000,000

BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES

	Resources.
First National Bank	\$139,600,000
National Bank of Commerce	226,500,000
Mercantile Trust Company	68,475,000
Equitable Trust Company	63,800,000
Guaranty Trust Company	88,960,000
Astor Trust Company	15,200,000
Bankers' Trust Company	53,900,000
Chase National Bank	107,280,000
Mechanics' National Bank	51,360,000
National Copper Bank	40,300,000
Liberty National Bank	24,700,000
Fifth Avenue Trust Company	19,100,000
Standard Trust Company	18,450,000
	\$917,625,000

INDUSTRIALS

	Stocks.	Bonds.
U. S. Steel Corporation	\$868,809,000	\$593,231,000
Haggin-Morgan Peruvian Copper Mines	25,000,000	—
United Dry Goods Co.	51,000,000	—
International Harvester Co.	120,000,000	—
	\$1,064,809,000	\$593,231,000
		1,064,809,000
		\$1,658,040,000

RAILROAD AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES.

	Stocks.	Bonds.
Southern Railway . . .	\$179,900,000	\$228,701,000
International Mercantile Marine	120,000,000	72,684,000
Northern Pacific	247,905,000	282,499,000
Great Northern	275,129,000	97,955,000
Reading Co.	140,000,000	106,654,000
Central R. R. of N. J.	27,436,000	52,851,000
Lehigh Valley R. R.	40,441,000	81,639,000
N. Y., N. H. and H.	100,000,000	56,849,000
Boston and Maine	31,394,000	30,373,000
Hocking Valley Ry.	26,000,000	19,912,000
Chi. G. W. R. R.	57,015,000	28,000,000
N. Y., Ont. & W. R. R.	58,113,000	27,173,000
Hudson and Manhattan R. R.	50,000,000	57,920,000
	\$1,353,333,000	\$1,143,210,000
		1,353,333,000
		\$2,496,543,000

MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIES

Anglo-American Nitrate Syndicate in Chili	\$12,500,000
North American Company	29,779,000
	\$42,279,000

RECAPITULATION

Railroads, etc.	\$2,496,543,000
Industrials	1,658,040,000
Banks, etc.	917,625,000

Life insurance companies	1,019,000,000
Miscellaneous companies	42,279,000
Grand total	\$6,133,487,000

On March 7, 1910, the *World* offered these figures in addition to the previous list:

TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES

	Stocks.	Bonds.
N. N. Central & Hudson River R. R.	\$250,000,000	\$243,414,000
Pullman Co.	100,000,000	—
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R.	50,000,000	135,400,000
Michigan Central R. R.	18,700,000	36,000,000
N. Y. & Harlem R. R. Co.	10,000,000	12,000,000
N. Y. & Northern R. R. Co.	6,500,000	5,200,000
Rhode Island Co.	5,381,000	—
Rutland R. R. Co.	9,200,000	11,400,000
West Shore R. R. Co.	10,000,000	50,000,000
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R. R.	381,000,000	315,400,000
N. Y., Susquehanna & Western R. R.	26,000,000	15,600,000
Interborough Metropolitan Co.	155,000,000	72,000,000
	\$1,021,781,000	\$896,414,000
Stocks as above	1,021,781,000	—
Total	\$1,918,195,000	—

MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIES

	Stocks.	Bonds.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	\$300,000,000	\$214,000,000
Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska Syndicate, about	—	25,000,000
Morgan, City Bank, Kuhn-Loeb Chinese Syndicate, about	—	10,000,000
General Electric Co.	80,000,000	14,900,000
Mexican Telegraph Co.	5,000,000	—
Adams Express Co.	12,000,000	36,000,000
Republic of Honduras Loan	—	12,000,000
Republic of Panama (investments)	—	8,000,000
	\$397,000,000	\$319,900,000
Stocks as above	397,000,000	—
Total	\$716,900,000	—

RECAPITULATION

Transportation companies	\$1,918,195,000
Miscellaneous	716,900,000
Total affiliated interests	\$2,635,095,000

And then the *World* gives this summary:

THE ONE-MAN POWER

Morgan's own banks	\$1,000,000,000
Morgan's banking interests	6,133,487,000
Morgan's affiliated companies	2,635,095,000
Morgan's partners	500,000,000
Grand total	\$10,268,582,000

Such an array of figures looks formidable enough. It is alarming. It suggests the wealth of a nation, rather than of a mere man. And yet this list gives no true conception of Mr. Morgan's power, to say nothing of the organized power he personifies.

In the first place, the list is, the *World* says, incomplete, even as to Morgan's possessions and interests. In the second place, it takes no account of Morgan's personal influence over the banking machinery of the country; of his indirect power over concerns in which he has no property interest; with foreign financiers who so often act with him; with "independents," like the commercial and Jewish bankers here who dread, resent, but so respect his power that, as some of them put it to me, they "wouldn't do anything to bring on a row with Morgan." Nor does it show his prestige with the little business men who follow the blind leaders blindly. And in the third place, this list gives only Mr. Morgan's interests, not those of the Standard Oil and the other powerful groups and individuals that have the "tacit understanding" with Mr. Morgan.

Taken together, these interests are greater than Morgan's own. I shall try later to produce a comprehensive scheme of the sphere of influence of the whole group. For the present, however, it must suffice to recall again what, though unimagined, is well

known, viz., that these men own or control the principal banks, trust and insurance companies—the great depositories of the nation; most of the great industrial trusts—oil, steel, beef, etc.; about ninety per cent. of the steam, and an increasing proportion of the electric, railways; all the large and many of the small express companies; many gas, electric light, water, and power companies; great mining consolidations, especially of coal deposits and iron ore; lumber tracts, railroad lands, and, in general, realms of natural resources.

To state correctly in billions of dollars the actual value of all the property represented in this "community of interests" might startle the imagination of men to some sense of the magnitude of the wealth of these men. But money is no true measure of power. The total capitalization of all they own would not bring home to us the influence of Morgan and his associates, direct and indirect, honest and corrupt, over presidents and Congress; governors and legislatures; in both political parties and over our political power. And no figures would remind us of their standing at the bar and in the courts; with the press, the pulpit, the colleges, schools, and in society. And even if all their property and all their power could be stated in exact terms, it would not show their *relative* wealth and strength. We must ask how much they have not. We must ask how much power they haven't got.



The Poor Rich

This form of the question was suggested by the recollection of an experience I had after an investigation of the political corruption of a western state. The exposures there had involved criminally the head of a great, rich industrial trust. He was a big advertiser, too, and he demanded to see me about the article I was writing. When we met, he was not indignant, as I had expected him to be; he was pathetic.

"What do you want to pick on a little fellow like me for?" he said. "Why don't you take one of those big trusts?"

To say that I was taken aback is to put it mildly. He looked "big" to me. He was reported to be "worth" \$22,000,000. As a matter of fact, when he died a couple of years later, his estate was appraised at little

over half that, and by that time I had learned to distinguish between the rich and the poor rich.

The rich are rich, whereas the poor rich have only from one to twenty millions. In the course of these articles we shall see more of this truly pitiable class of second-class capitalists; of them and their wives. They are either dummy directors or the "scabs" of organized capital. My "poor rich" capitalist was both, and he it was that first gave me a sense of the misery of his kind. But I didn't grasp it till later. At the time, he looked big and powerful to me. Even had I known he had only twelve millions, I should have thought him rich. And his directorship in the Pennsylvania Railroad impressed me as a sign of real in-

fluence. As for his business, the trust he "owned" and presided over loomed like a leviathan before my poor, poor eyes. The sight of him weeping wet tears, therefore, and asking me why we "didn't take a fellow

"Why!" he whined, "Why don't you take the biggest trust in the world?"

An interesting suggestion, that; wasn't it? What would a trust magnate regard as the biggest trust in the world? I thought



Photograph by Charles S. Price, Denver.

DAVID H. MOFFAT.

"They and the thieves and Emma Goldman and my railroad financier, all suffer from one and the same evil."



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK.



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

our size"—well, it gave me very mixed emotions.

"But," I gasped, "whom would you suggest as big men? What trust do you regard as big?"

of oil, and of the railroads. But I asked him, and it was his turn to be astonished.

"Why," he said, "don't you know? Don't you really know?" He seemed to be half-persuaded—by my shame, I guess—

that I really didn't know what the biggest trust in the world was.

"Why," he said, "the biggest trust in the world is the Money Trust. Why don't you show it up? Why don't you show up the New York Clearing House?"

Now the New York Clearing House was known to me as an innocent piece of local, clerical machinery which balances each day

fighting among themselves. And the "scab" admitted that.

"But," he said, "they act together against little fellows like me. The control of money is organized," he insisted, in those very terms. And he went on to explain how it affected him.

"Do you know," he said, "that I can't borrow money? I'm 'good'; my income is



Photograph by McClure, Denver

WHERE THE MOFFAT ROAD BEGINS, DENVER.

"I have heard several times that the Moffat Road had the money, when it didn't have it. Moffat only thought he had it."

the claims of its members against one another so as to reduce to a minimum the settlements in actual cash.

"Oh, I don't mean the Association itself," he said. "I mean the combination of men who own the banks that are members of the Association. They control those banks and the banks they clear for. They control the banking system of the United States, which controls money. They are the monopolists of monopolies. They monopolize money. The Clearing House banks are the trust that controls American credit."

This sounded "Populistic" to me then. I noted it down, but only as an example of the "wild news" of a "yellow millionaire." The interview occurred before Morgan's day; before Morgan was the leader of leaders; and I thought I knew that the leaders were

sometimes half a million a year net; but I can't get money from the banks; not anywhere in this country. I could make millions. I could become rich. I get opportunities that would pay like a bank. But I can't get credit. I am limited in my operations to my own money. I have to have cash, you understand. I can't borrow from the banks; I can't get my share of the credit of this country."

Of course, he didn't mean that he couldn't "borrow a quarter." He could raise small loans; but capitalists do most of their business, as, indeed, all business men do, upon borrowed capital, and the richer they are, the more they are likely to owe. It is not uncommon for "insiders" like Harri- man or William Rockefeller to be caught by a panic with a debt of many, many mil-

lions; and if they were "called" like ordinary persons, they would make amazing and disaster-breeding failures. But, controlling banks and trust companies, they can "always" get money, my little capitalist complained, and, to complete his hyperbole, he added that he "never" could. By way of reducing his troubles to terms, I asked him "how much he couldn't borrow."

This man may have abused his credit or deserved none. I didn't take enough stock in his complaint then to inquire, and now he is dead. But I have heard similar complaints since. I know men who, to finance big schemes, have had to pay the highest legal rate of interest, give a note for a million when they got only \$900,000, pay the banker a "commission" and—as if this were



Photograph by McClure, Denver.

THE MOFFAT ROAD TERMINAL, STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLORADO, WHERE WORK IS AGAIN AT A STANDSTILL.

"I'd like to bet that, when the Moffat Road is done, Moffat will find it isn't his."

"Why, I'm trying to raise a million, right now," he said; "and I can't. I've had to sneak around like a thief to raise half a million, on a good proposition, you understand; on good security. No kick there. No. It's me they won't lend to; me. I'm an outsider."

not enough—divide their profits with him. The control of large credit is organized sure enough. But my poor rich man not only showed that it was organized before Morgan organized it, he suggested a way to measure that control. How much money can't an outsider borrow in the United States?



Measuring Money Power

"Suppose," I said to my commercial banker, "suppose you and I should want to finance a great enterprise. Assume that the market conditions are favorable, that our proposition is obviously good, and that our security is satisfactory, but that Morgan personally, or some one of the big men

with him, is opposed to us or to our scheme. Could we get the money?"

His face brightened; he saw the point.

"Depends on how much we wanted," he said.

"Call it fifty millions!"

"We couldn't get it."

"Could we get twenty-five millions?"

"We could not."

"Twenty?"

"No—no—no."

"Fifteen?"

"Now wait a moment," he said. "Is it generally known in the market that Morgan doesn't want us to get our money?"

"Say 'yes', first," I answered.

"Then I say 'no'."

"Now, say 'no.' Assume that it isn't known."

"Then I say 'yes,'" he said. "That is, I say we might, yes, we might raise as much

as fifteen millions. But"—he put up his hand as if to say "hush"—"But we'd have to go very, very softly about it."

Other authorities gave other estimates. The range ran from fifty millions, which is too high, to my scab's half a million, which is too low. This measure is not precise, therefore; it gave me only an approximate notion of the amount of money obtainable against the will of Mr. Morgan. But it certainly shows that he and the power he represents can be decisive in any big business which he or his associates care to influence.



You Can't Build a Railroad

Another form of the question brought out that truth. I went to a former railroad president and, sketching my supposititious situation, I said:

"If you or I or any other men in the United States saw a chance to build a needed railroad which would pay from the start, could we get the money?"

"We could not," he said. "Not if J. P. opposed us, or William Rockefeller, or Hill. We couldn't if our line cut into the territory of any other railroad in any way."

"Senator Clark of Montana built a new line from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles," I said.

"Yes," said the railroad man, "he did; almost. But Clark could take copper out of the ground to build with. He needed neither steel nor gold. He could have laid copper rails. Having the equivalent of cash, he didn't have to borrow. So he could borrow all right. And so he built his road; almost. But has he got it now?"

Clark has related on the witness stand how his competitors took his road away from him when he had almost finished it. Clark learned that "they" rule not by money alone.

"Well," I said, "David H. Moffat of Colorado is building his road from Denver to Salt Lake City."

"Is he?" came the answer. "I've heard that he has his money. But I have heard several times that the Moffat road had the money, when it didn't have it. Moffat only thought he had it. He had only the promise of it from some dummy of a banker and somebody vetoed the banker's promises."

"He was constructing the last time I was out there," I said.*

"Good," said my cynical financier. "Maybe he has his money. But I'd like to bet that, when the Moffat road is done, Moffat will find it isn't his. He may be president of it or its local banker, but he won't either own or control the road. And—and Denver won't get its rates."

This man went on to justify the situation. He said there were railroads enough in the United States for the present, and that it was in the interest of the transportation business to prevent "haphazard construction by irresponsible persons." The exercise of the restrictive power of organized capital was good, therefore. And maybe it is. But think of it:

No more railroads can be built in the United States, except with the permission of the men who control the roads that are already in existence.



The Railroad Monopoly

This statement leaves most men cold,

*After this article was written, I had to go west, and in Denver I learned that the Moffat road was again at a standstill; construction has been stopped.

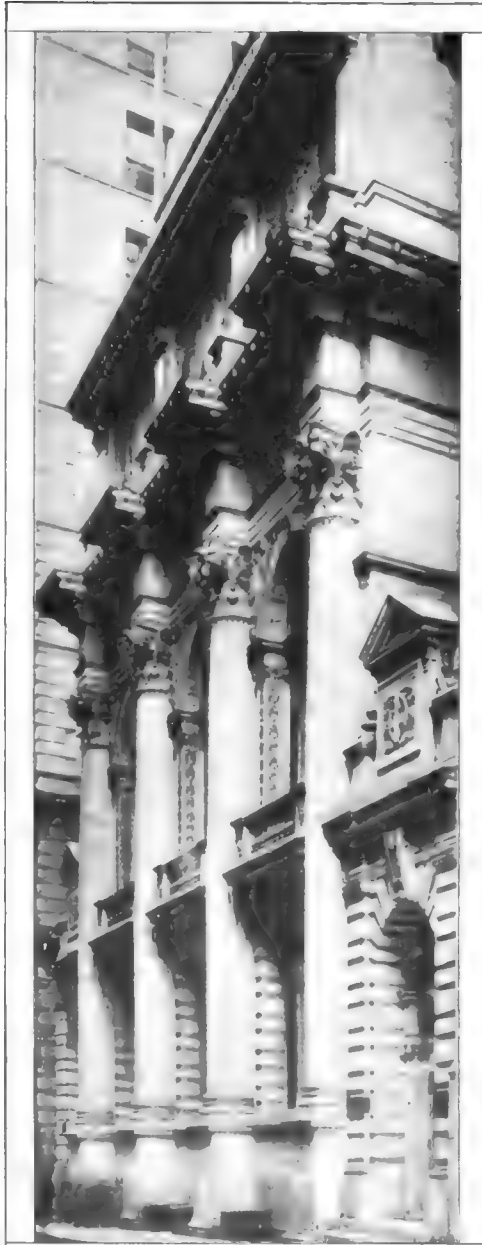
I find, just as the fact does that thieves are tortured in this country to make them confess; just as the fact does that Emma

Goldman is often forcibly silenced; and for the same reason.

"Stealing isn't my line," said one typical American citizen. "I don't care to talk or to hear about anarchism," said another. And my railroad man said the same thing. "I don't want to build a railroad," he said. So he had no resentment for the tyranny that limited the liberty of Senator Clark and Big Boss Moffat of Colorado. And, of course, Moffat and Clark have no feeling against—nay, they help in politics to build up—the power which limits my railroad financier.

They and the thieves and Emma Goldman and my railroad financier all suffer from one and the same evil: the inability of a "practical" people to grasp an abstract principle, no matter how practical that principle may be.

"I don't want to build a new railroad," said the railroad man. "All I want is to operate my old road. And I can't. And that's what I kick about. I wanted to double-track my main line, extend our old branches, lay out new feeders. And I



Photograph by the Associated Press

NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

The members of the association control the banking system of the United States, which controls money.

couldn't. I wanted to increase my equipment, buy locomotives and cars; I wanted to perfect our system. And I couldn't. And the reason I couldn't was because the controllers of other, some of them competing, railroads, had other plans for my railroad, and—" He looked out of his window across the Hudson and smiled bitterly. Then he looked at me, and smiled pleasantly.

"And," he finished, "they had the power. I resigned."

Do you get the full force of this? It's an ex-railroad president, saying that there exists in the United States a power which enabled the controllers of competing railroads to dictate the policy of his road, control the management, and oust him, the president! And do you get the full force of this?

Public opinion is anti-trust. Our legislators, executives, and judges nominally and often honestly represent trusts. Both our "great" political parties are financed by them, and our candidates accept their contributions. It is only through an aroused public

"agitation of demagogues" that our government can be brought to act against trusts. The strength of the anti-monopoly sentiment is such, however, that we have got some action. Congress has forbidden rebates and combinations in restraint of interstate trade; the President and some governors have prosecuted some cases, and the courts have rendered a few decisions against these crimes. And the growth of the trusts and the alarm of the public mind have prompted these political acts. In the Northern Securities case the United States Supreme Court considered not only the law, but the possibility that the holding company might open the way to a combination of all American railroads into one great, national transportation trust. That trust is in sight.

There are other evidences, as we shall see; but when my ex-railroad president, having justified the existence of a power which could and did prevent the construction of any more railroads, went on to complain that the controllers of competing railroads could control his, he was asserting that the railroad monopoly is complete. His statement may be reduced to this form:

All the railroads in the United States are subject now to one centralized control.

Nor is that all. The same men that control the railroads control also the big trusts, and their power will enable them to control the little trusts and, possibly, small, competitive businesses. This my railroad president denied.

"You exaggerate," he said. "It's bad enough as it is, but when you say that the power that controls big business can control all business, you go too far. Morgan can do me up, but he can't touch my butcher."

"My butcher," I said, "my butcher says the Beef Trust controls him, and you all say down here that Morgan controls the Beef Trust."

He laughed. "My chef," he said, "has more influence with my butcher than Morgan has. And that's the combination that puts up the price of meat on me."

His allusion was, of course, to the common practice by which butlers, cooks, gardeners, chauffeurs, and servants generally form combinations with butchers, grocers, florists, and petty tradesmen generally, to graft upon the rich. And, since we are to view the world from higher up, we may look down later upon this part of the lovely system in which we live; as the railroad man did.

"I don't mind this petty stealing," he said. "I take ten dollars from my servants and they steal back one dollar from me. That pleases them, and if they are satisfied, I am."

This is the American optimism that I like to call cheerful idiocy. Here is a man who says he is satisfied with a system which establishes robbery in his home, because it enables him to steal more than is stolen from him. He pretends to put up with a power which can discharge him, a faithful railroad president, because he shares enough of that power to kick his cook out of his kitchen—"if he likes." As a matter of fact, however, the trouble with him is the trouble with most of us. He would like to fight the tyranny that he sees, but can't; and the reason he can't is that he doesn't see it all. He sees only so much of it as hurts him. And we see only that which oppresses us personally.

The financial power that hurts him is too busy with him and with big things to bother with small things, as yet. It is too preoccupied in finding itself, to exercise its power to the full, as yet. It raises prices now only because it "has to"; but it is finding out that it can do it, and by and by, if nature remains "human nature," it will put the screws on simply because it can. We see it "knocking out" an independent oil refiner; why shouldn't it knock out a small greengrocer—"if it likes"? This thing is only at the beginning of its development. We shall all feel it very directly some day. I expect to get permission to tell the story of some young men who acquired joyously some very valuable water rights, and then had their property taken away from them by the money power. That is pretty small business.

And as for the big business, before this series of articles is at an end the Supreme Court should have handed down its decision on the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. I believe that, if these combinations are ordered to be dissolved, they will continue to hang together. Not legally, but financially. For, if my theory is right, our big men have their hands upon, and are becoming conscious of, a power which will enable them to hold together the constituent companies of their trusts, just as they hold together the railroads in their railroad trust; it will enable them to suppress competition inside, and handicap their compet-

itors outside. In other words, the animosity of public opinion to monopoly and the opposition of our political power to the growth of trusts, has simply forced our big, instinctive leaders of finance to seek another way to their goal. And they have found it.

Forbidden to merge their properties, they are merging themselves; forbidden to unite their railroads in a holding company, they are getting hold of the banks which have a hold on all railroads; and, forbidden to make railroad rates which give their industrial trusts an advantage over competitors, they are preparing now to make money rates.

Guy Scull, the war correspondent, tells how he sat out part of a battle in South Africa, on the protected side of a hill, watching a big British gun at work. The first shell burst among the Boers, and they scattered. But the big gun kept on dropping shells upon the abandoned ground. After watching the senseless proceeding a while, Scull loafed back to the lines and told the British officer in command of the gun that the Boers had moved from where he was aiming at. The faithful Britisher stared a moment, then he answered:

"I've been ordered to fire at that place all day and I shall obey my orders."

It is so with us and our government. Our big guns have been ordered to shoot at the place where the enemy were, and they are obeying orders. They are still shooting at laws permitting combinations in restraint of trade. But the enemy have moved. What are they after now? Look in two directions at once and you will see. In Wall Street they are after banks, and at Washington they are after a Central Bank.

A national, central bank may be a good

thing. That's another question. And it's a question largely of method, management, and control. But it's Aldrich who is preparing the bill for the bank—Aldrich, the floor leader of the combine in the Senate which represents Wall Street; the man who "fixed" the tariff law against us; and the railroad law; the "fixer" of most of our big legislation in the interest of "Wall Street." Aldrich has said that he means to round out his career with a bill that shall fix the methods, management, and the control of the United States bank of banks. He still fights

for everything else: for high protection for trust products; for the right of railroads to pool their rates. And Wall Street still wants those old things that it doesn't really need. But the thing that Aldrich really wants now, the all-important thing, is that bank bill which is being hatched out somewhere right now. That's what Aldrich is after. He has moved. And, by a strange coincidence, while he is moving for a central, national holding bank, the men he represents are moving toward the control of the banking system of the nation.

This is no accident.

Aldrich wouldn't be

"after" a government bank to compete with our "private banks." They are all after something. What is it?

"Money," said a Boston financier, and he explained: "There's no money in railroads any more, nor in public-service corporations. Not big money. The agitation against these things, and the legislation under way, will result in regulation, or worse, that will take all the big money out of all this line of business. I believe we shall get no more than fair interest upon actual investment in public-service cor-



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MORTIMER L. SCHIFF, OF THE FIRM
OF KUHN, LOEB & CO.

porations. And that won't keep the big men in them. They will go into banks, more and more. The banks have not been 'attacked.' The people feel about them as they do about the constitution. Even Governor Hughes stopped when, having gone from life insurance into the trust companies, he looked up into the banks. So they have escaped scrutiny, and there's big money in them. The banks are the only big things left."

A sordid view, this, and, I think, shortsighted. I have quoted the big New York banker who said that money was what our big men were after, money and ever more money. And I don't dispute that. But I think our big men understand how to get money. They know that whereas money is not always power, power is a never-failing source of money. The heir to millions is not so rich as some young men will be who have all their millions to make. These have power.

And that's what our big men are after in the banks: power; "financial power,"

I have called it. But that's a mere phrase; it's about as illuminating as the name a physician gives you for the disease that sickens you. What does it mean? What is financial power? We have got some sense of what it can do. It can prevent the construction of new railroads; control the management of old railroads; it can suppress competition and force the formation of trusts. But what is it? I have called it also the control of credit, and we have seen that it can be used to keep a twelve-millionaire from becoming a twenty-two-millionaire. It can make or refuse to make loans; lend or withhold the capital necessary to business. But how? What is the control of credit? What are its elements? What is it made of, this vital power these financiers are acquiring a monopoly of?

That was my next question to Wall Street, and Wall Street couldn't answer it. All our great financiers could do was to point out, often unwittingly, "leads" to the answer.



The Next Instalment of "IT" will appear in the December Number.

AUTUMN IN THE ALLEGHANIES

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE mountains stand aloof like solemn kings
That have put on their royal robes to die
And turned their ancient faces to the sky,
Strong to the last in brave imaginings.
The blue air shields them, kind as tender wings;
The soft clouds wreath them; yet, unflinchingly,
They wait the end with hearts serene and high,
Brooding apart upon eternal things.

Prone at their feet the earth lies dumb with grief,
All the fair spirit of the days brought low
In unshed tears, hearing with bated breath
Strange melody:—leaf after loosened leaf
In the first notes of a reluctant, slow,
Sad prelude to the symphony of death.

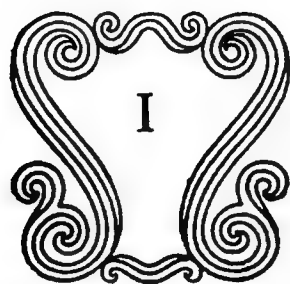


The MADNESS of John Harned

By
JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF
"THE CALL OF THE WILD," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA



TELL this for a fact. It happened in the bull-ring at Quito. I sat in the box with John Harned, and with Maria Valenzuela, and with Luis Cervallos. I saw it happen. I saw it all from first to last. I was on the steamer *Ecuador* from Panama to Guayaquil. Maria Valenzuela is my cousin. I have known her always. She is very beautiful. I am a Spaniard—an Ecuatoriano, true, but I am descended from Pedro Patiño, who was one of Pizarro's captains. They were brave men. They were heroes. Did not Pizarro lead three hundred and fifty Spanish cavaliers and four thousand Indians into the far Cordilleras in search of treasure? And did not all the four thousand Indians and three hundred of the brave cavaliers die on that vain quest? But Pedro Patiño did not die. He it was that lived to found the family of the Patiño. I am Ecuatoriano, true, but I am Spanish. I am Manuel de Jesus Patiño. I own many haciendas, and ten thousand

Indians are my slaves, though the law says they are free men who work by freedom of contract. The law is a funny thing. We Ecuatorianos laugh at it. It is our law. We make it for ourselves. I am Manuel de Jesus Patiño. Remember that name. It will be written some day in history. There are revolutions in Ecuador. We call them elections. It is a good joke, is it not?—what you call a pun?

John Harned was an American. I met him first at the Tivoli Hotel in Panama. He had much money—this I have heard. He was going to Lima, but he met Maria Valenzuela in the Tivoli Hotel. Maria Valenzuela is my cousin, and she is beautiful. It is true, she is the most beautiful woman in Ecuador. But also is she most beautiful in every country—in Paris, in Madrid, in New York, in Vienna. Always do all men look at her; and John Harned looked long at her at Panama. He loved her, that I know for a fact. She was Ecuatoriana, true—but she was of all countries; she was of all the world. She spoke many languages. She sang—ah! like an artiste. Her smile—wonderful, divine.

Her eyes—ah! have I not seen men look in her eyes? They were what you English call amazing. They were promises of paradise. Men drowned themselves in her eyes.

Maria Valenzuela was rich—richer than I, who am accounted very rich in Ecuador. But John Harned did not care for her money. He had a heart—a funny heart. He was a fool. He did not go to Lima. He left the steamer at Guayaquil and followed her to

ALWAYS DO ALL MEN
LOOK AT HER.

Quito. She was coming home from Europe and other places. I do not see what she found in him, but she liked him. This I know for a fact, else he would not have followed her to Quito. She asked him to come. Well do I remember the occasion. She said:

"Come to Quito and I will show you the bull-fight—brave, clever, magnificent!"

But he said: "I go to Lima, not Quito. Such is my passage engaged on the steamer."

"You travel for pleasure—no?" said Maria Valenzuela; and she looked at him as only Maria Valenzuela could look, her eyes warm with the promise.

And he came. No; he did not come for the bull-fight. He came because of what he had seen in her eyes. Women like Maria Valenzuela are born once in a hundred years. They are of no country and no time. They are what you call universal. They are goddesses. Men fall down at their feet. They play with men and run them through their pretty fingers like sand. Cleopatra was such a woman, they say; and so was Circe. She turned men into swine. Ha! ha! It is true—no?

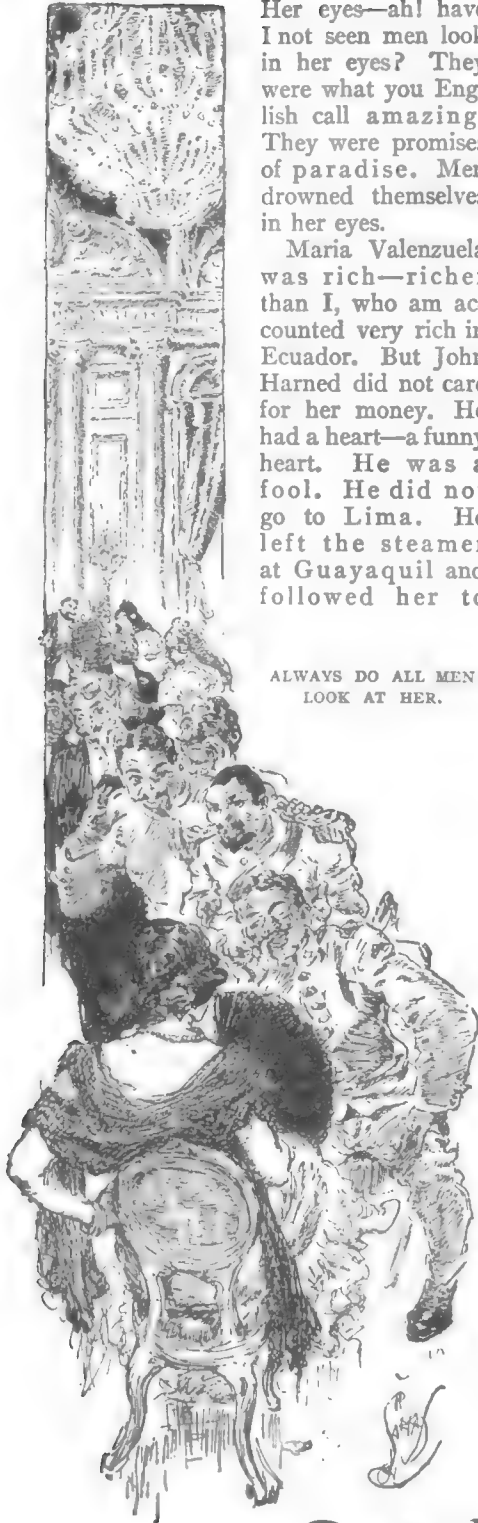
It all came about because Maria Valenzuela said: "You English people are—what shall I say?—savage—no? You prize-fight. Two men each hit the other with their fists till their eyes are blinded and their noses are broken. Hideous! And the other men who look on cry out loudly and are made glad. It is barbarous—no?"

"But they are men," said John Harned; "and they prize-fight out of desire. No one makes them prize-fight. They do it because they desire it more than anything else in the world."

Maria Valenzuela—there was scorn in her smile, as she said: "They kill each other often—is it not so? I have read it in the papers."

"But the bull," said John Harned. "The bull is killed many times in the bull-fight, and the bull does not come into the ring out of desire. It is not fair to the bull. He is compelled to fight. But the man in the prize-fight—no; he is not compelled."

"He is the more brute therefore," said Maria Valenzuela. "He is savage. He is primitive. He is animal. He strikes with his paws like a bear from a cave, and he is ferocious. But the bull-fight—ah! You have not seen the bull-fight—no? The torador is clever. He must have skill. He is modern. He is romantic. He is only a man, soft and tender, and he faces the wild bull in



conflict. And he kills with a sword, a slender sword, with one thrust—so—to the heart of the great beast. It is delicious. It makes the heart beat to behold—the small man, the great beast, the wide, level sand, the thousands that look on without breath; the great beast rushes to the attack, the small man stands like a statue; he does not move, he is unafraid, and in his hand is the slender sword flashing like silver in the sun; nearer and nearer rushes the great beast with its sharp horns; the man does not move, and then—so—the sword flashes, the thrust is made, to the heart, to the hilt, the bull falls to the sand and dies, and the man is unhurt. It is brave. It is magnificent! Ah!—I could love the toreador. But the man of the prize-fight—he is the brute, the human beast, the savage primitive, the maniac that receives many blows in his stupid face and rejoices. Come to Quito and I will show you the brave sport, the sport of men, the toreador and the bull.”

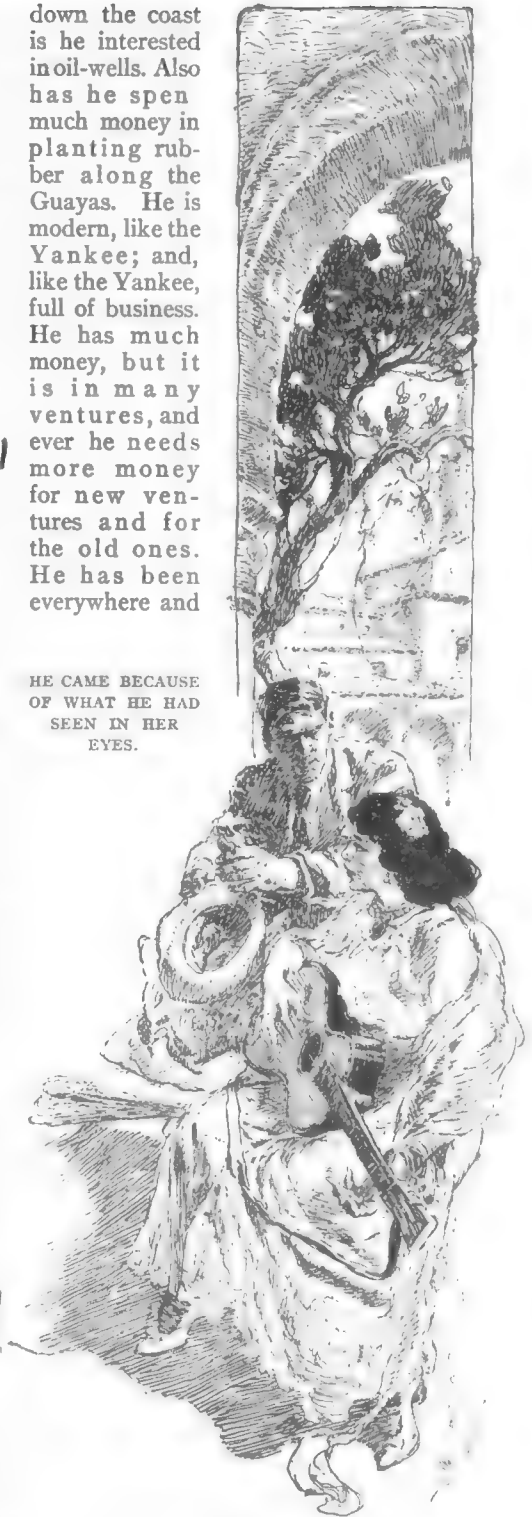
But John Harned did not go to Quito for the bull-fight. He went because of Maria Valenzuela. He was a large man, more broad of shoulder than we Ecuatorianos, more tall, more heavy of limb and bone. True, he was larger even than most men of his own race. His eyes were blue, though I have seen them gray, and sometimes like cold steel. His features were large, too—not delicate like ours, and his jaw was very strong to look at. Also, his face was smooth-shaven like a priest's. Why should a man feel shame for the hair on his face? Did not God put it there? Yes, I believe in God. I am not a pagan like many of you English. God is good. He made me an Ecuatoriano, with ten thousand slaves. And when I die I shall go to God. Yes, the priests are right.

But John Harned. He was a quiet man. He talked always in a low voice, and he never moved his hands when he talked. One would have thought his heart was a piece of ice; yet did he have a streak of warm in his blood for he followed Maria Valenzuela to Quito. Also, and for all that he talked low without moving his hands, he was an animal, as you shall see—the beast primitive, the stupid, ferocious savage of the long ago that dressed in wild skins and lived in the caves, along with the bears and wolves.

Luis Cervillos is my friend, the best of Ecuatorianos. He owns three cacao plantations at Naranjito and Chobo. At Milagro is his big sugar plantation. He has large haciendas at Ambato and La Tacunga, and

down the coast is he interested in oil-wells. Also has he spent much money in planting rubber along the Guayas. He is modern, like the Yankee; and, like the Yankee, full of business. He has much money, but it is in many ventures, and ever he needs more money for new ventures and for the old ones. He has been everywhere and

HE CAME BECAUSE
OF WHAT HE HAD
SEEN IN HER
EYES.



seen everything. When he was a very young man, he was in the Yankee military academy—what you call West Point. There was trouble. He was made to resign. He does not like Americans. But he did like Maria Valenzuela, who was of his own country. Also, he needed her money for his ventures and for his gold mine in Eastern Ecuador, where the painted Indians live. I was his friend. It was my desire that he should marry Maria Valenzuela. Further, much of my money had I invested in his ventures, more so in his gold mine, which was very rich but which first required the expense of much money before it would yield forth its riches. If Luis Cervillos married Maria Valenzuela, I should have more money very immediately.

But John Harned followed Maria Valenzuela to Quito, and it was quickly clear to us—to Luis Cervillos and me—that she looked upon John Harned with great kindness. It is said that a woman will have her way; but this is a case not in point, for Maria Valenzuela did not have her way—at least not with John Harned. Perhaps it would all have happened as it did, even if Luis Cervillos and I had not sat in the box that day at the bull-ring in Quito. But this I know: we *did* sit in the box that day. And I shall now tell you what happened.

The four of us were in the one box, guests of Luis Cervillos. It was next to the Presidente's box. On the other side was the box of General José Eliseo Salazar. With him were Joaquin Endara and Urcisino Castillo, both generals, and Colonel Jacinto Fierro and Captain Baltazar de Echeverría. Only Luis Cervillos had the position and the influence to get that box next to the Presidente. I know for a fact that the Presidente himself expressed the desire to the management that Luis Cervillos should have that box.

The band finished playing the national hymn of Ecuador. The procession of the toreadores was over. The Presidente nodded to begin. The bugles blew, and the bull dashed in—you know the way, excited, bewildered, seeking madly whatever enemy to destroy. The toreadores lurked behind their shelters and waited. Suddenly they appeared forth, the capeadores, five of them, from every side, their colored capes flinging wide. The bull paused at sight of such a generosity of enemies, unable in his own mind to know which to attack first.

Then advanced one of the capeadores alone

to meet the bull. The bull was very angry. With its forelegs it pawed the sand of the arena till the dust rose all about it. Then it charged, with lowered head, straight for the lone capeador.

It is always an interesting moment, the first charge of the first bull. After a time it is natural that one should grow tired, a trifle, that the keenness should become blunt. But that first charge of the first bull! John Harned was seeing it for the first time, and he could not escape the excitement—the sight of the man, armed only with a piece of cloth, and of the bull rushing upon him across the sand with sharp, wide-spreading horns.

"See!" cried Maria Valenzuela. "Is it not superb?"

John Harned nodded, but did not look at her. His eyes were sparkling, and they were only for the bull-ring. The capeador stepped to the side, with a twirl of the cape, eluding the bull and spreading the cape on his own shoulders.

"What do you think?" asked Maria Valenzuela. "Is it not a—what you call—sporting proposition—no?"

"It certainly is," said John Harned. "It is very clever."

She clapped her little hands with delight. The audience applauded. The bull turned and came back. Again the capeador eluded him, throwing the cape on his shoulders, and again the audience applauded. Three times did this happen. The capeador was very excellent. Then he retired, and the other capeadores played with the bull. After that they placed the banderillas in the bull, in the shoulders, on each side of the backbone, two at a time. Then stepped forward Ordonez, the chief matador, with the long sword and the scarlet cape. The bugles blew for the death. He is not so good as Matestini. Still, he is good, and with one thrust he drove the sword to the heart, and the bull doubled his legs under him and lay down and died. It was a pretty thrust, clean and sure; and there was much applause, and many of the common people threw their hats into the ring. Maria Valenzuela clapped her hands with the rest, and John Harned, whose cold heart was not touched by the event, looked at her with curiosity.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Always," she said, still clapping her hands.

"From a little girl," said Luis Cervillos. "I remember her first fight. She was four

years old. She sat with her mother, and just like now she clapped her hands. She is a proper Spanish woman."

"You have seen it," said Maria Valenzuela to John Harned, as they fastened the mules to the dead bull and dragged it out. "You have seen the bull-fight and you like it—no? What do you think?"

"I think the bull had no chance," he said. "The bull was doomed from the first. The issue was not in doubt. Every one knew, before the bull entered the ring, that it was to die. To be a sporting proposition, the issue must be in doubt. It was one stupid bull who had never fought a man, against five wise men who had fought many bulls. It would be possibly a little bit fair if it were one man against one bull."

"Or one man against five bulls," said Maria Valenzuela; and we all laughed, and Luis Cervillos laughed loudest.

"Yes," said John Harned, "against five bulls, and the man, like the bulls, never in the bull-ring before—a man like yourself, Señor Cervillos."

"Yet we Spanish like the bull-fight," said Luis Cervillos; and I swear the devil was whispering then in his ear, telling him to do that which I shall relate.

"Then must it be a cultivated taste," John Harned made answer. "We kill bulls by the thousand every day in Chicago, yet no one cares to pay admittance to see."

"That is butchery," said I; "but this—ah, this is art!"

"Not always," said Luis Cervillos. "I have seen clumsy matadores, and I tell you it is not nice." He shuddered, and his face betrayed such what you call disgust, that I knew, then, that the devil was whispering, and that he was beginning to play a part.

"Señor Harned may be right," said Luis Cervillos. "It may not be fair to the bull. For is it not known to all of us that for twenty-four hours the bull is given no water, and that immediately before the fight he is permitted to drink his fill?"

"And he comes into the ring waterlogged?" said John Harned quickly; and I saw that his eyes were very gray and very sharp and very cold.

"It is necessary for the sport," said Luis Cervillos. "Would you have the bull so strong that he would be killing the toreadores?"

"I would that he had a fighting chance," said John Harned, facing the ring to see the second bull come in.

It was not a good bull. It was frightened. It ran around the ring in search of a way to get out. The capeadores stepped forth and flared their capes, but he refused to charge upon them.

"It is a stupid bull," said Maria Valenzuela.

"I beg pardon," said John Harned; "but it would seem to me a wise bull. He knows he must not fight man. See! He smells death there in the ring."

True enough. The bull, pausing where the other one had died, was smelling the sand and snorting. Again he ran around the ring, with raised head, looking at the faces of the thousands that hissed him, that threw orange-peel at him and called him names. But the smell of blood decided him, and he charged a capeador, so without warning that the man just escaped. He dropped his cape and dodged into the shelter. The bull struck the wall of the ring with a crash. And John Harned said, in a quiet voice, as though he talked to himself:

"I will give one thousand *suces* to the lazar house of Quito if a bull kills a man this day."

"You like bulls?" said Maria Valenzuela, with a smile.

"I like such men less," said John Harned. "A toreador is not a brave man. He surely cannot be a brave man. See, the bull's tongue is already out. He is tired, and he has not yet begun."

"It is the water," said Luis Cervillos.

"Yes, it is the water," said John Harned. "Would it not be safer to hamstring the bull before he comes on?"

Maria Valenzuela was made angry by this sneer in John Harned's words. But Luis Cervillos smiled so that only I could see him, and then it broke upon my mind surely the game he was playing. He and I were to be banderilleros. The big American bull was there in the box with us. We were to stick the darts in him till he became angry, and then there might be no marriage with Maria Valenzuela. It was a good sport. And the spirit of bull-fighters was in our blood.

The bull was now angry and excited. The capeadores had great game with him. He was very quick, and sometimes he turned with such sharpness that his hind legs lost their footing and he ploughed the sand with his quarter. But he charged always the flung capes and committed no harm.

"He has no chance," said John Harned. "He is fighting wind."

"He thinks the cape is his enemy," explained Maria Valenzuela. "See how cleverly the capeador deceives him."

"It is his nature to be deceived," said John Harned. "Wherefore he is doomed to fight wind. The toreadores know it, the audience knows it, you know it, I know it—we all know from the first that he will fight wind. He only does not know it. It is his stupid beast nature. He has no chance."

"YOU HAVE SEEN THE
BULL-FIGHT AND
YOU LIKE IT
—NO?"

"It is very simple," said Luis Cervillos. "The bull shuts his eyes when he charges. Therefore——"

"The man steps out of the way and the bull rushes by," John Harned interrupted.

"Yes," said Luis Cervillos; "that is it. The bull shuts his eyes, and the man knows it."

"But cows do not shut their eyes," said John Harned. "I know a Jersey cow at home that would whip the whole cowardly gang of them."

"But the toreadores do not fight cows," said I.

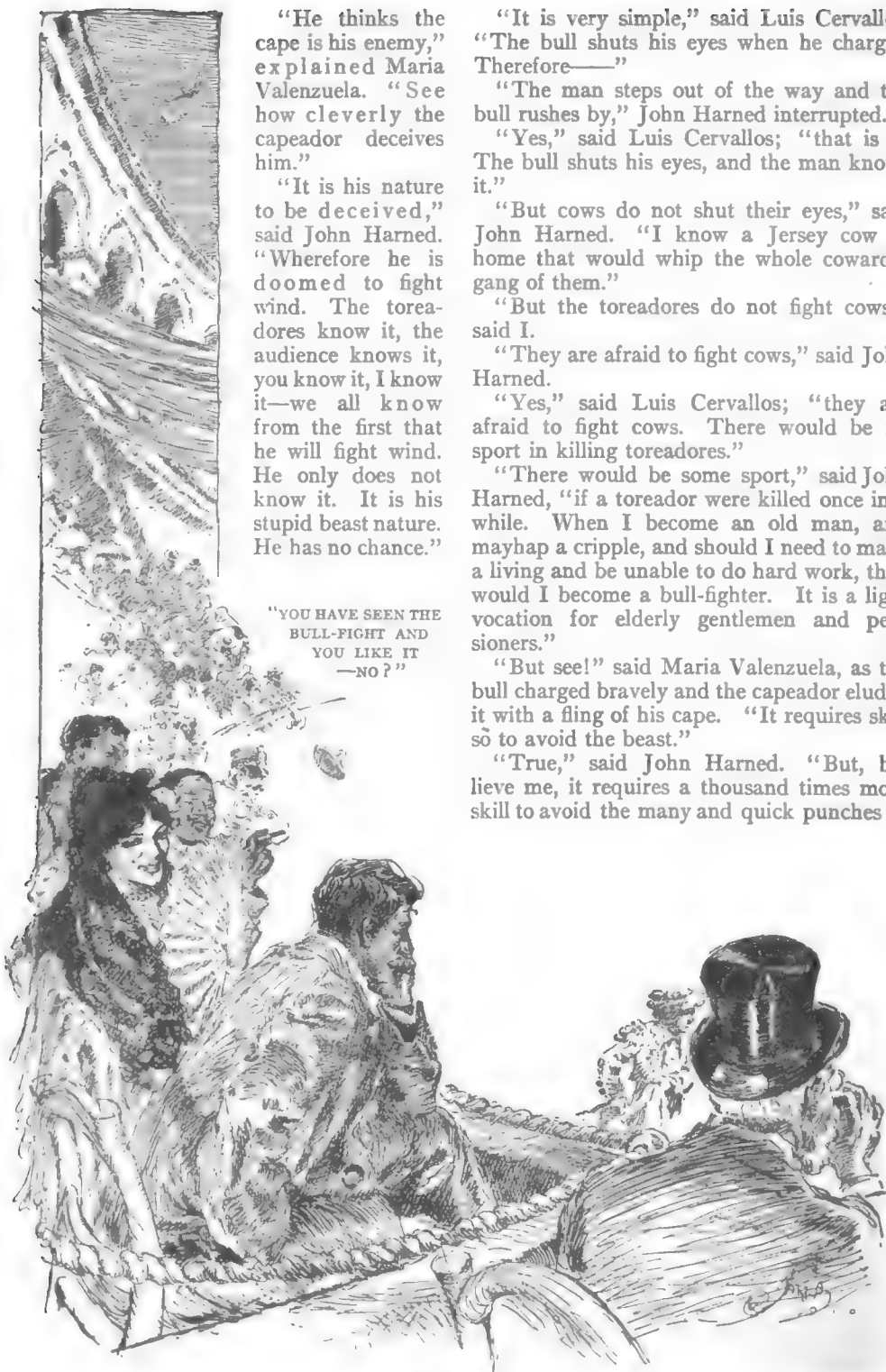
"They are afraid to fight cows," said John Harned.

"Yes," said Luis Cervillos; "they are afraid to fight cows. There would be no sport in killing toreadores."

"There would be some sport," said John Harned, "if a toreador were killed once in a while. When I become an old man, and mayhap a cripple, and should I need to make a living and be unable to do hard work, then would I become a bull-fighter. It is a light vocation for elderly gentlemen and pensioners."

"But see!" said Maria Valenzuela, as the bull charged bravely and the capeador eluded it with a fling of his cape. "It requires skill so to avoid the beast."

"True," said John Harned. "But, believe me, it requires a thousand times more skill to avoid the many and quick punches of



a prize-fighter who keeps his eyes open and strikes with intelligence. Furthermore, this bull does not want to fight. Behold; he runs away."

It was not a good bull, for again it ran around the ring, seeking to find a way out.

"Yet these bulls are sometimes the most dangerous," said Luis Cervillos. "It can never be known what they will do next. They are wise. They are half cow. The bull-fighters never like them. See!—He has turned!"

Once again, baffled and made angry by the walls of the ring that would not let him out, the bull was attacking his enemies valiantly.

"His tongue is hanging out," said John Harned. "First, they fill him with water. Then they tire him out, one man and then another, persuading him to exhaust himself by fighting wind. While some tire him, others rest. But the bull they never let rest. Afterward, when he is quite tired and no longer quick, the matador sticks the sword into him." The time had now come for the banderillas. Three times one of the fighters endeavored to place the darts, and three times did he fail. He but stung the bull and maddened it. The banderillas must go in, you know, two at a time, into the shoulders, on each side of the backbone and close to it. If but one be placed, it is a failure. The crowd hissed and called for Ordonez. And then Ordonez did a great thing. Four times he stood forth, and four times, each at the first attempt, he stuck

in the banderillas, so that eight of them, well placed, stood out of the back of the bull at one time. The crowd went mad, and a rain of hats and money fell upon the sand of the ring.

And just then the bull charged unexpectedly one of the capeadores. The man slipped and lost his head. The bull caught him—fortunately, between his wide horns. And while the audience watched, breathless and silent, John Harned stood up and yelled with gladness. Alone, in that vast hush, John

IT LIFTED THE HORSE
CLEAR INTO THE AIR.



Harned yelled. And he yelled for the bull. As you see yourself, John Harned wanted the man killed. His was a brutal heart. This bad conduct made those angry that sat in the box of General Salazar, and they cried out against John Harned. And Urcisino Castillo told him to his face that he was a dog of a Gringo and other things. Only it was in Spanish, and John Harned could not understand. He stood and yelled, perhaps for the time of ten seconds, till the bull was enticed into charging the other capeadores and the man arose unhurt.

"The bull has no chance," John Harned said with sadness as he sat down. "The man was uninjured. They fooled the bull away from him." Then he turned to Maria Valenzuela and said, "I beg your pardon. I was excited."

She smiled and in reproof tapped his arm with her fan. "It is your first bull-fight," she said. "After you have seen more you will not cry for the death of the man. You Americans, you see, are more brutal than we. It is because of your prize-fighting. We come only to see the bull killed."

"But I would the bull had some chance," he answered. "Doubtless, in time, I shall cease to be annoyed by the men who take advantage of the bull."

The bugles blew for the death. Ordóñez stood forth with the sword and the scarlet cloth. But the bull had changed again, and did not want to fight. Ordóñez stamped his foot in the sand, and cried out, and waved the scarlet cloth. Then the bull charged, but without heart. It was a poor thrust. The sword struck a bone and bent. Ordóñez took a fresh sword. The bull, again stung to fight, charged once more. Five times Ordóñez essayed the thrust, and each time the sword went but part way in or struck bone. The sixth time, the sword went in to the hilt. But it was a bad thrust. The sword missed the heart and stuck out half a yard through the ribs on the opposite side. The audience hissed the matador. I glanced at John Harned. He sat silent, without movement; but I could see his teeth were set, and his hands were clenched tight on the railing of the box.

All fight was now out of the bull, and, though it was no vital thrust, he trotted lamely—what of the sword that stuck through him, in one side and out the other. He ran away from the matador and the capeadores, and circled the edge of the ring, looking up at the many faces.

"He is saying: 'For God's sake let me out of this; I don't want to fight,'" said John Harned.

That was all. He said no more, but sat and watched, though sometimes he looked sideways at Maria Valenzuela to see how she took it. She was angry with the matador. He was awkward, and she had desired a clever exhibition.

The bull was now very tired, and weak from loss of blood, though far from dying. He walked slowly around the wall of the ring, seeking a way out. He would not charge. He had had enough. But he must be killed. There is a place, in the neck of a bull behind the horns, where the cord of the spine is unprotected and where a short stab will immediately kill. Ordóñez stepped in front of the bull and lowered his scarlet cloth to the ground. The bull would not charge. He stood still and smelled the cloth, lowering his head to do so. Ordóñez stabbed between the horns at the spot in the neck. The bull jerked his head up. The stab had missed. Thereafter the bull watched the sword. But whenever Ordóñez moved the cloth on the ground, the bull forgot the sword and lowered his head to smell the cloth. Again Ordóñez stabbed, and again he failed. He tried many times. It was stupid. And John Harned said nothing. At last a stab went home, and the bull fell to the sand, dead immediately, and the mules were made fast and he was dragged out.

"The Gringos say it is a cruel sport—no?" said Luis Cervillos. "That it is not humane. That it is bad for the bull. No?"

"No," said John Harned. "The bull does not count for much. It is bad for those that look on. It is degrading to those that look on. It teaches them to delight in animal suffering. It is cowardly for five men to fight one stupid bull. Therefore those that look on learn to be cowards. The bull dies, but those that look on live and the lesson sinks in, and they become cowards. The bravery of men is not nourished by scenes of cowardice."

Maria Valenzuela said nothing. Neither did she look at him. But she heard each word, and her cheeks were white with anger. She looked out across the ring and fanned herself, but I saw that her hand trembled. Nor did John Harned look at her. He went on as though she were not there. He, too, was angry, coldly angry.

"It is the cowardly sport of a cowardly people," he said.

"Ah," said Luis Cervillos softly, "you

understand us better than we do ourselves."

"I understand now the Spanish Inquisition," said John Harned. "It must have been more delightful than bull-fighting."

Luis Cervillos smiled but said nothing. He glanced at Maria Valenzuela, and knew that the day was won. Never would she have aught further to do with the Gringo who spoke such words. But neither Luis Cervillos nor I was prepared for the outcome of the day.

"It is not usual to have horses in the bull-ring at Quito," said Luis Cervillos, looking up from the program. "In Spain they always have them. But to-day, by special permission, we shall have them. When the next bull comes on there will be horses and picadores—you know, the men who carry lances and ride the horses."

"The bull is doomed from the first," said John Harned. "Are the horses, then, likewise doomed?"

"They are old horses," said Luis Cervillos, "that are not good for anything else."

"I see," said John Harned.

The third bull came on, and soon against it were both capeadores and picadores. One picador took his stand directly below us. I agree, it was a thin and aged horse he rode, a bag of bones covered with mangy hide.

"It is a marvel that the poor brute can hold up the weight of the rider," said John Harned. "And now that the horse fights the bull, what weapons has it?"

"The horse does not fight the bull," said Luis Cervillos.

"Oh," said John Harned, "then is the horse there to be gored? That must be why it is blindfolded, so that it shall not see the bull coming to gore it."

"Not quite so," said I. "The lance of the picador is to keep the bull from goring the horse."

"Then are horses rarely gored?" asked John Harned.

"No," said Luis Cervillos. "I have seen, at Seville, eighteen horses killed in one day, and the people clamored for more horses."

"Were they blindfolded like this horse?" asked John Harned.

"Yes," said Luis Cervillos.

After that we talked no more, but watched the fight. And John Harned was going mad all the time, and we did not know. The bull refused to charge the horse. And the horse stood still, and, because it could not see, it did not know that the capeadores were trying to

make the bull charge upon it. The capeadores teased the bull with their capes, and when it charged they ran toward the horse and into their shelters. At last the bull was well angry, and it saw the horse before it.

"The horse does not know, the horse does not know," John Harned whispered—like to himself, unaware that he voiced his thought aloud.

The bull charged, and of course the horse knew nothing till the picador failed and the horse found himself impaled on the bull's

"YOU CAME FOR A BULL-FIGHT AND, BY GOD! I'LL SHOW YOU A MAN-FIGHT."



horns from beneath. The bull was magnificently strong. The sight of its strength was splendid to see. It lifted the horse clear into the air; and as the horse fell to its side on the ground the picador landed on his feet and escaped. The horse was emptied of its essential organs. Yet did it rise to its feet screaming. It was the scream of the horse that did it, that made John Harned completely mad; for he, too, started to rise to his feet. I heard him curse low and deep. He never took his eyes from the horse, which, still screaming, strove to run, but fell down instead and rolled on its back so that all its four legs were kicking in the air. Then the bull charged it and gored it again and again until it was dead.

John Harned was now on his feet. His eyes were no longer cold like steel. They were blue flames. He looked at Maria Valenzuela, and she looked at him, and in his face was a great loathing. The moment of his madness was upon him. Everybody was looking; and John Harned was a large man and easy to be seen.

"Sit down," said Luis Cervillos, "or you will make a fool of yourself."

John Harned replied nothing. He struck out with his fist. He smote Luis Cervillos in the face so that he fell like a dead man across the chairs and did not rise again. He saw nothing of what followed. But I saw much. Urcisino Castillo, leaning forward from the next box, with his cane struck John Harned full across the face. And John Harned smote him with his fist so that in falling he overthrew General Salazar. John Harned was now in what you call Berserker rage—no? The beast primitive in him was loose and roaring.

"You came for a bull-fight," I heard him say, "and by God! I'll show you a man-fight."

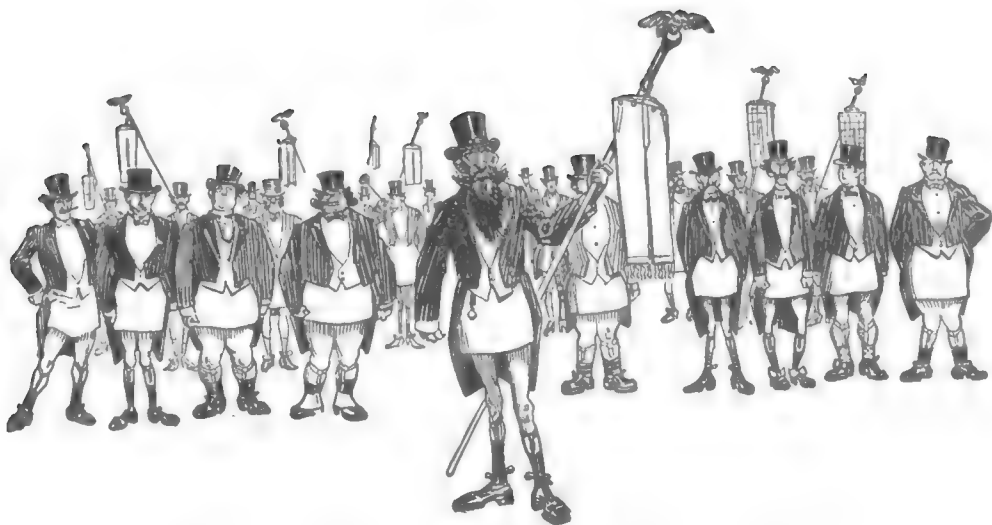
It *was* a fight. The soldiers guarding the Presidente's box leaped across, but from one of them he took a rifle and beat them on their heads with it. From the other box Colonel Jacinto Fierro was shooting at him with a revolver. The first shot killed a soldier. This I know for a fact. I saw it. But the second shot struck John Harned in the side. Whereupon he swore, and with a lunge drove the bayonet of his rifle into Colonel Jacinto Fierro's body. It was horrible to behold. The Americans are a brutal race. They sneer at our bull-fighting, yet do they delight in the shedding of blood. More men were killed that day because of John Harned than were

ever killed in all the history of the bull-ring of Quito,—yes, and of all Ecuador.

It was the scream of the horse that did it. Yet why did not John Harned go mad when the bull was killed? A beast is a beast, be it bull or horse. John Harned was mad. He was blood-mad, a beast himself. I leave it to your judgment. Which is worse—the goring of the horse by the bull, or the goring of Colonel Jacinto Fierro by the bayonet in the hands of John Harned? And John Harned gored others. He was full of devils. He fought with many bullets in him, and he was hard to kill. And Maria Valenzuela was a brave woman. Unlike the other women, she did not cry out nor faint. She sat still in her box, gazing out across the bull-ring. Her face was white and she fanned herself, but she never looked around.

From all sides came the soldiers and officers and the common people bravely to subdue the mad Gringo. It is true—the cry went up from the crowd to kill all the Gringos. It is an old cry in Latin-American countries, what of the dislike for the Gringos and their uncouth ways. It is true, the cry went up. But the brave Ecuatorianos killed only John Harned, and first he killed seven of them. Besides, there were many hurt. I have seen many bull-fights, but never have I seen anything so abominable as the scene in the boxes when the fight was over. It was like a field of battle. The dead lay around everywhere, while the wounded sobbed and groaned and some of them died. One man, whom John Harned had thrust through the belly with the bayonet, clutched at himself with both his hands and screamed. I tell you it was more terrible than the screaming of a thousand horses.

No, Maria Valenzuela did not marry Luis Cervillos. I am sorry for that. He was my friend, and much of my money was invested in his ventures. It was five weeks before the surgeons took the bandages from his face. And there is a scar there to this day, on the cheek, under the eye. Yet John Harned struck him but once, and struck him only with his naked fist. Maria Valenzuela is in Austria now. It is said she is to marry an archduke or some high nobleman. I do not know. I think she liked John Harned before he followed her to Quito to see the bull-fight. But why the horse? Why should he watch the bull and say that it did not count, and then go immediately and most horribly mad because a horse screamed? There is no understanding the Gringos. They are barbarians.



PANTS

By

EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR OF "THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE," "54-40 OR FIGHT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING



GENTLE reader, do yours fit? They do not. Why? You do not know. Do those of your neighbor fit? No. Why? He does not know. Nobody knows. Nobody can tell or give a rational guess.

The whole subject is shrouded in mystery and doubt, yet it never has been investigated. Alike in *belles-lettres* and in scientific theses it remains unknown. Yet what subject approaches it in wide and catholic interest?

All the world wears the humble pant, but no great mind has ever pierced the mystery which enfolds its, or their, history, purpose, merits, and defects. Thus, the word is often used in the plural form, but there seems to be no more valid reason for this than for the peculiar nature of the article itself. Again, this same garment is sometimes called a trouser, or trousers. There seems

no reason why we should not use the shorter and uglier word. There can be given no worthy reason, either, why this article, or these articles, should ever have been invented, tolerated, or continued in use. They are awkward, ungainly, uncomfortable, ungraceful, uneverything. They drag at the bottom and bag at the knees, are wholly without form or comeliness. Moreover, they cost from four to twenty-four dollars; either of which sums is a lot of money.

Yet we wear them. Why? If you stop to think of it, you will be unable to answer. For centuries this custom has existed without any foundation of reason. Why? For ages this great question has been asked and has been left unanswered. If you will gaze into the face of the Sphinx, smiling, inscrutable, you will, after reading this, have a better idea of what is on the Sphinx's mind. Why are pants? That is the unread riddle of the ages.

We have not even unbroken custom to sanction the absurd habit of wearing these semi-cylindricals. The greatest peoples of the world have never done so. In Greece and Rome, the tailors scorned to make them, and in Scotland even yet, where some of the greatest minds of the world are produced, they are by no means accepted as indispensable portions of human attire. In the arts, whether of peace or of war, no country that wore pants has ever done much or ever will. They mark the decadence of a time or of a nation. They are the attire of a fading civilization, not of a rugged and prevailing manhood. They do not represent even the hectic flush of decadence, for no nation ever has had both Pants and Art.

We do not even imitate the example of the Father of his Country, who arrested these incumbrances at the knee. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton—run over the entire list of men who have done things in this country, and you will find not one who wore long pants. At precisely what moment the human pant crawled from knee to ankle, our progress as a people began to pause. Look at the United States Senate to-day. Compare the exemplars at any stage of activity to-day with the figures of an age gone by, and you will discover that the human pant has ever been an index of the human soul. In easy times the legs are wider. In tight times of penuriousness, they are narrower. But in no wide, generous impulse of gracefulness of art or growth in morals have we ever advanced since the time we became enslaved to the custom of wearing this cylindrical contrivance.

There has been no practical improvement made in this garment for a generation. Mr. Edison has put in his time fooling around telephones, wireless communication, electric locomotion, and the like. Why did he not devote his intellect to a more important cause? No doubt because he was oppressed by the prescience of certain failure. The human pant is hopeless. Nothing can be done for it or in it. The only actual and logical use to which a pair of pants can be put is the carrying of flour, sugar, or other similar substances for which no sack at the time can be found. Again, a pair of pants may, in emergency, be converted into a fairly good set of pack-straps. Beyond these two simple yet somewhat unusual employments, no other use for the human pant ever has been discovered or ever will be.

As articles of general utility they are not worth a second thought.

To some, these words may seem reckless, perhaps worse: relentless, savage. Even as you read them you may accuse the writer of muckraking, of trifling with one of the most sacred institutions not only of this land, but of all civilized lands. It is possible he may be charged with attempting, for the sake of a mere sensationalism, to remove one of the accepted props of society as we know it to-day. But a leader is always necessary in any radical cause. Once the banner is raised, we need by no means doubt that there will rally about it an army of the oppressed. If Ibsen were not dead, he would get into this game. We have others left—D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Mr. Howells. Let us not abandon hope. The human race must and shall be free. This republic was founded upon no weak intent. Its purpose was to solve the problems of humanity. There is no greater problem before humanity than this. We call upon Washington. If that shall fail, we invoke Oyster Bay.

Banded society, united prejudice, the vested and panting interests of the country will present against this crusade their solid front. For a time it will be difficult to obtain public hearing for this cause—it has always been thus in the initial pleading of any great cause. When Garrison first began to preach abolition of slavery most folk called him mad, few would hearken. Yet slavery was abolished. Shall we not hope as much in the case of the pant? Dare we not hope that this entire nation, black *and* white, yellow, maroon, any other color, may indeed be set free and so march on into a vaster and more beneficent future? May there not even yet lie before us the iridescent dream of Liberty?

Time was when men made the pant of steel, with hinges at the knees. There was reason in that. The steel pant was practically indestructible, and at \$3.98 a good pair was a bargain. But as made to-day in cloth, the pant is no protection and no bargain. We sit in chairs instead of saddles, and we pay twenty-two dollars a pair for perishable pants which in all probability did not fit the first day, and which by no possibility could fit the second day after their installation. Such a thing as a practical pair of pants never happened, and in the nature of events never can happen.

And yet the construction of even an ordinary example of this worthless garment requires anywhere from three weeks to six months. Oppressed as we are by industrial combinations, here we feel the lack of a union of vast capital and giant brains. We call upon Mr. Morgan, we implore Mr. Gary, we beseech Mr. Rockefeller to lend their kindly philanthropy. Shall we have no Rockefeller Pant Foundation? Are there to be no Carnegie Chairs of Pants? Is there to be no hope?

From a commercial standpoint alone, quite leaving aside all matters of art, beauty, or even comfort, the industrial waste in pants is something to stagger the imagination. The use of this garment implies a total loss in wasted time whose figures cannot be computed. Picture to yourself the interior of a happy little home. The wife, stifling the anxiety of her soul, strives to keep up a cheerful front before her assembled babes while awaiting the return of the father of the household. The evening meal is spread, but left untasted. The family dog sits in the corner expecting naught but disappointment. The cat yawns and implores, unfed. The children plead in vain. At last the father of the family appears. But what a father!

Too proud to confess his grief, his anguish, he enters quietly, hours late, and drops into a seat—from which, mayhap, clad as he is, he cannot rise again. Manfully he strives to conceal his emotion. They do not fit, yet he wears them. He has been worn out by his tailor. And, though this scene be one of but a humble home, it may be, indeed is, equalled and surpassed in the abodes of wealth. The more money a



ALL THE WORLD WEARS THE HUMBLE PANT.

man has, the more pants he buys, hence the less time he has for useful matters in the world.

If humanity could have back the time which it has wasted in trying to get fitted in a pair of pants, there would remain no vast problem which it might not deliberately solve.

Thus, each man in America wears at least two pairs of pants in a year—or, say we call it one pair, since Mr. Aldrich thinks one pair sufficient. Suppose the cost to be four dollars, the time lost in buying them to be but four hours—all of which figures

are low. At twenty cents an hour, the loss in time is eighty cents. Call it one dollar, for easier figuring; for any man will admit that really it takes five hours to get fitted in the annual pants—and then they don't fit. Multiply one dollar by the ninety millions of our population. You begin to see an annual cost to the country which is worse than Wall Street. Yet there are men who own three hundred and sixty-five pairs of pants annually; and the richer a man is, the longer it takes him to get fitted, or unfitted. Think of these facts but a little while, and you will begin to see why the cost of living is so high. Write to your Congressman and tell him so. If he is a Republican, he will be mighty glad to hear from you. You need not mention the tariff on wool. That will make him feel still gladder. He will agree with you and Mr. James J. Hill that we have been too extravagant, and that that's what's the matter with us—we've been wearing too many pants.

These being the conditions and the possibilities of our theme, let us take up the matter in detail. What, then, is a pant,

when was it first devised, and by whom? How is it designed and constructed, and in what fashion may it best be planned?

In answer to such questions, it can only be said that the originator of pants was, in all probability, one Euclid, the gentleman who invented the science of geometry. All tailors must be students of geometry, as you may readily convince yourself should you watch one at his work. Yet Euclid assuredly had bats concealed about his belfry. He never could succeed in making a square out of a circle. Neither has any other tailor ever accomplished the much harder feat of compelling a garment laid out on geometrical lines to accommodate itself to the contours of the human form divine, which in most cases has been planned without exclusive reference to plane geometry or spherical trigonometry, but often is a blend of both. Pursue either Euclid or your tailor to the last analysis and you find him hand in hand with failure. For neither of these can draft a line which is at once a curved and a straight one. There, methinks, we have this question of the pant reduced to its proper dimensions. When tailors learn the Fourth Dimension they may do better, but in the three dimensions now known they are stymied for fair.

When a tailor puts you on the measuring box, with a man guarding the door so that you can't get away, and another man making a book on the game, he reels off something like this, as he goes about you with his measuring tape: "13—2—11—16—8—4—18—11—46—Gee, you're beginning to get a front, ain't you?— $6\frac{1}{2}$ —17—side and two hips, Jimmie— $33\frac{1}{4}$ —36—Can you come in to-morrow or Friday?—19—6—House or a flat, did you say?—28—Custom of the house to have a deposit on all orders—16—What was that last, Jimmie, did I say? Oh, make it 23 in the middle—What did you say your name was, Mister?"

Now, nobody can make any combination of the foregoing figures which will spell anything like a decent pair of pants. But the tailor cares nothing whatever about the figures which he calls out to Jimmie, and indeed makes no reference to them in his later operations. He knows the pant won't fit, anyhow, so what's the use? If you watch him, you will discover that he usually takes up some other man's measurements when he undertakes the laying out of that particular garment on which he puts your name.

Having selected from the mass of papers on his desk a set of figures which suits him, he goes behind his counter, yawns, looks in the glass, smooths down his hair, hunts for the place where he left his cigar, and at last picks up a thing which looks like a board rule with a curve in the corner like a hockey-stick. If you are not watching him he will probably cut your pants by ear and will not bother to use this implement; but if you insist upon inspection, he'll make pretense of scientific use of this instrument, whose real nature or purpose no human being knows, or ever will know.

What the tailor is thinking of, as he begins to make chalk marks on a piece of blue paper, using this rule as a straight-edge, is the "joy-ride" he is going to have with Marie in his new auto that evening. It makes no difference to him whether the chalk slips or not, nor is it important how far along this or that angle he allows the straight or curved line to run. He knows they are not going to fit, anyhow, so why should he bother about it overmuch? The only hope you can possibly have, meantime, is the one raised in your bosom when the tailor, from behind his counter, looks up and says, "Jimmie, why in the world didn't you mark the name on this gent's pants? Oh, well, never mind."

The tailor goes on, making several cute little pictures on the blue paper by aid of this curved thing, which has numbers scattered along it here and there. He draws in several isosceles triangles, converging at more or less the same point, but, not liking the looks of these, he rubs out some of the lines and tries over again. Then he forgets which ones he rubbed out. It makes no difference, anyhow. At last he stands off, critically gazes upon the pattern which he has been casting, makes a hit-or-miss cross-wise dab with the chalk—which determines, wholly by chance, how long your pant is going to be—and smiles to himself. The picture which he has drawn upon the blue paper is something like that shown in the cut on the opposite page.

But, as you are a Christian, faithful man, does that geometrical figure have the least resemblance to a pair of coverings for perhaps curving human legs? If a man were so lean as to be without breadth or thickness, if his pants could continue pressed flat, the creases running in two parallel planes without further dimensions, then

perhaps these garments might fit. Otherwise, fit is impossible; the merest *coup d'oeil*, as we say in Chicago, must convince the most careless observer. The tailor's design might perhaps have served as a plan for a bungalow made of concrete, or the scheme of some new sort of airship, but a concrete pair of wearable human pants—that is something which it never, never did, will, or can foreshadow.

To be a tailor requires qualities of leadership, of courage, even recklessness, because, with no better guidance than this series of chance-medley marks he has made upon his paper, your tailor will lay down his paper pattern upon a piece of cloth which (according to him) costs six dollars a yard, and will



cut into the cloth as blithely as though all life were but a summer holiday, himself humming a tune meantime. Knowing they

are not going to fit, he has nothing to trouble his mind.

As to the coat and waistcoat, the problem is not so difficult. He only bastes your coat and waistcoat, and fits either garment to you by a series of fittings and readjustments, using perhaps a thousand or so pins in that process. He never offers you an opportunity to try on a pair of basted pants. No, he has the woman whom he pays seventy-three cents for making them, sew them up permanently in the first operation. Then, when he dismisses you after cutting eight inches off your coat sleeve for the last time, he says, "Shall we just send the whole suit up next Friday?" You both know the pants are not going to fit, so you let it go at that. You never have a chance to try them on until it is too late.

Thus begin the journeys of you, a passionate but yet pantless pilgrim, to and from the tailor shop. Sometimes you carry them down in your suit case, although more often you employ a common newspaper as wrapping-cover for them. When the latter is the case, you always meet Irene; whereupon the paper always breaks, and it is ten to one you can't put it over that some workman must have left the package on the seat. It is but rarely that you have the good fortune actually and absentmindedly yourself to leave them on the elevated train. Sometimes you crowd them, or a portion of them, into your overcoat pocket.

The tailor is not angry or irritated when you appear at his shop. He knew all the time what was going to happen.

"Trime on," he says, his mouth full of pins.

You do so, and when finally you appear from the dressing room you point out to him in silent sarcasm the long and useless folds of cloth which hang adjacent to your nether extremities.

"Well, maybe we *did* get 'em a little long on the inside seam," says the tailor. He makes a few swift passes with his chalk, and says, "Comeintomorrow."

You go in to-morrow, because very likely you intend to get married in these pants, or mean to use them at some other social event of importance. But now when you try them on once more, you discover that when you endeavor to put your foot on the window sill you cannot do so.

"Little short in the back," says the tailor. "Comeintomorrow."

When you go in to-morrow you find that

he has let them out, so that they fit fairly well when you have your foot on the window sill, but they will not fit when you are in any other position. Now, it is not to be supposed that any man cares to go through life with his foot permanently on any window sill; although the tailor looks grieved when you point out this fact to him.

"Thought that was what you wanted," says he. "Oh very well, come in to-morrow."

You go in again to-morrow, and this time you find the tailor has cut off the lower portion of your pant until it does not come down within seven inches of your shoe-top. You object to this.

"That's so," says the tailor, rubbing his chin, "maybe we did get 'em a little short in the front. Fix 'em easy. Come in any time as you're passin' by."

The next time you are passing by you find the tailor has gone on his vacation, and, being a wealthy man, who has profited by many similar misdeeds, he will probably be gone on his yacht for more than two weeks, regardless of any question of whether or not your wedding or other social event shall or shall not occur. But when at last he does come back, and you once more reproachfully confront him with the evidences of his crime, all he does is to take this pant into the presence of a cross-legged Roumanian brigand, called a bushelman. The bushelman looks at the several chalk marks which by this time adorn the garment, and then he too turns loose his imagination, and does yet other indignities to any proper conception of the shapeliness of your per-

son. There isn't any more cloth left in your pattern, and the bushelman proposes the insertion of a V, or perhaps a diamond, in some portion of this garment. So he cuts it off the top of the garment itself; to such extent, mayhap, as will leave you fearful to sit down, lest the *décolleté* portion shall be displayed below your coat.

If you rebel, the next time you pass by, and go to the bench with the bushelman once more, there is no human telling what he will do next. Your pant by this time bears no resemblance to its original contours. Euclid himself would not know it. Sir Isaac Newton could not figure the parabola thereof. As to what it eventually will be, the tailor does not know, the bushelman does not care, and you cannot guess. All that may be called certain is that this pant does not fit and will not fit. Do not blame the pant itself. It may be as good as

the next. Only be sure that by no possibility can it fit you or any other human being.

At last the tailor confesses to you as much regarding the limitations of his art. Six weeks after the original birth of this garment, and after the bushelman has done his worst, times without number, the tailor coaxes you to put them, or it, on once more, and to stand sideways to the mirror while you gaze at your figure. He knows very well that almost any sort of pant will, in this position and for a few brief moments, seem

to fit the outside of almost any average nether extremity. But you have been deceived by this side-glance before. You



THE ONLY ACTUAL AND LOGICAL USE TO WHICH A PAIR OF PANTS CAN BE PUT IS THE CARRYING OF FLOUR, SUGAR, OR OTHER SIMILAR SUBSTANCES FOR WHICH NO SACK AT THE TIME CAN BE FOUND.

demur. Wearied, you would sink into a seat.

"Don't sit down!" shrieks the tailor. "You'll spoil them. Keep standing up. They're that *kind* of pants, I tell you. Why, there can't any tailor on *earth* make a pair of pants you can *both* sit down in and stand up in—it ain't in reason!"

"Then you mean to tell me," you begin, bitterly, "that you have had me coming in here every day for six weeks, to announce this to me at the last?"

He nods and chews gum. "That's about it," says he; "you can take your choice, and either stand up or sit down, whichever you want. *You can't do both.*"

And, fatal as is this confession of his incompetencies, that, forsooth, is the ultimate truth. To stand up—to sit down—which? There, even a king must choose.

Aye, for one brief quarter of an hour, between the tailor shop and your elevated station, you may look with pride at your reflection in the shop windows of the street as you pass by; but, once arrived at your train, if fortunate enough to get a seat, your glory is at an end. Your pants can never be the same again. All you can do when you get home is to bury your face in your hands and show your wife the spectacle of a strong man's grief.

Since it is the truth, what should be the ultimate fate of any garment of which this may be said?

It is easily apparent, therefore, as I said, that no subject surpasses this in absorbing



BUT A LEADER IS ALWAYS NECESSARY IN ANY RADICAL CAUSE. ONCE THE BANNER IS RAISED, THERE WILL RALLY ABOUT IT AN ARMY OF THE OPPRESSED.

human interest. It is mere chance that it has never fallen under the observation of the world's great minds. Cicero was an orator, but, as it happens, did not wear pants. Napoleon was a great warrior, but his attention was diverted to other things. Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, appears of sufficiently independent bent to undertake so mighty a problem as this, but heretofore his attention has been turned to the material that goes into pants, rather than the construction, fabrication, or devising of the form of the pant itself. Senator La Follette does not know whether he has his on or not, and Senator Jeff Davis does not care. Many other sena-

tors will be unable to tell, before the next election, whether they should have their pants cut for pedestrianism or horseback occupation. Turn which way we may, we are confronted with the same situation. The government at Washington remains callous, concerning itself rather with the conservation of our other natural resources. Yet in what department of our life does a greater need for conservation exist to-day? What great leader will arise to explain how pants can be made which shall not bag at the knees?

Lest it might be said that he had not listened to both sides of the case, the writer devoted certain time to the acquirement of a collegiate education in the making of pants. During his investigations discoveries were made which in a manner explained the many mistakes in the tailor's efforts, and

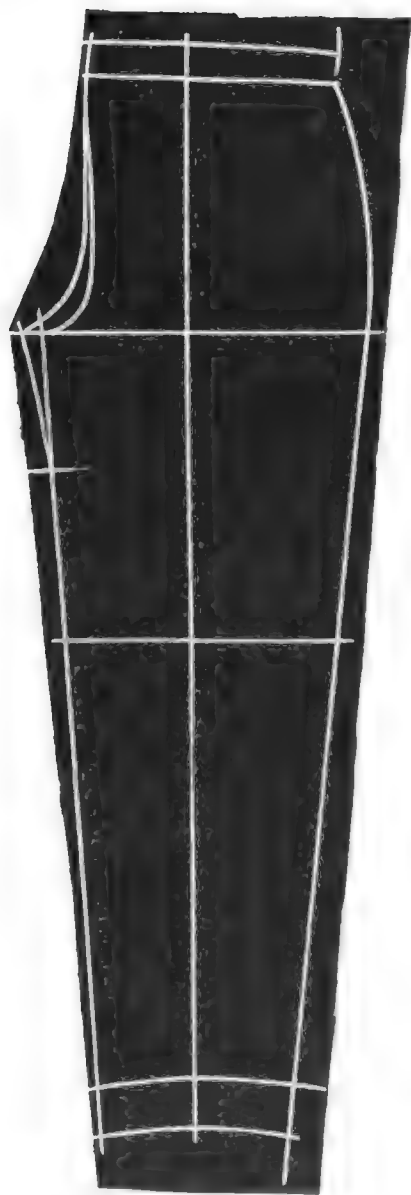


EXHIBIT A.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE TAILORS' COLLEGE ASSERTED THAT THIS PANTS PATTERN WOULD FIT ANY MAN ON EARTH, ONE JUST AS WELL AS ANOTHER.

which throw much light on a subject heretofore enshrouded in doubt. After much study and repeated effort, the writer was able to produce a pattern herewith appended, and marked Exhibit A, which the president of the Tailors' College assured him would fit any man on earth, one just as well as another.

At the same time, however, there became confused with this pattern another outline which later proved to have been a part of the back of a coat (see Exhibit B). The general similarity in outline of these two figures is apparent to the most careless human eye; but when, as often happens in actual life, the tailor mingles this portion of the coat with remaining portions of a pair of pants, the result is one of those wild shots which sometimes seem unaccountable. Should you, therefore, find in the box your tailor sends you a coat which is wider on one side than on the other, and a pant one leg of which is, say, a foot shorter than the other, you should be neither surprised nor angry, but should congratulate yourself that scientific investigation has at last explained what heretofore has been to you a mystery. At least you can now tell how it happened.

Logic, calmness, and dispassionateness of view, combined with certain ideas acquired during the course of this collegiate education in pant-making, dispose the writer to overcome a certain natural timidity and to advance a theory in pants, whose chance of success is based upon the hope that history will repeat itself, and that a situation, when too bad, provides its own remedy. While this theory is not entirely worked out in detail, it may be said in advance that it proceeds by a process of elimination.

In the first place, and very obviously, cloth can never be accepted as a proper material for the making of the human pant. It cannot be stiffened into any permanent form. It always "knees up," and all artifices of silesia sewed in, or rubber cloth cemented in, on the inside of the pant and over the knee, are only mockeries. Cloth will not do, and duck, canvas, and the like are still less adaptable. Obviously, we should return to the custom of our forefathers, and employ either leather or steel. Perhaps galvanized iron could be substituted for the uses of the lower classes, yokels, peasants, etc. Mr. James J. Hill points out that we should, in a wise national economy, employ our discarded stovepipes, since extravagance is the curse of the American people. Some such material, whatever be its nature, is necessary.

Pants made of metal would not fray at the bottoms. They could readily be polished, would be practically indestructible if used with care, would be much more easily fitted

to the form, and would save immense sums annually in the way of pressing, cartage, errand boys, etc., not to mention wasted time. Nor need we slavishly follow the customs of our forefathers to the extent of wearing the metal shoe. The ordinary street shoe could be employed with pants of this material.

It may be urged that such garments would be found somewhat rigid in actual use. This has been guarded against by constructing a pattern which is entirely cut away at the knee, and hinged, so that perfect ease is allowed to the wearer, who may thus either sit or stand as he likes, without in the least destroying the original drape of the garment. Lightness and freedom of movement are provided for, in this more modern theory, by shortening the cylindrical component parts of the pant. The garment is worn suspended from straps—which may be handsomely embroidered in the case of the wealthy—attached to a strong belt worn about the waist and fastened in front with a suitable clasp, which, for tasty dressers, may assume a brooch-like effect of suitable garniture.

It is claimed for this garment that it is more truly plural than the old and archaic form which has caused endless grief and trouble to the world. It allows the utmost liberty in decorative effect, either in damascened or coloratura media. It is suitable for either indoor or outdoor wear, serves as great protection in a crowded street car, or luring horseback exercise in mesquite, haparral, etc. The pockets can be padded—a great advantage either at home or abroad. *Moreover, it can be worn either standing or sitting.*

So much as this cannot be said of any ant ever turned out on any avenue of our reatest metropolis. The use of this garment will make impossible such mistakes as that through which a certain tailor yesterday morning offered my friend Robinson pant which in front resembled a deflated dirigible.

"I say," said Robinson, "I thought you told me you had an exclusive pattern—only enough for this one pair. But here you've got in enough for two or three pairs. How'd that happen?"

"I was just trying to figure it out," said the tailor, rubbing his chin. "Jimmie, get e them figures."

Jimmie brought the book wherein he had

inscribed measurements called off to him: "46—33—59—43," etc.

"Now, it might have been this way, Mr. Robinson," said the tailor at last. "You see, a man might measure fifty-nine on the outside seam, and fifty-three around the hips, and forty-three around the waist. Now, suppose in settin' them figures down—and I know you ain't the sort of man to blame anybody for making a perfectly nat-

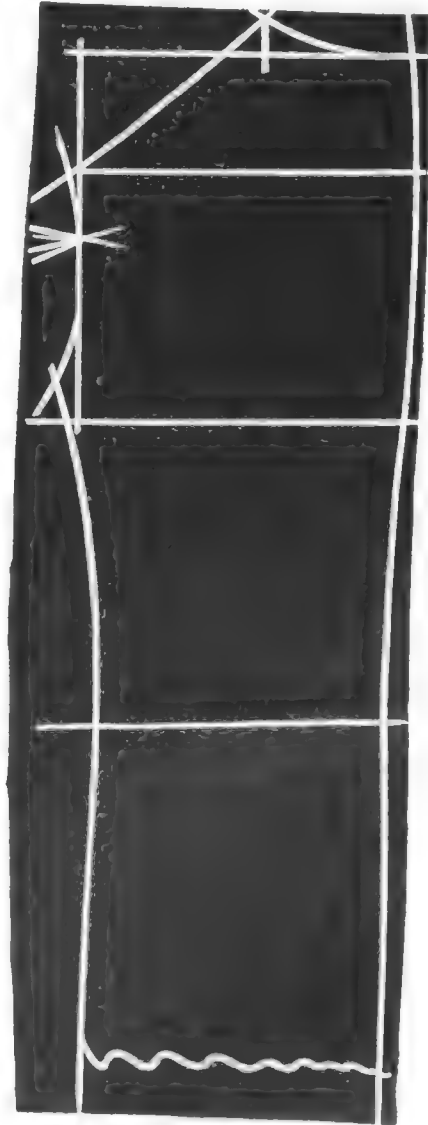


EXHIBIT B.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS THAT THE TAILOR MINGLES THIS PORTION OF A COAT WITH REMAINING PORTIONS OF A PAIR OF PANTS.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ural mistake—a fellow might get the outside seam measurement mixed up with the waist, and it would make a difference. Yes, I don't deny that it would make just a little difference."

"But I only measure thirty-three in the waist!" exclaimed Robinson. "What's this forty-three got to do with it?"

"Oh, well, now there you go," said the tailor, with a gesture of deprecation. "I don't like to see you get too particular, Mr. Robinson. It's the easiest thing in the world for a man to set down forty-three instead of thirty-three, and so make just a little error like that. Now, if it was any big matter I wouldn't blame you for kicking—say if it was a *foot* out of the way. But you see, it's only ten inches. Come in any time you're passin' by."

"Ain't it odd how particular some people are?" asked the tailor, sighing, after Robinson had left the room. "What chance has a fellow got?"

What chance, indeed, if the fellow, the more especially, be Robinson, and not the tailor?

The day is a crucial one. A great prob-

lem confronts us as a people. But let us not despair. Let us rather hope. Oh, when my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What Is All This Worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty First, and Union Afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Pants for Standing and Sitting—Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!



PANTS MADE OF METAL WOULD NOT FRAY AT THE BOTTOM.
THE POCKETS COULD BE PADLOCKED—A GREAT ADVANTAGE EITHER AT HOME OR ABROAD.

The Age End

By ARTHUR STRINGER

MUCH have we tried, and little done;
Much have we dreamed, and little won,
And back into the Gloom we lapse
Confronted by the old Perhaps.
We curse the Night that coffins us,
Yet watch new stars grow luminous,
And learn how 'tis through darkness men
May reach that wider vision when
They see grim systems, one by one,
Outdistance thought and earth's pale sun!

So let us, listless, face the gloom,
Still let us, whom deep nights entomb,
Stand close about our homely fires
And do away with vain desires!
We have grown weary of the heights,
The luring yet elusive lights!
Still let us grope about the cell
We have o'er-scored with dreams too well
To know its emptiness, to know
God's unattained and astral glow!
We may be wrong; we may be right;
But we must rest, accept the Night!

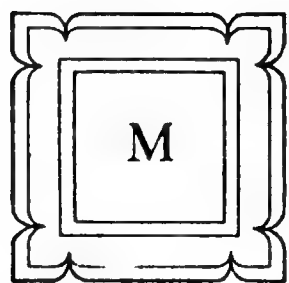
Great tome on tome, and what is done?
Gray age on age, and what is won?
Some grim and some eternal force
Wheels on its grim and ancient course;
And still the rune remains unread,
And still the final word unsaid!
We have grown weary of the heights;
Give us the low, the warmer lights!
Some time, it may be, we shall rise
To ask again the obdurate skies—
But we have questioned, groped, aspired,
And ask but rest; our hearts are tired!

A Recommendation To Mercy

By

SARAH WARDER MAC CONNELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



MIRANDA BASCOM had driven her husband down to the station and received a last caress as he held her with that beguiling gleam of eye beneath which she was still inwardly powerless, however she might offer an impassive front. And she knew that the impassive front never deceived Peter; he could count every thrill, watch every heart throb, if he pleased, and send her a gay word and a jest for each. It was Peter's limitation, as it was Peter's inescapable charm, that he was always gay.

Mrs. Bascom had turned back to the carriage and told the man to wait until the train had gone, with a premature sense of satisfaction that Peter, though he was leaving her, was at least not taking the 8.50 train to town this morning, and would be with neither the Ellington girls nor sleepy Miss MacBride. But as she lingered for her last glimpse, she stayed a moment too long, just long enough, in fact, to see Peter going into the parlor car after the coquettishly retreating suit case of Mrs. Emmons. Mrs. Emmons was an ostentatiously widowed lady who wore at once heavy bands of crape and large memorial bunches of violets: she was not clever, but she had good looks, and the good looks of another woman were so many leveled and offensive weapons to Miranda Bascom when they were within her husband's range of

vision. And Peter's range was wide; Peter's powers of admiration would never lack versatility nor strength.

Driving home through the summer town, Miranda leaned back in the carriage, twisting a little restlessly, and, conscious of a silken rustle as she moved, looked down upon herself in a kind of wonder. It was all so new to her—these rippling flounces, this suave perfection of detail—as new as Peter's love, and bringing with it, as a matter of fact, a much greater sense of security.

Until that day when Peter Bascom had first walked into her office, life had had about the animation and the charm of the contents of a child's Noah's ark. Things had been handed to her so—stiff, wooden—and she was as wooden and as stiff herself. His entrance was her first release from the oblong box that life had been, with its painted windows and painted doors. She had never gotten out of the door, she could never have come through at all, if Peter had not, in effect, lifted off the roof.

Peter Bascom had come with a sharp suddenness into the rigid precision of her offices, that field of her tireless shrewdness, her daily generalship, set far above the ruthless turmoil of the town that fed it. He had come drifting in, emerging jauntily out of nowhere—his fortunes at low ebb, as it happened—his hat at a buoyantly defiant angle. He had taken it off to Miranda's presence and contrived to imply something personal at once in

that. To enter a place was with Peter to assume a prominent part, with a large share in the dialogue, and even in passing he created plot.

He had asked for a stenographer to take dictation, but, though it was a part of Miranda's business to supply them, it happened at the moment that she was short-handed; no one else was free, and she came forward, pencil ready above her notebook. Peter tilted his chair back a little, dictated three paragraphs easily, never removing his eyes from her; then, with a swift look around, he deliberately paused and took an inventory of the offices until his roving eye dropped to the name on a billhead lying on her desk.

"Miranda Conover." He picked the paper up. "But, in the name of fitness, why Miranda?" The owner of the name—her pencil suspended—eyed him in silence with a cold impatience.

Peter took outward note of neither. He whirled the paper round and continued to postrophize it. Miranda? What a name to bring to business! Miranda—why it was a word to start an opera, to set fountains going—and Miranda on a billhead! Miranda meant to tame a wilderness and charm birds off their perches, and she came down to these dull, grimy ways to wheedle dollars—gross, material dollars. "Take shame to yourself!"—he shook a finger at the billhead—"take shame to yourself, Miranda."

Miranda in the flesh rapped the desk with her pencil in a contained and businesslike rage. She gave a look around the emptied offices. It was late, her girls were going, the battle should have been over for the day.

"Time," she said in a voice as dry as a set of framed rules in a dormitory, "time not used in dictation will be charged for."

Peter's look changed; he grew serious as he folded his arms and stared fixedly over the desk top at her.

"Time not used will be charged for? How would you? You wouldn't know how much to ask. You've never used it, never got the value of time—the money-grubber doesn't. You've never put in so rich a ten minutes, I may tell you, as that you've just spent in caring your own state. If you're Miranda, you've been sent to tell you: 'Miranda, repent time.'"

For all the effrontery of it, all the burlesque of a revivalist's call to grace, the man was in no doubted earnest. It was perhaps a sense of this, perhaps a faint stir of response to the

personal note, that turned her edge a little. She did not rise and put him out; she compromised with a cool question as you would correct a child, and a repetition of his last sane sentence.

Bascom twisted round with a laugh that held too much comprehension for her comfort, and seemed to humor her. "All right; we'll postpone the rest," he said. Then he began again to dictate.

She had a remarkably shrewd mind, keen and flexible, and she took dictation well. She took it not only with her pencil but with her mind, giving back a certain sense of the rightness of a word or phrase, silently offering a resourceful background for his thinking.

"You know your business, don't you?" Bascom stopped to admire; and her abrupt, short stare, and the countering, "I hope I know it," which would have set a normal man promptly back in place, only added a spur to Peter. He laughed again and began trying experiments with her, dictating freakishly, fantastically, with amazing dashes and recoveries. She bore it imperturbably, still with a responsive silence quick with understanding, for all her business disapprobation of such fooling. The article on which he had started had been able, dignified, almost austere, but he laid that aside while the eternal vagabond in him turned handsprings.

They had learned a good deal of each other in that mute contest. For a moment there was a pause. The dusk of the fall evening was coming on apace; she turned on the electric light at her elbow; beyond was silent shadow. One by one her employees had left, and she would have told another unprofitable customer that it was after hours and sent him off. But it would have seemed, with this man, to show the white feather; he challenged her with his merry, curious, shrewdly divining eyes, and Miranda never refused combat. Then suddenly he turned, put his folded arms on her desk, and looked down at her squarely.

"That's all for me," he said, "but not—just wait—not all for us. I told you I had something further to say to you; we'll take it in the proper place. I'm going to prescribe for you. Get on your things and come out with me to dinner."

Miranda closed her notebook deliberately and stared flatly at him. "I don't do business that way."

"It isn't business. We're going to make it pleasure," he met her with cajoling effrontery. "Come! You need the lesson. Life may be

well enough on the level if you get to the place sometime; but what's the good if you never get to the circus? I'll wager you've never taken a hurdle nor jumped through a hoop, now have you? Well, how do you know what you can do, how do you know what things are really like? Come, try a bit; I won't hurt you."

"If I come I'll certainly come as I am," she said aggressively, unconscious of the underlying implication of compliance.

He looked her over coolly. Her hair was stiff and rigid as an Indian's, her eyes as black and as unplumbable. Her starched shirt-waist, as inexorable as the virtues of a narrow righteousness, her uncompromising,



PETER GOING INTO THE PARLOR CAR AFTER
THE COQUETTISHLY RETREATING SUIT
CASE OF MRS. EMMONS.

There was something sufficiently provocative in the thought that he suspected that he daunted her. He made common sense absurd; the roof was being lifted off the ark.

Bascom rose and snapped his watch shut with a nod that took her calmly for granted. "It's late; you needn't stop for prettifying."

neat, short skirt above her well-clad feet—he gave it all a glance swift with judgment.

"You'll do. The regimentals are all right," he said, and Miranda, turning with a frown, saw that unawares she had capitulated.

"So you're Miranda," he said, as the door swung to behind them, "and you've never done a Miranda thing before. We'll have to

do good work: we'll have to make the dinner good enough to effect a complete conversion."

The dinner, no less than the work, was good, and if it touched her afterward to learn that the price of it constituted at the moment the bulk of his worldly possessions, it took her to no more irreconcilable shifts and turns of feeling than did the sum of his further acts. He was like a dash of cold water in the face. He made her angry, sorry, amused, eager, downcast, enraged, and, yes—tender. He was always taking the roof off until the day she ceased to live in the ark at all. But that was long after this present moment, and long, long after she had ceased really to be wooden.

It was a dangerous business he had set about, to uncork her, and if there were no preliminary explosion, that promised nothing for the future. Now, once she had started out with him, she met the occasion with all the resource of her sharpened wits. Peter Bascom laughed and laughed again with the full, throaty gusto of some of the early gods as she thrust and parried. "By the Lord Harry!" he said, and thumped the table, "by the Lord Harry, you're a hard little nut to crack. And by the Lord Harry, I like you for it!" he laughed again.

She knew she was a hard little nut to crack, and she liked it, too. That had been her occupation and her defense. She had prided herself on being square, on having muscular, masculine rectitudes, with little use for the gentler virtues. Justice—give her that—and she'd like to have you show her where there was any need for mercy.

She began to look Peter over again now, to re-measure him: she questioned, and he told her. He'd drifted on from the West where things had gone too slow. Yes, newspaper work. Editorial staff? Bless you, no! Free lance, and little enough of that. He wasn't attached to anything.

"Poor work for a man like you," she said, openly contemptuous. "You'd better put your mind to business: there's more in it."

Peter watched her with tantalizing laughter in his lazy amber eyes. "Oh, Miranda, Miranda of the billheads!"

"I'm talking sense. There are lots of chances for a man with brains in advertising."

Peter chuckled. "There are things I could do in that game," he boasted. But he was a little stung by her tone to a wish to let her see that he could, if he pleased, make good in "business." The next instant she gave him his opportunity.

"There's a chance in my work. I've been wanting a man with brains—we might come to some plan. Stop in to-morrow and I'll show you over."

She looked around the familiar offices next morning with the sense of having been long away. The place was familiar no longer, and the shock of that brought her roundly back to concentration, a sharp, unwavering attention to her work that outrivalled herself. In mid-afternoon she looked up to meet Peter's laughing, flattering eyes fixed upon her as he paid tribute to her unswerving character: "Miranda of the billheads."

It could hardly be said that Peter had meant to come. The episode of the night before was one of many of like sort; Peter was used to Peter's methods—they had no novelty for him. But perhaps because the dinner had emptied his pockets and the article had not filled them again, more probably because of some wholly idle and accidental reason, he had drifted back.

Miranda accepted it as a definite purpose, and Miranda conquered. The work, as it opened out, caught his fancy; it showed chance for many a dashing campaign. And the woman herself was, on her bolder side, in his vein. The shrewdness tipped with gall with which she managed creditors inclined to trespass on her or defy her code, hard as iron, narrow as the bounds of fate; her quick marshaling of facts; her abrupt seizure of a point; and the grim tenacity of her hold, like that of a bull dog; above all, her swift capacity for taking a risk when occasion called—all these things pleased the man's harlequin spirit of adventure. Here was mettle to match his own. And as she showed there was room for the merchant adventurer, he began to fancy himself in the rôle, his amber eyes glowed. "I'll come in with you; by Jove, I will," he clinched his own impression. "But no long-tailed office hours, no grubbing, mind."

The association had been an amazement and a success. Peter was Peter at his best, amused, kept to the mark, interested. Miranda never failed him. And it amused him endlessly, first, to see her tireless energy, the relentlessness with which she pursued her own advantage, and then to elicit from her the confession of a point of view as rigid, and also as primitive and crude, as Mrs. Shem's might have been. She was square, she fought in the open—no crying off, no weak-kneed mercy—she gave as good as she got—how she believed this covered everything!

Peter, conjecturably, had no standard whatever, unless it were upon the matter of "grubbing" while you let the needful thing go. The needful thing was life, all the movement of it, all the resource—go pay your *devoirs* to the great god Pan.

They had known each other for four months when he suddenly and idly mentioned his wife.

Miranda stiffened to meet the shock. "She's dead?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know," he answered, indifferent and lazy. "I don't know what's happened to her this last three years. But I guess I'd have heard of that."

Nothing could have been more casual, nothing more detached. Most of Peter's matrimonial experiences seemed to have slipped from his memory like a hastily read book. He was easily sure that his wife had had her pleasant qualities—they hadn't, some way, interested him—and he knew that she had been pretty, graceful, and softly blonde like a child; that seemed the sum of it. Had been? Well, again so far as he knew, there had been no steps taken for freedom other than those careless ones that brought him away. So far as he knew, he was still in possession of a wife.

Miranda listened, fiercely, furiously silent, consuming his casual information with an unwilling avidity of greed. She had to know. Then:

"You get it," she said.

"What?" Peter turned to watch her, aware for the first time of her hard-cut wrath.

"You get it," she said again. She was red with passion—the inflexible, unbecoming red of a dark woman.

"Get it? Get what? A divorce? Lord! Do you think I could plead desertion and non-support? She could, I suppose—easy enough. But she don't seem to try."

"You make her—you get it," Miranda gave her monotonous ultimatum. It was there flatly, he could "take it or leave it": she knew no methods but those of business, and she could only speak to him as if to a delinquent debtor. That, in a measure, he was; there had been courtship implicit enough in Peter's manner; it was a part of Peter's method; he would have been the last to think of leaving it out.

Miranda turned away. The sudden announcement of the wife had sent a bitter shock through her. But at night, as she lay prone and motionless, holding herself still in

fierce control, her hands clenched, staring up into the darkness, terror succeeded shock. For he had so wound himself in and out of her life, so shared the thing she had shouldered alone, that she did not know how she could cut him out. Her life had been blank before Peter came; if he went it would be void.

The discovery of the other woman's existence was like the revelation of an advantage taken of her. This unknown creature had appropriated what was plainly meant for Miranda's property. Every look taken from Peter was a look pilfered from her. She bulked before her, this wife of Peter's, as the embodiment of evil forces which had always kept her from her own, her heritage, and which would keep her still from it if she were not inflexibly shrewd and hard. Oh, shrewd and hard! She needed something more. The other woman, silent, menacing—the other was beautiful. While here she was, dark, and rigid, and plain, ignorant of feminine lure, without those natural and accumulated resources, the weapons of softness, the embattlement of trailing fabrics, the whole sex's deadly armory of silken softness—without them, forced into the unfeminine struggle, trained only for "business."

But Peter—whom wheedling would not have moved, no, nor coercion—was curiously arrested by her manner, by the way in which she managed to do business and present the blankest surface, to meet him and keep out of reach; by the ultimatum, not spoken again, but implied and enforced—there could be no doubt that it was enforced.

And Peter was very comfortable in commerce, Peter was entertained, Peter wanted to see Miranda come alive. He complied with her requirements; Peter—got it.

"By the Lord Harry, you keep books as you make love, and you turn the process round again," Peter said to her later. "It's double entry."

"Making love? I didn't know I was."

"Yes, you did," he exulted over her; "yes, you did, because you've been trying to learn how. I've watched you."

She had been learning. Her first ruffle made her vulnerable, and happiness had left her exposed on a dozen sides. She was growing to have a dozen sides, she who had had but one, and each of them brought her some susceptibility, some greater comprehension. She had even come, by curious degrees, to think of the former wife as a

woman, and not as a menacing force. And as for that dumb, blank, soundless expiring which had been her legal going out, what was there about that which would not let her face it, which sent her, Miranda, whirling round to face the other way?

Peter was certainly hers. As she came back now from the station, the sight of her well-appointed house, the flower boxes, the neat maid, all gave her a sense of substance and of confidence. She lingered to speak to the maid and tell her they would have dinner earlier now that Mr. Bascom was away, and she moved about among her chairs and tables

the far corner a woman with a gold-veiled head bent above Peter's picture. Miranda's heart plunged twice and then stayed itself as if to await further orders, while from the resentful tips of her fingers to the remotest recesses of her brain, and to the small, well-clad feet on which she held herself arrested, every atom of her body gave information with a tingling fury that she was in the room with her predecessor, with Peter's former wife. It needed no corroborative word or reason. She knew.

It must have been some motion of hers of which she was unconscious that told the



"TIME," SHE SAID, IN A VOICE AS DRY AS A SET OF FRAMED RULES IN A DORMITORY,
"TIME NOT USED IN DICTATION WILL BE CHARGED FOR."

and found them reassuring, too. They were evidences of power, of success; the gleaming of her dining-table seemed to make Peter more surely hers, while all about her there appeared the solid basis for her happiness. She went upstairs in a mood that would have made her sing, had she known how.

A half hour had not gone when the maid came up to seek her. She said Mrs. Bascom wanted to see her—she held to it that was the lady's name, and Miranda came down wondering what this relation of Peter's might prove, an opportunity or a drawback. She came lightly enough into the room, to see at

other of her presence, for she had not moved or spoken when the first Mrs. Bascom lifted her richly covered head and quite simply, like part of a continued conversation: "Peter's changed a little, but this is good," she said.

Miranda found her voice or its fierce substitute. "You've come to see him?" She was on guard in every nerve, her smoldering, unrelaxing eyes upon the other.

"Why, no," she answered, in the same tired, gentle, even voice. "I've come to get some papers. Perhaps you could help me?"

Warily, like some vigilant creature of the

woods, the second Mrs. Bascom moved a little so that she might better watch the first. "You'll have to tell me more," she said.

"There were some insurance papers on a property of mine sent Peter by mistake—insurance and a mortgage and a deed," she said with her look of unperceiving gentleness. Miranda's eyes searched her, hunting out the truth behind the pretext. Why was she here? To measure or to act, to menace or to sting, to try to win something from Peter or merely to implant a fear?

"I've got to have them now to prove a claim," went on the other. "We wrote last week to Peter's business address and got no answer. And I must have them."

Her reiteration, her tired gentleness wore with a maddening rasp on Miranda, whose whole sense of life was divided between a wish to strike and the wary vigilance again that cautioned her to delay until a surer moment. She must know how this other creature moved and worked, she must dissemble till she could strike well, she must be sure.

"I don't want to trouble you," she still went on, as Miranda did not answer. "They tell me Peter's away. But I was near here, and my lawyers urged me to come."

Miranda could think of nothing better than to appear to accede, by way of finding out what she really had come for.

"If you'll go with me to the study, I'll look," she offered.

The other woman rose at once to follow. "It's a pretty house," she said as they went through the rooms; and, moved by what cross-current of malicious feeling she could not have said, Miranda elected to take up a tone to match this one which sounded, to her ears, so much like that of a visiting relation.

"If you like, I'll show it to you," she vouchsafed with a kind of bitter gayety.

The former Mrs. Bascom accepted it all with the same tired sweetness. She moved obediently to the veranda beyond the dining-room to look at the view, and as her eyes dropped to a table and two chairs set there, she smiled a little. "I suppose Peter comes out here to have part of his dinner, and then goes back again to finish. He always would do that even when we had only four rooms."

Miranda's wrath quickened and sank to something bitterer, harder to bear. Those processions through the house had been the object of her mingled mortification and her pride. She had a mind that liked all things

done orderly, and she had a distressed sense of how it must appear to the servants to see Peter—balancing two plates of salad, an arm about her waist to march her securely on with him, singing at the top of his lungs, and dining preposterously about the house now with this course in the study, and now with that upon the porch. But despite discomfort, the gay absurdity of these peripatetic meals had given her, so recently emancipated from the ark, an extraordinary sense of lightness and of freedom, as of one loosed from the irksomeness of the body and the pressure of limitation and of law. Life was become all buoyant caprice, a spontaneous overflow. Yet if some one else, this other, had once shared this lunatic exuberance—

Something in the quality of her silence seemed to reach the other woman. "You mustn't think I cherish any rancor," she said. "I couldn't have come if I had."

Miranda gave her a hard look and was silent.

"I knew that it would be so—some time. Peter had to have a lot of change; you can't make rules for Peter."

If it was candor, Miranda could not meet it; if it was a deep astuteness, she must wait a greater sureness of its goal. She moved on ahead. "This is the study," she said in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears; "if the papers are in the house, they would be here."

The eyes of the former Mrs. Bascom, circling round the room, fell on a little brass-bound box. "That's mine; I shouldn't wonder if they would be there,"

Miranda hesitated a moment, her hand upon the desk. But the papers would be a test: they would force her, that or their absence, to show her hand.

"If it's locked, he would be likely to leave the key about where one could see it," the former Mrs. Bascom said with her slow, reminiscent smile. "That's Peter."

Miranda set her lips. She opened Peter's desk, and took up his bunch of keys.

The key turned in the lock; the contents of the box, crowded with papers, lay revealed, and Miranda began to sort them. This looked like it. She handed the bundle out with eyes like a hawk's. Now how would she lead to the thing she really had come for?

A photograph fell to the floor. Miranda picked it up. It was Peter and the woman before her; Peter wearing that look of radiant well-being, of vivid and complete content, the



"I'LL PAY EVERY DAY AND ALL THE DAY, AND AT THE END I'LL SUFFER EVERY-
THING THAT YOU'VE SUFFERED, BUT IN THE END I'LL FIGHT—I'LL FIGHT
EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, BUT I'LL SUFFER STILL."

look that might outlast the stars, the look she knew so well and counted wholly hers—and Peter bent it on this woman here. Miranda turned to look at her.

In the brighter light of the study her beauty showed itself worn with the marks of suffering, docked of its due by lonely vigils, and by tears. By these lines beneath her eyes, by the relaxed bow of her mouth, by her pallor, in which Miranda read the tale of something like lost beauty, she read Peter also. These were Peter's marks, Peter's easy, careless desertion, Peter's happy, smiling, and unconscious cruelty. Miranda tried to resent afresh the evidences of what Peter had meant to her; but resentment seemed curiously dying at its source.

Mrs. Bascom lifted to Miranda the sad eyes of her gentle candor. "These, thank you, are the papers. It is a great relief, and kind of you to help. Peter wrote me how clever you were—I thought you would understand."

Miranda drew a sharp breath. Peter had written of her!

Mrs. Bascom began putting up the papers, and now she rose to go. But Miranda could not have it so. If she had come with no ulterior purpose, there still remained something that had not been said. The point to the interview had not been reached. Miranda could not have her go until she knew the record of that silence, and how the battle had been waged. Then, from the welter of feelings in which she had been tossed, something very definite arose, and all that she had suppressed showed in the sudden challenge.

"Why did you let him go? Why didn't you fight?"

Mrs. Bascom lifted her eyes in slow surprise. "You can't hold a man who doesn't wish to be held. You can't tie Peter."

An unwilling sense of the dignity of her gentleness showed in the bright bitterness of Miranda's eyes. But she held on her way.

"Oh, yes, you could: you could have fought for him. I would—to the last breath."

"No," the other persisted, "you couldn't. Not when it came to the point. You'd rather let him go: you couldn't keep him."

"Why not? He was yours. Don't you think that was right?"

The other hesitated. "It was the law—the law freed us——"

"The law!" Miranda scorned. "It works both ways. We use it as we please. Do you think it was *right*?"

But with her inflexible, stubborn gentleness the other held to her own point. "I couldn't have held a man who didn't want me."

Miranda turned impatiently away, letting her somber eyes rest on something strange and far in the landscape without.

"And then, you see, the child—" the other said as if the mere word explained. But Miranda did not see. Peter filled all space, contained for her all the dimensions; there was nothing else to see.

"Some property came to me unexpectedly," the other went on; "I could support my boy and I had to think what was best for him. And some time this was bound to come. Peter's—Peter."

Miranda's eyes were fierce again as she turned. "That's all very well for you. But what do you think of me?" she made demand.

"Oh, I don't think—" the other woman drew back. "I don't judge."

But Miranda did not heed her. Swiftly, imperiously, there had come upon her the need for auricular confession. And in a moment, coming in sudden jerks and bursts as if it were being shaken out of her unwillingly but was impossible to stop, there came the story, clear as she had not seen it herself in the living. There, in curt, hard sentences that seemed to burn their impress like an acid, there she was drawn in the arid life she had led downtown, always among men, meeting them on their own ground, bargaining, elbowing, shouldering her way among the greedy men of "business" with whom she never exchanged a word of more human bearing than the state of the market, and to whom she was no more than a figure in the multiplication table, a figure they had tried to force into an agreement with their reckoning and transfer to their side of the balance. And she could defeat them with no soft wiles; she could not even take the time to learn. There was no chance for fluttering flounce or pulse; no, she must live battened down, cleared for action like a ship in war time. Did any one think she liked it to be little, and brown, and hard of line, to be curt, and shrewd, and knowing? But what if she did not? If she wanted a contest other than this grim one of the market place, if she ached with disinheritance, what was there for her to do except to make that count, too, with her ledgers, to add and add that up and carry it over?

And then came Peter like a great reviving burst, an earthquake, a convulsion of nature

and the aurora borealis; Peter, who shook all her standards and overthrew all her routine; Peter, who taught her that she had eyes and hands and a brain for something beside ledgers, that she could move and look and feel—that she was alive—and that, to him, it mattered.

Oh, he had taught her what she'd missed as she had never known it. It was Peter who had taught her to wish angrily for the lacking feminine knowledge. It was the thought of him that had sent her prowling, lurking about the shops as if she were intent on crime or dropping down with fierce uncertainty amid the furbelows. She had watched the other women, scowling at them with piratical, black, side glances, bitterly envious, and ignorant and ashamed; and if there had been any way to rob them of the knowledge of how to wear a veil or swing a skirt, or to adjust a hat, she could have taken it.

Yes, she would have taken it, she would have taken anything. Hadn't she taken Peter when she heard of her—the wife? Oh, he had been the one, it hadn't been Peter—or it wouldn't have been unless backed with her fierce purpose to succeed. Peter would have let things go. It was she who was branded: a thief, a thief!

And now she knew, knew that the same qualities which had given Peter to her—would take him from her, and she would be seeing Nemesis stalk in the turn of every woman's head. Yes, now she would see it in every pretty face, in every eager wit, in each different type that might draw Peter's fancy: the foolish Mrs. Emmons, the sleepy Miss Macride had alike become shapes of fear.

"And I'll pay, I'll pay," she broke out at last with a kind of fierce exultation. "I'll pay every day and all the day, and at the end I'll suffer everything that you've suffered, but in the end I'll fight—I'll fight every step of the way, but I'll suffer still. I'll suffer more because I stole; he's stolen goods, and stolen goods are hard to keep. I know it now; that's what you came to show me."

"No, no," the other woman said, her voice quick with protest. "I came to show you nothing."

"Well, you've showed," Miranda said and took it up again. Oh, she had thieved; she had lied to herself, too, but she paid, paid, and

it was only just begun. She beat that in upon her hearer as if there had been a transaction understood between them, and Peter was to be bought and sold with tears. She wanted her to understand that there was not a farthing of the payment that she would shirk; she was no absconding creditor—she shook that in the face of fate and of this woman. She had not believed much in anything—business had beaten it out of her; she hadn't lived or enjoyed—business had taken that. But she had been square, she had taken no man's goods; now she would pay.

"And don't think I won't go on, don't think I'll stop," she hurled at her again.

"But I don't want you to, I never tried to make you——"

And Miranda interrupted her with another gust. "When my time comes, I'll fight them; I'll fight every inch."

The other rose. There was nothing for her to say. She couldn't answer this thundering and tempest; it didn't fit with the things she knew. She put out her hand very gently: "I must go," she said; "I'm sorry." And the unaccustomed thought ran through Miranda's mind that of the three she alone could afford to be magnanimous, since she alone had wronged nobody.

Miranda came slowly after the first Mrs. Bascom down to the door. There was something still which she had a great need to know, which the other could tell her if she would—the secret of her own achieved serenity.

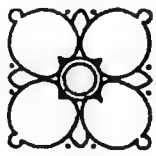
Miranda stopped her on the threshold. "When my time comes——"

"Why need it?" The other was still pitiful.

"You've said it—Peter's Peter. But when I've fought, and that is all over—when I've lost—what shall I do?"

But the other woman shook her head. How could she tell? That knowledge hid itself in the successful fastnesses of her disciplined and gentle spirit. She could only look and linger a moment gently and turn away.

Miranda stood there, left upon her own stolen, unassailed doorstep, for the moment safe, but face to face with the movement of inexorable law from whose workings she could expect nothing. And standing there she had a fresh vision of justice and one quite new of mercy.



Mother and Father



By

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

AUTHOR OF "DR. RAST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

A BRIGHT light burned in the inner room of the little flat. Over the crib, next the double bed, stood Dr. Rast and Nell—the man in his shirt-sleeves, tall, dark; the woman in a gray dressing gown, small, graceful. Beside them the air-shaft window was open. An air thick with muffled sounds, staleness, and the warm feel of crowded people stirred in out of the shaft's darkness. But all was softened down by the rain—rain at the kitchen windows, spattering drops in the narrow courtyard.

The Doctor had been feeling a tiny forehead, a wee hand. Slowly he looked up. His eyes met Nell's. His face grew pale, and Nell seized his arm.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Nothing—don't worry!" He tried to speak indifferently, but something sobbed in his voice. "The boy's got a touch of fever, that's all."

A touch of fever! The baby had always been well. But now the invisible demons of the tenements had crept in, and the baby——! Nell swayed a little; it was as if teeth bit her heart.

"What's to be done? Morris!"

He smiled. "Why, it's nothing. If it were any one else's child——!" He gripped her by both arms, then he drew her close. "Kid," he whispered, "we mustn't lose our heads. Parents are awful fools."

She clung to him.

"But, Morris——" her voice was sharp with suspense, "do *something*—I can't stand *this*!"

He smiled again—a sickly smile.

"Why, I'm a great doctor. Just give him a spoon of castor oil. He'll be all right, Nell—he's bound to be." His voice deepened, rang with faith. "Don't you know our boy yet? He's *us*, the little kid—'way down, then up like a steel spring."

"But he's never been sick before," cried Nell.

Then, clutching each other's hands, they bent over the young life again. The tiny body was restless, plagued; hands and feet tossed; the cheeks were red, and now and then there was a moan, the pitiful cry of Helplessness, of innocent Pain. A mite of the human, tossed up out of the Earth, was moaning with its gift of life.

Nell's head went down on the iron rod of the bed; she gave a low sob.

"It's a shame—a shame! Why should a little thing like that have to suffer? What did he do?"

They were silent before that great mys-

"Nell," he whispered, "we must leave him alone—we must let him sleep. I—I'm going in—come when you're ready."

He went through the dark waiting room



"KID," HE WHISPERED, "WE MUSTN'T LOSE OUR HEADS.
PARENTS ARE AWFUL FOOLS."

tery of mysteries. Why had life been called up out of nature to meet with Pain? The pity of it!

The doctor reached up and lowered the light.

into the front office. He dared not stay. The Mother had to touch the Child—smooth forehead, soften clothes, whisper fond nothingnesses, have her sacred moment with the life that had once throbbed at her

side, and now throbbed in her heart. It was too holy a scene for a man.

He turned up the gas-burner on his desk, sat in his chair, and pulled up a medical book. He tried to shake off the foolish mood. That he should go in a panic over a little fever—he, the Doctor! But this was little David, his son. If anything happened——!

He groaned, set his teeth.

"I haven't felt enough with fathers and mothers—I never could understand their tortures. Now," he smiled and brushed his eyes, "I know—I *know!*"

Then at last Nell came in. As the light caught her face, he looked up and saw it. The brown eyes were shining, the lips curled into a loveliness of pain, the cheeks were flushed. She came forward and rested her hands hard on the desk.

"Morris!" she cried. "That is what comes of living down here—I knew the baby would catch something in these tenements. A baby hasn't any right down here."

He looked at her appealingly. He knew that one out of three babies dies in the East Side.

"Nell," he said a little harshly, "that hardly *helps* now."

And then she smiled gloriously.

"Morris!"

He arose, rushed to her, and they embraced.

"Oh, Nell!"

"Listen," she murmured calmly, "I'm going to be a brave little woman, dear. It's nothing, is it?"

"Nothing!" he cried. "Why, we're merely panic-stricken! We're inexperienced!"

She opened her mouth to say something further, but suddenly, sharply, shrilly, the telephone bell on the desk behind them rang. The Doctor sat down and picked up the transmitter. Nell leaned over the desk, listening idly.

A voice far away said:

"Is this Dr. Reed?"

"Yes."

"Hold the wire. Mr. Fried wants to talk to you."

The Doctor went pale again. He clapped his hand on the transmitter, looked up, and spoke in a hollow whisper:

"It's Fried. Their baby has pneumonia, you know."

Nell bent far down, her eyes large, her cheeks white.

"Is it a boy?"

"Yes."

"How old?"

"About as old as Davy."

Nell gave a broken sob.

"I'm sorry for mothers and fathers," she said.

Then came the far-away voice— but different, husky, broken——

"Doctor——"

"Yes—yes—Nathan——"

"DOCTOR!"

"Nathan, tell me——"

"But, Doctor——"

A wild cry was broken off and lost in space somewhere.

"Dead?" moaned the Doctor.

"Ach, ach! O God!"

"Nathan—dear boy—I'll be over!"

The Doctor put down the telephone. Nell gave a low cry. He arose all in a tremble, grasped her close. His lips were moving, his cheeks screwed up about his eyes. He could not see.

"We mustn't think of ourselves," he whispered. "I'll be back right away. Give him the oil. Only a touch of fever, Nell——" he leaned nearer: "*You promised to be brave.*"

"But if anything happens?" she breathed.

"Something has happened—*over there,*" he said roughly. "Be a real Mother—take charge!"

In a few minutes he was off in the storm. It was a chilly night; the rain wove silver about the gas lamps in the empty cañon of the street. Here and there a window was lit—the yellow shade glowing.

The Doctor looked up as he walked. Rain splashed his face.

"God," he muttered, "where are You?"

He looked down again, and began thinking about the Frieds. Nathan Fried was a young dentist. The Doctor knew of the long struggle to work his way through school, the fight with bitter poverty, the waste of time and strength to get a foothold, and, worst, the long waiting-time for marriage. Nathan and Bertha had waited four years, during which she worked as a clerk. Four long, hard years, with all their passions, despair, agony. And then at last came the little practice, the cheap practice, the little flat. And they had been married—a glorious wedding—just a dozen people, among

them the Doctor and Nell. The young couple were steeped in a sacred happiness. And to make a laughter, a light, a glow of glory in the dark rooms, came the little baby. The long struggle had ended in laughter, and the tears of laughter. Or so it seemed. Now all was over. The beautiful boy was snatched away.

"Give them strength!" thought the Doctor. "They must bear this. They must go on."

"Children," he murmured, "there ought to be a God, so we'll create one."

The hall-door was open. He stepped past it, and knocked softly. A huge woman opened the door. Tears were running down her face.

"*Ach, Doktor, Sorge, Sorge, nichts als Sorgen!*"—trouble, trouble, nothing but trouble.

He stepped in. The flat was like his



"I'M SORRY FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS," SHE SAID.

Who? Who was to give them strength? He almost prayed for the days when the church, the synagogue, was strong, when men believed. These were the earth-days, the city-days. God was gone; immortality was gone. The dead were dead forevermore.

He turned a corner. He stood before a dim-lit first-floor window. There was a sign:

NATHAN FRIED
Dentist

He stood and gazed at it. Then his heart went out to these young souls within. A glory filled him. He smiled a little.

own—office in front, waiting room within, bedroom adjoining, kitchen beyond. In the hush of the dim-lit office sat half a dozen relatives, all in tears. The silence of death lay on the place with the authority of eternity. Man here was an atom: the Universe had stepped in—the power that rolled the suns was in charge of the little flat. Against that sanctity no voice was raised.

The Doctor stood a moment, and all the Power in that room filled him, soothed him, hushed him.

Then, in the quiet of tears, came a soft tread. All looked up. It was Nathan.

Nathan was short, his clothes crumpled and awry, his big head raised. The face was tearful and pale. A little beard clung to the chin; the eyes were large and brown.

He came in bravely, but when he met the Doctor's eyes, suddenly his face was contorted with a bitter sob.

"Doctor!"

The Doctor clutched his arms, drew him close.

"I know! I know!"

He patted the boy.

"We never thought there would be anything like this——" Nathan began.

"Where's Bertha?" whispered the Doctor.

The people in the room cried afresh.

"Poor man!" they murmured.

The Doctor held Nathan's hand, and together they went softly through the waiting room. Nathan whispered:

"She'll go crazy, or she'll kill herself! She hasn't cried, Doctor—we can't make her cry! Ach, Gott, why should we suffer so?"

Then, very softly, tenderly, they went into the dim room of the dead. The little body lay in the crib, and beside it, kneeling on the floor, head on the covers, clothes and hair disheveled, with one hand clutching a cold baby hand, the Mother, the young Mother, was muttering. Nathan doubled up on a chair and hid his face. The Doctor tiptoed very near and looked down on the tiny, silent face. Then, softly, without disturbing Bertha, he leaned and touched the little forehead. It was cold.

Looking, a terrific fear swept him—a fear painful with love and tenderness. This might have been little Davy, his son.

"Bertha," he whispered.

She raised her head and spoke bitterly.

"What do you want?"

"Nathan and you."

She lowered her face again, and there was a profound silence.

The Doctor leaned over her and spoke very softly:

"Bertha, my baby is the same age as yours—a boy, too."

There was no answer. The Doctor went on with a breaking voice:

"Our lives are simply *woven* into his."

He tried to control himself, then he went on:

"There is something in him—miraculous—greater than Nell and me. He has brought us laughter and loveliness every morning. He has filled our evenings with joy. Our

whole future is dreamed about his opening heart and mind. We plot for him, we plan for him. He has made life a wonder. If he should die——"

He stopped a moment.

"If he should be taken away—if nowhere we saw his face—if we couldn't keep him close—feel him alive and throbbing in our arms—if he were all gone—*gone*—if little Davy——"

He stopped. Then his voice came as from far away, musical with pain.

"When I left home, Davy was sick."

Bertha lifted her face sharply. In the dim light it showed beautiful with its dark blue eyes, its light hair, its thin, sweet cheeks and low forehead. The whole face was struggling. Then suddenly she gave a sharp, low cry:

"Your boy, too? *Your boy, too?* Doctor! Doctor!"

He bent nearer, and touched her shoulder.

"Don't you think"—there was a stifled sob in his voice—"that—I know? *I know?*"

She settled back on the floor, still looking up, as if she were frightened. Her dry eyes were very wide. The Doctor leaned nearer.

"Listen——" he spoke slowly—"If my boy dies, if Davy dies, I think I shall be able to bear it!"

The blood left his cheeks when he heard himself say this, and his heart pounded. Bertha gasped, still staring at him.

"Because," he went on thickly, "I have *faith*." Then he tried to drown out his heart. "FAITH!" he cried.

No one spoke; but Bertha opened her mouth a little, still staring.

The Doctor smiled on her tenderly.

"Bertha—Nathan—children—I have faith that anything so exquisite, so personal, so near, so miraculous as my little baby wasn't created to be destroyed—no, no, no! And if he left us, and if he should never come again with the old love, and if he should take something out of our home, I shall know that he but enriches the Unseen World—the world all about this—Nature—God——"

He paused; then he went on in a voice thrilling with passionate belief:

"And as for this dead little baby—your baby, Bertha, yours, Nathan—he is living—in these walls, this air, this house, this Earth—he is closer to you than when his little body kept him apart from you!"



"BERTHA - I HAVE FAITH THAT ANYTHING SO EXQUISITE, SO PERSONAL, SO NEAR
SO MIRACULOUS AS MY LITTLE BABY WASN'T CREATED
TO BE DESTROYED."



"NELL—YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL—AND I—I—I PREACH——"

Bertha shuddered, still staring, lips still apart. Involuntarily she drew a little nearer. The Doctor softly placed his hand on her head. He could feel her trembling beneath him. His heart seemed to become molten—at that moment he felt such utter love. He spoke in a scarce audible voice—sweet, penetrating, thrilling—

"And the years coming—there will be other little children laughing in this home, on your knees, against your heart—little new children—your hearts will be full again."

Again Bertha shuddered—shuddered from head to foot—shuddered, arose staggering, groped, reached out her arms, opened her lips wide, and gave a wild, sharp cry:

"Nathan! Nathan!"

Nathan leaped up; he gathered her close.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! My heart—my heart—it's broken——"

"Open to God!" added the Doctor.

Her whole body heaved in Nathan's arms. And then they came—the sobs

tears—came with great sobs, great pitiful sobs. . . .

The Doctor glanced at the two. He took one last look at the little dead face. Then swiftly he went out into the night. The rain still beat upon him. His heart was full of misgivings.

"It *is* true," he said, "but do words help? I preach and preach and preach!"

He had left the hard fact behind him. The child was dead, gone. Something had happened. What if he were walking back to another fact—a fact that touched his life as the dead child touched the lives of Bertha and Nathan.

"If Davy dies," he had said, "I think I shall be able to bear it."

Would he? He walked with frantic haste. His breast grew thick within—his heart pained sharply. He felt as if the doom of all happiness, all good, all love and life had been sounded. The rain beat on him, cold, drenching. He shivered.

He could hardly see to unlock the front door; he fumbled at the office door. Had

something happened while he was away—away preaching?

Suddenly Nell opened the door. Her face was wild.

"Morris!" she cried.

He slouched against the door-jamb, his fists clenched.

"What—is—it?" he gasped.

"He's—terribly—terribly sick! Quick! Quick!"

He gave a low cry and rushed through the inner room. He turned big the light. Then frantically he pulled off his hat and his wet coat and flung them on the floor. He stooped over the bed. The baby was very pale, gasping, little fingers grasping the bedclothes.

Even as he and Nell gazed, there was a sudden change. The face became almost blue, the eyes rolled up, the head jerked back and forth; then hands and feet began to jerk and the body stiffened out.

"Oh, God! God!" cried the Doctor.

Nell spoke with a strange quietness.

"What shall I *do*? Tell me quick!"

The Doctor gave a terrible sob, clutched up the baby out of the bed, drew him close to his breast.

"My God!" he cried.

Nell spoke in his ear.

"You've lost your head. Morris! You tell me what to *do*—*what to do*!"

"Convulsion," he gasped, "hot water—quick—tub—not too hot—warm—put mustard in—hurry, for God's sake, hurry!"

Quick as a flash she was gone. She turned up the light in the kitchen, opened a washtub and turned on the water. In another moment she had poured in mus-

tard. She had perfect control of herself; she was quiet and quick. And all the time the Doctor clutched the child close, gasping:

"My God—hurry—can't you hurry—my little boy—why should this be——"

She stepped in.

"Give me."

She took the baby, quickly slipped off his clothes—she walked to the tub and felt the water—she held the baby in. The convulsion stopped almost instantly.

"Shall I take him out?"

The Doctor leaned against the cupboard.

"Yes," he breathed.

A few minutes later the child was sleeping quietly. Nell came into the front office. She was perfectly white and trembling like a leaf. She sank limp in a chair.

"I'm all in," she murmured.

The Doctor came over, knelt, and took her hand.

"Nell—you're so wonderful—and I—I—I *preach*——"

She smiled on him.

"I felt as you did, Morris—but I didn't have time to show it." She smiled again. "You know, no matter what you say, the human will come out. I'm only a woman and you—why, you're just like a man!"

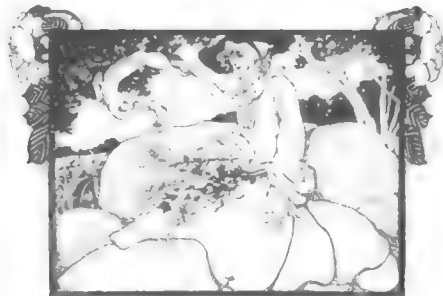
Then suddenly he arose, and she arose, and trembled, and swayed, and he gathered her very close, for the tears were falling.

"Morris," she sobbed, "now I know what it means——"

"What what means?"

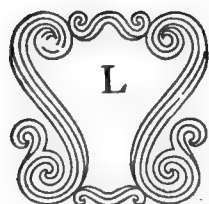
"To be a real mother——"

"Yes," he whispered, "I guess we have become a real mother and a real father—we know what it means!"





THE PLAYERS



LAUGHTER is the lure managers employ to entice people into the theatres when the weather bids them out-of-doors. The laughter play is the most immediately profitable form of entertain-

ment, though its success is ephemeral. Now and then, to be sure—usually at long intervals—there appear farces, like "Charley's Aunt," "The Man from Mexico," and "Seven Days," which convulse audiences for months. "Seven Days" has been playing in New York for more than a solid year without a break, which is very remarkable indeed. Other companies have been presenting the farce on the road, and in a single year it has made for its managers a net profit of more than \$250,000.

With these figures looming large before them, it is small wonder that the managers declare boldly that "what the public wants is farce; it wants to laugh." So the managers demand farces; and authors, also stimulated by a single great financial success, try to write them.

As for the public—it is true that we want to laugh; but we don't want to laugh all the

time, and we may weary of too much farce. Also we hope that our taste is growing better, more discriminating, all the time. The public is never pining for farces, or classic drama, or problem plays, or melodramas, as such, but for something really good.

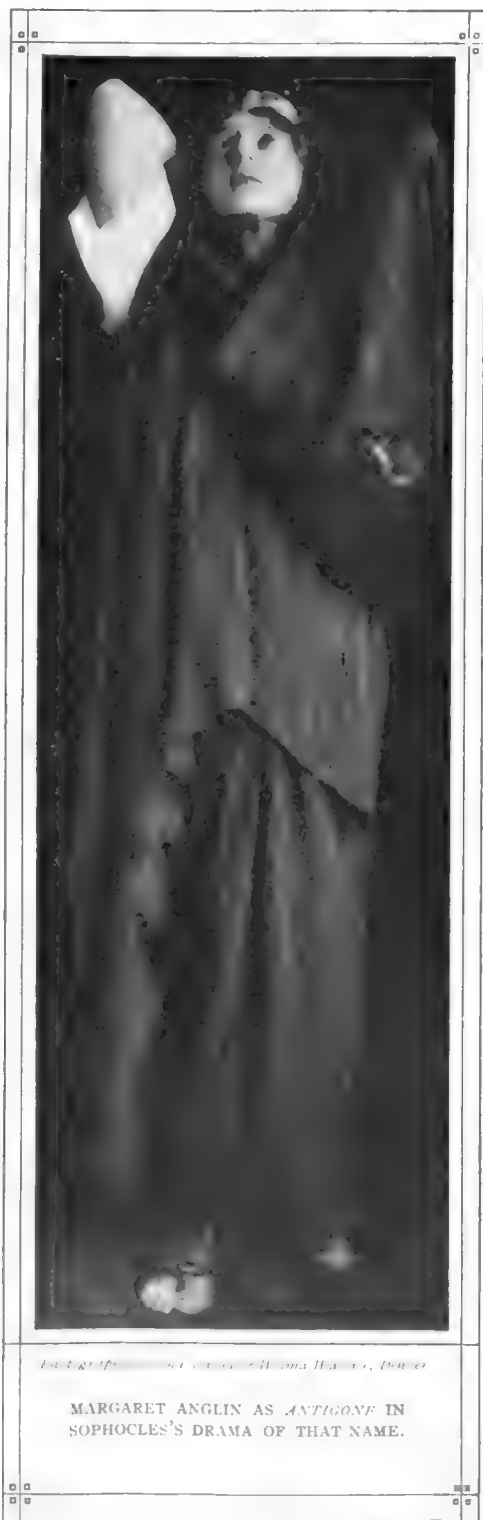
Of the succession of farces which the success of "Seven Days" made certain, especially at the beginning of the season, many were notably good. The first work of an American writer, A. E. Thomas, rejoicing in the cryptic title of "Her Husband's Wife," rose to the dignity of comedy, despite its many mechanical situations. It has a real idea, clever characterization, and brilliant lines. It shows unusual technical excellence in the rapidity and smoothness of its action, its logical development, and the skill in making the most of possibilities.

The comedy turns upon a hypochondriacal wife, who, deciding that she is not long for this world, and being moved by the spirit of the martyr, selects her successor to comfort her husband when she shall be gone. She carefully chooses the most unattractive woman of her acquaintance, which seems joyously logical and consistent. The woman so honored, with a perfect feminine under-



Photograph by Mishkin, New York.

MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA AS RITA ALLMERS
IN "LITTLE EYOLF."



MARGARET ANGLIN AS *ANTIGONE* IN
SOPHOCLES'S DRAMA OF THAT NAME.

standing of the situation, straightway sets about making herself appear as gorgeous and seductive as possible, and then flirts outrageously with the husband. There are complications in plenty, and the kindly way in which Mr. Thomas reveals the charming weaknesses of his feminine types is delicious. Nor is he less successful with his men, although they are never so interesting as the women.

Laura Hope Crewes plays the wife in a way that makes her the real star. Her individuality and her sincerity in portraying the swift mental changes, the contradictions, the adorable femininity, and the real sweetness of the character make it a truly distinguished performance. Grace Elliston, who plays the plain woman who refused to remain plain, is extraordinarily good. For once she really gets into a character, and she plays the part with a keen appreciation of its humor.

"Love Among the Lions" was adapted by Winchell Smith from Anstey's novel of the same name. F. Anstey, you know, is one of the editors of *Punch*, as well as one of the most popular, ingenious, and painstaking of British humorists. "Love Among the Lions" is genuine comedy mixed up with some farcical situations that are palpably manufactured to make laughter rather than to develop the story. But it has real characters and significance.

It is, indeed, a study of courage, which the hero possesses in the highest degree, although he appears to be a rank coward most of the time. For you know that true courage is not the absence of fear, but the capacity to act despite fear. This real hero is a very conventional, apparently utterly commonplace young man, by profession a tea-taster. He falls in love with a most romantic young woman, whose stepfather is a teacher of elocution and something of a charlatan. *Lorana De Castro* bitterly resents her prosaic surroundings. She is mad for notoriety. A newspaper clipping suggests to her a brilliant idea. She consents to become the wife of the tea-taster provided they are married in a den of lions in a circus. The mere suggestion makes *Theodore Sanders* almost collapse with fright, but he is so much in love that he agrees. At the same time he feels he is perfectly justified in doing everything he can to make such a wedding impossible. The hopefulness with which he puts obstacles in the way and his despair

over their being swept aside make much of the humor.

It is comic, of course, but at the same time there is something truly heroic in the young man's driving himself toward the den of wild beasts. And he keeps going until he falls unconscious from the strain.

The comedy is chock-full of real humor, and the simple, direct little story is interesting. But one cannot imagine its being half so effective without A. E. Matthews, an English comedian imported to play the principal rôle. If there are any more at home like Mr. Matthews, it is to be hoped they will be brought over as soon as possible. He has a strong personality that is not in the least obtrusive, and the last thing he looks like and acts like is an actor. With very little change in facial expression he manages to convey, by pantomime and by what is known to players as "business," an extraordinary variety of emotions. Jane Oaker plays *Lorana De Castro* with insight, discrimination, and unusual charm. *Lorana* is a very temperamental young woman, and always lovable. There is a crying scene in the last act in which she is delightfully effective. Of course the other feminine members of the cast are inadequate, as is the rule in Mr. Frohman's companies. Whoever selects them is amazingly consistent in choosing the unfit. On the other hand, the men—and this also is a Frohman rule—are very excellent.

"The Brass Bottle," also a Frohman production, has a gorgeous idea, far better in book form than on the stage, where it gives the impression of being the output of an intelligent, conscientious workman who did the best he could. The idea of an Arabian Nights' jinn being released from a bottle in which he has been sealed some thousands of years, and then placed in a conventional, upper middle-class British environment seems to offer unlimited possibilities. The jinn overflows with gratitude and uses magic to bestow on his rescuer the richest gifts his ancient, oriental imagination can conceive, which is most harassing to the young architect.

The farce starts beautifully, promising to be especially rich in humor and interest; but both gradually fade. The trouble is that all of the real action could easily be compressed into a single act. The secret of living in the land of make-believe is to have so many things happen there that



ALBERT CHEVALIER AS "A FALLEN STAR."

one hasn't time to think of the work-a-day world.

To Edwin Stevens falls the difficult rôle of the jinn, and he plays it with fine effectiveness and in a most striking make-up. He succeeds in enveloping himself with the mysterious, oriental atmosphere, in maintaining a lofty dignity which emphasizes the humor. But no actor could survive the flood of mere words that drown the second half of the farce. On the other hand, Richard Bennett, fresh from a real triumph as *John Shand* in "What Every Woman Knows," is ineffective and disappointing as *Horace Ventimore*, the young architect. Mr. Bennett is admirable in the first scene with the jinn, but after that he is a mere figure-head. Fuller Mellish, as an oriental scholar, and Louis Massen, as a business man, score heavily. But no acting could make "The Brass Bottle" really worth while.

It is doubtful if there has been a farce within the memory of the present generation of playgoers that has provoked more uproarious and continuous laughter than "Baby Mine." The French and the Germans have long had a practical monopoly of farces because of their greater skill in constructing them. But Margaret Mayo, a daughter of the late Frank Mayo—one of the greatest actors this country ever knew—has proved, in "Baby Mine," that she has nothing to learn from foreign farce makers, so far as technique is concerned.

The real theme of "Baby Mine" is tragic, not comic, and this background makes it all the funnier. It is purely a matter of treatment. The idea of a husband devotedly attached to a very frivolous, scatter-brained, wholly irresponsible but fascinating wife, who is an habitual and outrageous liar, and who is also very deeply in love with him, is surely not humorous. Nor is there anything funny in the young husband's passionate longing for children and the young wife's hatred of them.

But the author ignores the tragedy and makes the situation a mere Titanic joke. When the wife's conduct drives the husband from home, she acts upon a Solomon of a suggestion to bring him back—nothing less than to tell him he is a father. To carry out the deception, she decides to get an infant from a hospital. Miss Mayo frankly announces that the notion for the farce came to her from a newspaper clipping which said that there are, in Chicago, three thousand

husbands devotedly fondling adopted babies that they imagine are their own. *Aggie*, the best friend of the young wife, conceived the scheme, and her husband, *Jimmy Jinks*, is called upon to provide the baby—in fact, to provide three of them, because of most amazing, yet apparently natural, mixups.

The action is so fast, the situations follow each other so quickly, so logically, and they are so screamingly funny, that one hasn't time to think. There seems to be no limit to the author's ingenuity in inventing situations that are a constant series of surprises. Moreover, she has kept her play absolutely clean. Often it is near the danger line—naturally enough, with such a theme—but she has resisted temptations against which no French or German dramatist would have been proof.

"Baby Mine" was first produced in Chicago, with Otis Harlan in what is really the star part—*Jimmy*—and with Ernest Glendenning and Marguerite Clark as the young husband and the young wife. Mr. Glendenning and Miss Clark were transferred for the New York production, and their real youth does much for the reality of the comic scenes. Mr. Glendenning is truly fine as *Alfred*, and his rapid progress lately has been remarkable. Marguerite Clark is as lovely as ever and as attractively hoidenish in *Zoie*. In the second act, where she is called upon to jump in and out of bed most of the time, she is quite irresistible. She tries very hard, but she is usually the musical comedy soubrette. And she surely is not on speaking terms with good English. Ivy Troutman plays *Aggie* with refinement, skill, and distinction, as well as an unaffected humor.

But the really big hit is made by Walter Jones as *Jimmy*. He is something of a revelation, because we have long associated him with an entirely different kind of work. Ever so many years ago an extravaganza called "1492" had a long run in New York. Walter Jones, in this, was the talk of the town by reason of a very funny acrobatic tramp specialty. All manner of fine things were predicted for his future, but the years went on and the threadbare tramp burlesque continued his chief stock in trade. Whether it is because he became too fat, so that he could no longer perform the acrobatic stunt, or whether ambition to do something worth while moved him, doesn't matter. The important thing is that Walter Jones



Photograph by Campbell Studios, New York.

BILLIE BURKE AND HER NIECE, CHERIDAL WATSON.



Photography by David Greiner, San Francisco.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN, IN "ANTI-MATRIMONY."

finally turned to straight comedy and proved himself a real comedian and a finished actor.

Almost upon the heels of "Baby Mine" came "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn, which also made a pronounced hit. Thus the unusual condition was presented of husband and wife having Broadway successes running at the same time—for Margaret Mayo is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn in private life.

Mr. Selwyn is better known as an actor than as a dramatist, although he has had several plays produced. "The Country Boy" is his first real success, and it deserves all it receives. Everybody knows the story; possibly that is why the comedy seems original. The hero is a nice, clean, wholesome country boy who is always letting things go by because he is looking for "something big." He comes to New York and fails because of his lack of seriousness and real purpose. Mr. Selwyn calls it character. The hero trifles in a perfectly decent way with a pretty show girl—who finds him useful—loses his country sweetheart as well as his job, and reaches a point where he is ready to commit suicide rather than go back home a confessed failure.

The second and third acts, in a third-rate New York boarding house, make the great success of the play. The humor alone or the drama alone would carry it, but Mr.

Selwyn has mingled them in a highly effective manner. His characterization is clear and distinct. He has real types that make for spontaneous humor. Furthermore, they are played with as near an approach to perfection as one could hope for.

Long ago a discriminating player told me that Robert McWade, Jr., was one of the best actors on the stage. The small parts that came his way were so deftly played that it seemed possible the sweeping assertion might be true. When he appeared as the managing editor in "The Fourth Estate," I was quite prepared to believe. His portrayal, in "The Country Boy," of *Fred Merkle*, clever, cynical, disappointed newspaper man, irascible beyond words, and yet, underneath, having the sweetest and kindest heart, proves beyond question that Mr. McWade is in the very first rank of character actors.

Forrest Winans gives a strikingly fine performance of the country boy. It is one of the most difficult things in the world for an actor to play a boy of twenty, for when he has learned how, he is usually too old to look the youth. Upon the stage it takes much strength to portray weakness effectively. The acting of Mr. McWade and Mr. Winans fits so finely into the big scene that one feels that player and author share honors alike. The boy, overwhelmed by misfor-



MARGUERITE CLARK AS ZOE HARDY IN "BABY MINI."



Photography Frank C. Bangs, New York

EMILY ANN WELLMAN AS FRIEDA IN "THE CHEATER."

tunes of his own making, has decided to commit suicide. The newspaper man discovers his purpose, and thereupon pretends that he has made up his mind to die that night because life has nothing more in it for him. The boy is outraged, and the older man allows himself to be convinced. There is real drama in that scene. Its tenseness is relieved by *Joe Weinstein*, ticket speculator, slangy, utterly fresh, but kindly of heart. It is a scene that would make any play, because it has real pathos in it, because it is genuine. Arthur Shaw plays *Joe* so naturally that he seems not to be acting at all, but just being his natural self.

Hardly less effective is the boarding-house mistress, played by Mrs. Stuart Robson with the most unctuous humor; while the show-girl portrayal by Willette Kershaw is about the truest to the type that the New York stage has known.

"The Commuters," by James Forbes, isn't much of a play, but it pleases ever so many people. It is, of course, a good-natured, keen satire upon people who live in New York and sleep in the country, and on their families, who live out of town and come to New York occasionally. It is mostly very bright and very clever talk, racy in clean slang, with the sprightly flavor of youth that has no real sense of responsibility. There is, however, one really very good act, in which things happen. Mr. Forbes gets his contrasts by having a young husband bring home a boon companion from Broadway. The gay young man goes to the suburbs on a bet. The husband forgets about his visitor until it is too late—of course he is a slave to a train. The way that visitor—and Taylor Holmes plays the part with a lively understanding of its humor—disturbs that happy home and such suburban life as happens to center in it, makes most of the fun. Orrin Johnson does as well as any one could with the husband, while May De Sousa, lately recruited from musical comedy, plays the young wife and does it rather well, after one becomes familiar with her voice, which is distressingly irritating at first.

Of course there was a big crop of musical comedies during the summer and the early autumn. Now, musical comedy is a serious thing to pass judgment upon, for it is largely a matter of taste, and we know, from the Latin quotation in the back of the dictionary, that there is no disputing about

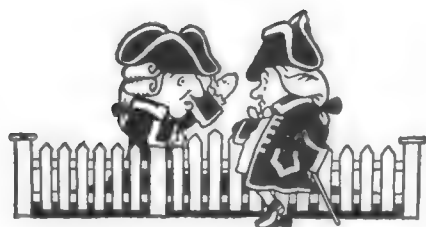
tastes. The important facts in musical comedy are fun and tunes. There is no known way of proving to another man that a certain thing is funny or that a tune is attractive and catchy, if he happens to be otherwise impressed.

Merely as an individual, it seemed to me that "The Summer Widowers" is about the best song and fun show that has come along in years. It is so crowded with "business," it moves with such rapidity, there is so much ingenuity in inventing things to laugh at, and there are such clever players to carry them out, that it is difficult to imagine anybody who can't find something in it to howl over. Lew Fields, Irene Franklin, Ada Lewis, and Fritz Williams are the chief makers of laughter, but there are about a hundred assistants. Glen Macdonough, who wrote the book, has a personal as well as a professional sense of humor and a real gift in satire. There is one scene which shows three floors of an apartment house in full action that makes New Yorkers laugh more than anything else. It is so nearly true.

"The Follies of 1910" was big and pretentious, with some attempt at being a *revue*. Also it had novelties in the way of sending the players among the audience, but it didn't seem as good as its predecessors, even with Bickel and Watson and a lot of old favorites. However, it brought from burlesque Fanny Brice, who is as clever and attractive as she is ugly, and who can sing rag-time in a way that makes it seem new.

Marie Dressler plays "Tillie's Nightmare," assisted by a large number of people who kindly sing and dance and talk while the star is changing her clothes and recovering her breath. There are folks who find a lack of delicacy and refinement in Miss Dressler's fun, but most people just succumb to it without thinking much about it. She is probably one of the half-dozen funniest people on the stage. Only a very brave person would dare attempt to give the names of the other five.

Maybe Eddie Foy would be generally considered one of them, although there would be vehement protest and possibly a few blows. He is the same old quaint, soiled person in "Up and Down Broadway," while Emma Carus helps along with her bubbling fun, and Vida Whitmore dances, and Martin Brown does acrobatic acting and singing.



LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

CHILDREN AND EDGED TOOLS

By WILL IRWIN

QUITE casually it began, as such things usually begin—with a meeting before a bar. Little Billy Dawson, clerk and manager of the freighters' hotel at Red Plume, had come over the Divide to buy supplies. In the Little Silver Dollar saloon he met Catherwood, the freighter, who "stopped" always at the Red Plume Hotel in his four-day trips across the Divide. Catherwood—tall, handsome, showing in his eyes and his straight-set feet his trace of Indian blood—had been drinking all that afternoon. He displayed it, as yet, neither in gait nor in tongue; but his eye was bright and his manner sprightly.

"Going back to-morrow, Billy?" he saluted his old friend. "Then you're going with me—see! Stage don't start until three, and I'll have you home for dinner. Never miss—ask old Pete—" he slammed his hand on the bar—"best old bartender that ever knocked down change!"

Billy Dawson took mental note of Catherwood's condition and laughed softly to himself. He had nothing afout for the evening; to wander through camp with Catherwood, a Catherwood illuminated by the spirit in his cups, appealed to him. He himself would not get drunk. He was nervously organized; he lacked the brute tissue to absorb the

grossest emanations of alcohol. It made him first uncomfortable, and then stupid. Also, he was past the age when he was afraid to refuse a drink. But outside stretched the camp, ablaze with lights, quivering with the music of dance halls and variety theatres, crowded sidewalk—full of Saturday night revelers from the mines. The Montana House next door gave forth the pleasant babble of many voices and the clink of chips. In Billy Dawson's cautious and conservative bosom stirred something wild. He hooked his arm in Catherwood's and—

"A horse's neck," he said to the bartender.

"Now wouldn't that bump you!" exclaimed Catherwood. "Suppose I'd let any other man order mother's milk on me but Billy Dawson—old Billy Dawson? What do you think of that, Pete? Hey? Making me pay for horse's neck! Got a right, if he wants to. Didn't old Billy Dawson keep me when I had pneumonia? Sure! *Genuine* old lung fever. Saved my life. Old friend. Give him a horse's neck. Give him two horse's necks. Hello you, Tony!"

A newcomer had shouldered his way into the Little Silver Dollar. He was a stalwart and graceful young man, although short; and he was dressed with loose elegance. His wide-checked coat hung in perfect lines; his

laced top-boots were small and neat. A golden dog's head with ruby eyes gleamed from his scarf, and two big diamonds glittered from his fingers. His sharp, blond countenance expressed confidence and subtle insolence, fruit of youth and success. His skin was a little flushed, like Catherwood's, but his eyes had passed long since from bright to dull. Lines too old for his years creased cheeks and forehead; and, looking closely, one might have noticed that his mouth was set a bit awry. The loafers at the side-tables stopped their chatter as he passed, to gaze and whisper. This was Tony Burns, two months ago a hero of the latest strike, and now chief figure in the loud district. A dry-goods clerk when he grub-staked the Mollie May prospect, he had won his fortune without merit of his own.

"Make a drink for Tony," babbled Catherwood. "Make it wine. He don't drink nothing but wine now. But he won't pass up a drink from an old pardner. Nossir!"

"Keep your money, Cath," responded Burns easily. He dropped his elbow on the bar and fell into a lordly attitude. "Here's ten dollars says you all drink on me. March up, boys!" The rush to the bar overturned three chairs and a table.

"You're a lucky little man, and you're a good fellow," babbled Catherwood when the solemn ceremony of filling and emptying was completed. "Luckiest little man in camp. Tell you what we'll do, Tony. You and me and Billy Dawson will beat that faro thing. Think I haven't got the money? Ain't got a pile like you, but I've got the price." He fumbled in his pocket and produced a handful of gold. "You count

it, Billy Dawson. Pretty near four hundred, ain't it? Huh?"

Dawson laughed, but he shuffled over the money and "Three hundred and eighty," he announced.

"Told you so. You be my mascot, Tony. Make it three thousand and eighty before feeding time. Come on, Tony. Won't hurt you."

Tony Burns gave play to a little sneer which emphasized that awryness of his mouth.

"Oh, very well," he said cheerfully. "A drunk for luck."

In Catherwood's face the Indian rose. "Who says I'm drunk? Never get drunk."

A laugh ran around the group at the bar. Catherwood faced them for a moment, his eyes blazing. Then, on another whirl of his intoxication, he laughed with the rest.

"Good joke to say I'm drunk," he exclaimed genially. "Now show your money, Tony Burns. Got to show your money if you go playing faro with me."

Tony Burns flung up a handful of gold. "Oh, very well," he said, "I make a side

bet that mine lasts longer than your chicken feed." He slapped another ten-dollar gold piece on the bar. "More drinks for you, boys. Come on, Cath—coming, Dawson?" With a little feeling that he might be intruding, Billy Dawson joined them as they left the room.

Outside, Catherwood leaned against a lamp-post. "Important matter to settle," he said solemnly. "Who plays first? We play on same table—you make a bet—I make a bet. That's square way." He winked genially, solemnly, at Billy Dawson, and showed a silver quarter. "Now I pitch it—heads or tails!" and he threw



"NOW I PITCH IT—HEADS OR TAILS!" AND HE THREW IT INTO THE AIR.

Original from

"Heads!" cried Tony Burns. The coin had fallen by his foot. He picked it up. "Heads—I win!" he announced. And with the subdued smile of a man who is perpetrating a great practical joke, he pocketed it. Catherwood caught the motion instantly.

"Hey, you've got my two bits!" he howled. "Money ain't on that throw—only first play."

"Didn't he say he was throwing for two bits, Billy? Didn't he?" asked Tony Burns, roguishly. "He's drunk and trying to hedge. That's what's the matter with him."

Catherwood stiffened. He moved toward Burns until their noses almost touched. "You give me back my two bits," he growled.

"Oh, ve-ry well!" replied Burns, and the sneer grew on his face. He drew back his arm and hurled the quarter across the street.

Catherwood snatched at his shoulder. Burns evaded his hand. Dawson, smaller and slighter than either, jumped between, tackled Catherwood about the body, and held him tight.

"Have you got a gun on you?" howled Catherwood. He made no motion toward his own hip.

Tony Burns reached under his own coat and swung a full holster into view.

"And you haven't," he said. "You leave yours at home when you get drunk. I know you." He laughed unsteadily. "You ain't a good fellow to-night, Cath. Too drunk. Going to shake you." The green doors of the Montana House closed behind him.

Catherwood took half a dozen steps toward the swinging doors and half a dozen steps back. Then he wheeled and strode down the street. All the Indian was up in his face, and he said no word.

Dawson trotted after him on his short legs, exclaiming: "He didn't mean it, Cath—Cath—where you going—what you going to do?"

But Catherwood strode on for a block before he said: "You don't have to go along if you don't want to see trouble."

He closed his lips on that, and made no answer to Billy Dawson's bubbling apologies for Tony Burns. Tony was drunk—Tony was only joking—Tony would be sorry tomorrow—it was only a matter of two bits, anyhow. They were turning into the parking ground where the freighter kept his wagons before Catherwood broke silence again.

"He always had it in for me—rich, swell-headed pup!" Then an oath or two, and then again his silence to all of Billy Dawson's pleadings.

Catherwood stopped at the hood of his leading wagon and fumbled. The shadows hid what he was doing until he straightened up. Dawson exploded.

"Not that, Cath—not that, for God's sake!" For Catherwood held in his hand a browned, businesslike Colt's .38. He had thrown open the action; the included circles of five cartridges showed above the cylinder. He closed it, shifted it to his coat pocket, and turned away with a slouch and a swagger.

"Come on, Billy. You're my friend. Best friend. See fair play." His voice was thickening.

Billy Dawson, a little, peaceful man confronted with a situation larger than himself, followed on. To stop this murder at any hazard—that was his only thought. Plan after plan ran through his mind, only to be rejected. He might find a town marshal and have Catherwood arrested—but what if Burns and Catherwood met while he was searching? He might appeal to the first saloon crowd he encountered—but the humor of saloon crowds at ten o'clock of a Saturday night is uncertain. Besides, if any one tried to disarm Catherwood he might shoot into the crowd. As they traveled along—Catherwood striding, he trotting—Billy Dawson reached his conclusion. He must stay by Catherwood to the last, must try to get that gun away by tact and diplomacy.

He opened, then, by saying: "You've got nerve, Cath."

"Bet your life," responded Catherwood. "Best ever. Going to show swell-headed Tony Burns if I've got nerve." The rest was oaths.

"I'll stay by you, Cath," pursued Dawson. "But, say, I want you to show me just how brave you are. Some of the boys said you wasn't sand all through."

"What damned fool said that?" roared Catherwood, his Saxon rage rising for the moment above his Indian vindictiveness.

"Never mind, Cath. Tell you some time. I want you to show 'em. You lick Tony Burns man to man. You give me your gun and go against him with your hands. You take his gun away. I'll hold your Colt's on him to see fair play."

Catherwood turned his head for a moment on Dawson. They were at a dark point in their passage, and Billy Dawson could not see that Catherwood was showing his teeth in a crafty smile. Dawson only marveled at the instant success of his ruse.

"All right!" exclaimed Catherwood, "I'll do it!" He laid the Colt's in Billy's hands. "Now, you see fair play!" he added.

They had reached the Montana House. Catherwood pushed open the swinging door. A blaze of light, a blare of sound struck them full face. Faro, roulette, stud poker whirled at a dozen tables, centering groups of gamblers and spectators who craned over shoulders to look at the boards. Catherwood swept his eye about the room, but caught no sight of Tony Burns.

"Need a drink before I do him," he muttered. As the bartender reached for bottles and glasses, a drunken miner slouched up to the bar, plucked Catherwood by the sleeve, and insisted on throwing an arm over his shoulder. The freighter turned; and in that instant, Dawson saw an opportunity. He accosted the other bartender.

"Seen Tony Burns?" he whispered.

"He's in the back room getting ready to sleep it off," grinned the bartender. "He's been going it for two days steady now, and it's close to quitting time for him." Dawson glanced at Catherwood. The freighter still stood absorbed in the antics of the maudlin miner. Dawson hesitated for a second, wondering if the diversion had turned Catherwood from his purpose. But something Indian in his attitude warned the little clerk that the truce was only momentary. With many a backward glance, he hurried to the "wine room" in the rear.

The fire of intoxication had gone from Tony Burns all at once, there remained only



HE SUMMONED ALL HIS NERVE—OPENED THE REVOLVER AND GATHERED THE CARTRIDGES IN HIS HAND.

its stupefaction. He lolled over a table, his head on his arms, sleeping with loud snores. A half-consumed whisky and soda, which bubbled feebly at his elbow, showed how suddenly the impulse to sleep had come over him. In plain view on his hip hung the revolver. Billy Dawson hesitated. It was a desperate thing to attempt—but lives hung on it. He summoned all his nerve, pulled the revolver from the holster, opened it, gathered the cartridges in his hand. Then he slipped it back into the holster, a snake with drawn fangs. Burns stirred once, but he did not wake.

Dawson sighed with deep relief as he turned toward the door of the wine room.

There stood Catherwood, all the Indian up in his face.

"Took a sneak on me, did you?" growled the freighter. "Let's wake him for his medicine." He kicked Burns heavily. The drunkard jerked, babbled, opened his eyes. The sight of Catherwood, and that which was in Catherwood's face, had the effect of a shower bath. He jumped up unsteadily but speedily, and his hand traveled to his hip.

And Dawson, his eyes on Catherwood, saw the freighter reach toward his own hip, saw the light glimmer on a revolver barrel. The rest was reflex action. Dawson had that barrel, was struggling with Catherwood for it. Behind them, as they fought and tugged, he heard click after click—Burns pulling at the trigger of an empty gun. Dawson had both hands gripped on Catherwood's revolver, but it was only a question of time—he knew that with a dreadful certainty—before the

bigger and stronger man would wrench himself away. Somewhere in the back of his head, Dawson's mind put a question and found an answer. Where did Catherwood get that other gun? Ah yes! He had taken it from the freight wagon before he took the Colt's .38—the meek surrender of the Colt's had been only a drunkard's ruse!

Now with a great sweep Catherwood shook off his little opponent and hurled him to the wall against Burns, who stood looking foolishly at the gun that wouldn't go off. And now Catherwood had leveled his revolver—not on Burns, but on Dawson.

"You horse-thief!" he said. "You lying little horse-thief, you was out to do me, too. You stood in with the little swelled-head. He was rich, that was the matter with him. Now you git it—you!"

Billy Dawson, his back to the wall, his hands spread out on the plaster, never thought of the revolver in his own pocket. It would have done no good; that muzzle was trained firmly on his body; and behind it blazed a steady eye. Indeed, there was no conscious thought in Billy Dawson and,

strangely, no fear—only a mild curiosity to know what would happen next and what would come to wake him from this dream. He noted every line of Catherwood's face—saw that his tie was green and frayed a little at the lower edge of the knot, that his watch-chain was twisted, that the revolver was a .32 hammerless, rust-pitted about the barrel. And all that time, Catherwood, with Saxon deliberation, with Indian cruelty, with all enjoyment of prolonging the agony, brought the barrel slowly up, up, from pointing at Dawson's torso to pointing at his chest, his neck, his mouth, his eyes—at the forehead it stopped.

On that pause, fear, conscious fear, entered Billy Dawson for the first time. It came simultaneously with the explosion and the crash which ended all Billy Dawson's thinking and fearing forever.

The stampeded gamblers rushed into the wine room. They found Tony Burns blubbering feebly over the body. Catherwood sat in the corner, his revolver held drooping between his knees and a sober horror growing in his eyes.

TULE SOL

By HARVEY WICKHAM

HE was like the tule grass that grows outside the reclamation districts—strong, but just naturally worthless. And he lived in a little lean-to that was three feet under water about every other March—that is, he did till the something happened that made the difference. I've often see him sittin' on the slope of the big levee, just below where the American River sneaks into the Sacramento, watchin' the folks make nets, and you'd 'a' thought they was a lot of old women quilting, he'd smile so good-humored and 'superior. The fact is, Tule Sol was a born rebel, though instid of throwin' canned dynamite at things he merely unhitched himself from trouble by refusin' to require the necessaries of life. There's no makin' a man work who coops on a mud-bar an' says he's contented.

I used to tell him that a man ought to keep his shoulder to the wheel whether he wanted anything out of the old machine or not, but givin' him advice was always like throwin'

stones into a sink-hole. Sol was what you'd call a character. He never took much from the color of his surroundin's, but would go into either a saloon or a meetin'house with his head thrown back an' the same grin on his face. Unearned rest, though, is like unearned anything else—it rots a fellow's disposition; and Sol got so that if you'd prod him on any of his failin's, he'd pull a bottle out of his pocket, take an awful drink of whisky, and go off gruntin' like a pig that's been kicked out of a comfortable puddle.

You can bet, then, that I was surprised early one mornin' to see him comin' into the store cold sober, with a new pair of overalls, and money jinglin' in his pocket. Slinky Johnson noticed it, too, for he slouches over to my side of the counter, opens his mouth as if he was goin' to say somethin', and then slides out with never a word. I knew that Slinky would find out whatever had happened. That was his way.

But it was weeks before he had a chance to

do much snoopin'. News came that the basin where the railroad takes care of 'ordinary freshets was runnin' over, and that the seepage had worn tunnels everywhere. It rained about an inch a day, too, and there wasn't a family in Broderick that wasn't comin' to the grocery in boats, or else over the planks that had been nailed on top of the fences. It was as much as our lives was worth to let either river get any more the best of us, so it wasn't 'specially remarkable that Sol should jump in the first mendin' party, and work like a beaver all durin' the scare.

But when the worst was over, and folks was beginnin' to bring their chickens down from the roofs, and what cows they had left off the islands, he ought just naturally have gone back to the bad. But no, sir, he kept right on bein' a decent citizen, and I begun to suspect that we'd marked him down, maybe, without knowing everything that was to be knowned.

He'd moved clean out of Broderick to somewheres the other side of the railroad, and I didn't often see him. But whenever I did I'd notice the reform sign still flyin'. One day Slinky Johnson comes in the store with a nasty smile hidin' behind his mustache, and I knew that he'd found out.

"It's a woman!" he laughed.

"What woman?" asked Nathan Pike, who was the only other one in the place.

"Don't know yet," said Slinky, with a tone that showed he wanted to be understood as havin' a guess or two. "Tule's like a clam. But she must be a wonder to take to him."

"'Tain't nothin' so wonderful," said Pike, when Slinky had gone. "He's goin' teh have money, yeh know."

So he was. I remembered—somehow with a creepy feelin'—that once, bein' very slush, he'd dropped hints of a pile that was comin' his way as soon as a few more of his folks died. Maybe it was waitin' fer that money that give him his first twist wrong. Anyway, it was the money clinched Slinky's arguments when, after he'd found out everything, he was coaxin' us to go along.

"It's the same woman that done up O'Farrell over at Chico," Slinky declared. "Don't you remember?"

"How do you know it's the same?" I asked, pretendin' to be wise, though I'd never heard of O'Farrell in my life.

"Huh! All I needed was a glimpse." And he went on to indicate that, though this particular glimpse was from behind an alder

bush, it wasn't the first one he'd had by a great deal. Then he reeled off the particulars of a mighty bad story, with an escaped-convict lover at one end of it, and an old man swindled out of five thousand dollars at the other. There was also digressions involvin' a session in a county jail on her own hook, and a trip or two down the music-hall line. That chapter seemed closed now, but we laughed when somebody—I can't think who it was—suggested that the next chapter might be different. We wasn't bad-hearted, we was just blinded with the old hellish doctrine that a woman can't turn over a new leaf. And it did look mighty likely that she was only layin' for that money Sol was to have when his relations run out.

"We've got to tell him, if we're really friends of his'n," said Slinky.

"I hate to mix in," blustered Pike, already pickin' up his hat, "for they do say he's doin' well, tryin' to make a man of himself, and workin' like an ox to drain that little piece of willow land he's settled on. It seems like takin' his prop from under him."

But since the prop was rotten, what else was there to do? I tell you, the devil is always on hand to make reasonin' like that sound plausible. And one of his chosen is sure to be on hand to help along enterprises like the kind we was engaged in when we set out for Sol's little place.

It was late in the afternoon, and we found him busy, carryin' jute bags of sand to stop a break that the high water had made in one of his levees. He and the woman had been livin' in the hayloft, for that happened to be higher than their garret, goin' back and forth in a raft while the flood was on. Nobody'd heard a whimper from either, but all the same they was preparin' against a second experience of the kind. Not that there was much danger of another freshet, but because foresight was one of Sol's new hobbies.

And she was helpin' him carry out his scheme, you bet. I don't mean that she was exercisin' any particular muscle—he had enough for both, the Lord knows!—but she stood on the edge of the bank, in a white wash dress, with a blue ribbon flutterin' at her throat, makin' things pleasant for 'm—partly by pointin' with them pretty little hands of hers where she thought the next bag ought to go, and partly by singin' a cheerful bit of a tune, like the kind you hear in a Sunday-school when there's a revival on. I knew that she'd never learned no such songs in a dance hall,

and it struck me that she must have had another past over and above the one that Slinky had dug up—a past that went away back to a father and mother and a farmhouse somewheres, like as not, with brothers and sisters, and decent young fellows elbowing each other for the sake of takin' her home from picnics and other innocent doin's. Maybe, thinks I, as shaky as jelly inside, maybe she's gone back to that, the Sunday-school and picnic time, and kind o' forgotten the rest!

But when she looked up and saw Slinky, she showed what she remembered fast enough. The Sunday-school look went out of her eyes as if it had been a candle and he'd blown on it. And a look of another kind—that I can't describe, and wouldn't if I could—came to take its place. You'd hardly've believed it was the same woman, nor that she'd ever looked like anything but—but what she was.

We started to help Sol fill in the break, just as if that was what we'd come for, nobody, not even Slinky, wantin' to talk with that scared-faced woman lookin' on. But she slipped away toward the house as soon as our backs was turned, and I wouldn't been surprised if I'd never seen nor heard of her again.

When we was just men alone, Slinky asked Sol why he'd got so much sand together only to fill a little washout. This was to get a start so he could lead the conversation gradually up to the point. Sol was mighty communicative, for him. He said that he wasn't only goin' to fill the break, but expected to build a mound of refuge big enough to stick a shanty on, so that when the next high water came, he and his family—that's the exact word he used in speakin' of that woman, every time—wouldn't have to take to the hayloft. Slinky saw his openin', and cut in.

It took just about three words to put Sol on to what we'd come for, and he was so quiet for a minute that I didn't know anything was goin' to happen. He must have understood everything right away—even to what Slinky was after, which was more than I did. But he didn't stir till Slinky, who was standin' at the far end of the levee, where the woman'd been, laid his hand on Sol's shoulder, neighborly like, and allowed that he was mighty sorry that it all had happened. Then Sol jumped like a bulldog makin' for the end of its chain—and the chain broke.

I never saw such a fight, for Slinky was over six foot, and powerful, and Sol, though

smaller, was more like a devil than a man. It was no Queensberry affair. Both men wanted to kill. The minute I saw that, I began to understand. Slinky had knowed the woman before she'd climbed away from his level, and—he wanted her back again!

Sol caught his man by the throat, and his finger nails left bloody marks as they went through the flesh. But he had to let go. Though Slinky hadn't been expectin' trouble, he was just the kind that always carries a stinger to keep their ugliness company, and there he stood, flourishin' a knife.

After one surprised gasp, Sol rushed forward again. It looked like courtin' death, but sometimes trustin' to his rage is the safest thing a man can do. I don't know what Slinky saw in Sol's eyes. Maybe it was himself, for it seemed to knock the life out of him. He dropped his knife like a baby, and would have backed away past us if Sol had let him. But Sol didn't. He quietly smashed him between the eyes, like you'd hit a steer with the back of an axe.

Over Slinky went into the water—which was still deep in them low pits along the railroad; but a scared man is as quick and dangerous as a rattlesnake, and he took Sol with him.

I thought that neither of 'em was ever comin' up alive. But by and by Sol scrambled out. Slinky got air, too, but he didn't make for the bank. He swam out to where the spur track runs down into the fill, where the new yard has since been built, crawled out on the sand, and disappeared toward Broderick. I knew then that he was just a broken-down man, only fit to wear petticoats.

Sol saw it, too, for the murder went out of his eyes, and without payin' any attention to us, he calls to the girl:

"Come here, Nell! I guess I've answered *his* questions."

We turned around, and there she'd been watchin' and listenin' all the time from behind a pile of driftwood. She looked 'most like a ghost as she went toward him, and she kept sayin': "What do you want me for, Sol? What do you want?" And finally she drops down on her knees, and blurts out: "Don't kill me—don't! You'll be sorry afterward. And don't let him get me—for God's sake, don't! Let me go away."

That made me look out for somethin' comin' when I'd been thinkin' it was all over. There she was, the woman who'd been singin'

that pretty tune, not ten min'utes before, beggin' for the privilege of goin' away and hidin' herself. It made me thank God Almighty that I wasn't a woman. But what do you think Tule Sol did? He laughed—actually laughed. It didn't sound like no villain's laugh, such as you hear in the theatre, either, but light-hearted, as if things had struck him all at once as funny. You see, he was thinkin' about Slinky.

"You needn't be afraid of *him*—he'll never come back," he said.

"But what do you want with me?" she asked again.

"With you?" He stood and looked at her, puzzled, as if he was tryin' to get some queer idea through his head. But he give it up, and observes, "Why, it's time to go in and git dinner, ain't it?"

"But it's true—all that he's been telling you," she says, shyin' off as he reached down for her. "I was—just that!"

"Yes, I suppose it's true—a part of it. I've always knowed it was. But I guess, judgin'

by the looks of things, that I've pretty near got you reestablished, as you might say. If there's anybody thinks I haven't——!"

He swung around, and took us in as if he was seein' us for the first time. We didn't say anything, and the woman got up off her knees and took a step away. I never seen such a scared look as came into his face. He was down on *his* knees now, blubberin' like a kid.

"Nell, they haven't shamed you, have they? Good God! You ain't goin' to give up and leave me?"

I wish you could have seen her face as she let herself tumble over into his arms. It was lit up the way yours might be if you thought you were goin' to be locked in hell, and Saint Peter, or whoever it is, should suddenly sing out, "Not that way! Come over here!"

The woman was a broken reed, all right, but she saw that he needed her. That's enough to make any woman brace up, ain't it?

A LOST OASIS

By HELEN COALE CREW

MARGARET PANNER climbed to her third-story room wearily, and threw herself down into a chair, too tired to take off her hat or draw the shabby cotton gloves from her hands. She had only moved in yesterday, for a recent three weeks' illness, with its accompanying doctor's bills and the necessity of paying a substitute to hold her place at the store, had compelled a change. And only the day before she had given up her pleasant room on Grant Avenue and had taken this smaller, shabbier one on Lyons Street, farther away from her work by five long blocks, and higher up by a flight of stairs. She looked about her, with a dull resentment, at the meager bed, the bureau with the clouded glass and sagging pincushion, the washstand hung with unwholesome gray towels, the painted floor with its two small squares of faded carpet. Two dreary pictures hung unevenly upon the walls. At the foot of the bed stood her trunk. The hot August breeze puffed through the cheap lace curtains at the win-

dow, and the green blind flapped noisily at the upper pane.

Presently she rose, laid aside her hat and gloves, and stood for a moment before the mirror, smoothing down the dark hair, threaded with gray, that hung about her moist, hot face. The eyes that looked back at her were misty with tears and the lips trembled. If there were but one single little thing in her life that was interesting, she thought, nothing else would matter, for she was used to living alone. But everything was so hopelessly dull. The mist in her eyes condensed into tears, but she brushed them resolutely away and turned to the window.

Below her ran a wide alley, directly across which stood a livery stable; to the right of the stable a garage, to the left a dreary tenement. In desperation she raised her eyes—roofs everywhere, a veritable desert of roofs. But oh, what is that? Lifted above the tenement roof, high, cool, green, rose the top of a great tree. It held her fascinated gaze. The branches spread fanlike

above the gray roofs. She could not tell whether the tree was just in the next street or several streets beyond. She drew her chair to the window and looked long at the grateful green.

When the dinner-bell rang, she went slowly down, and endured as well as she could the ordeal of the first dinner at a strange boarding house. No one spoke to her, however, beyond a few perfunctory remarks, and she withdrew into her shy inner self. When she pushed back her chair, kindly Mrs. Boehm spoke to her:

"Do sit in the parlor a bit, Miss Panner. I am afraid your room is hot, up there under the roof."

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Thank you, but I'll go right up." Then, after a pause: "There's a tree over beyond the roofs to the east; the only tree in sight. Do you know what kind of a tree it is?"

"Bless you," said Mrs. Boehm, "I never noticed any tree. I s'pose, though, it's an elm. They're all elms in this neighborhood."

Margaret climbed up the two flights of stairs, trying to recall some once familiar lines about elms. Presently they came to her mind:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Perhaps her elm—already she claimed it for her own—had once harbored doves. Perhaps even now it held birds' nests within its leafy bosom.

She sat at her window and watched the daylight fade and the stars blossom. And when at last the noisy garage became quiet,



"BLESS YOU," SAID MRS. BOEHM, "I NEVER NOTICED ANY TREE."

and the horses in the stable ceased their restless stamping, and the tenement-house voices were silent, she still sat there, and watched the tree as it faded into the darkness, and darkened again upon the faint glow of the dawn. And she was rested.

All the next day, as she stood behind the ribbon-counter in the big store, doing her work quietly and deftly, she had the feeling that now there was something for her to go home to. Home! How long the word had been an empty one for her. Twenty years ago she had stood, a girl of fifteen, beside her parents'

graves for the last time before leaving the quiet country village for the unknown terrors of a great city. Now, as she remembered those graves, she was glad to recall that a tree had spread its branches above them.

When she reached her room that night, she went at once to the window. The splendid tree stood there, remote, serene, and so lifted above the heat and squalor of the streets that she could not believe that it was rooted in common earth. After dinner she made the discovery that when she lay down upon the bed and turned her face to the window, the buildings across the way sank out of sight. Only the ridge of the tenement roof and one red chimney were visible, so that her window became a square of heaven's own blue, with the tree, a thing ethereal, green upon it. Always after this she was the first to leave the dinner-table, and, once in her room, she undressed and lay down upon the narrow bed, and raised her eyes—yes, and her soul—to the one gracious and beautiful thing that she knew. And while her body lay still and rested, her spirit grew.

August passed and September came, and the green foliage of the tree grew yellow and brown. She knew that the leaves must fall, and it hurt her cruelly, as though a friend's death were near at hand.

But one evening as she lay on her bed watching, a miracle took place, so exquisite that her heart beat and her breath came quickly, so quiet that the stillness of it blotted out for her all the discordant sounds below. Up from behind the ridge of the tenement roof, up through the branches of the tree, golden, majestic, rose the great harvest moon. Breathless she watched the noiseless uprising; and in her heart she knew that never before had the moon risen. So perfect a thing could not happen twice.

It was on the following morning that Mrs. Boehm said: "Why, Miss Panner, you look bloomin' to-day. I declare, you've been getting younger ever since you've been here."

But Margaret only smiled, and asked: "Mrs. Boehm, shall you mind if I take down the lace curtains from my window? It will give me more air and—*and view.*"

Several times she planned to walk about the block and find where the tree grew, but something always held her back. Could she bear to see it growing out of sordid surroundings? No; she would rather imagine it in a garden such as was befitting, a quiet, secluded garden where all sweet-smelling flowers grew, and where there might indeed be "moan of

doves" and "murmuring of innumerable bees." And beyond the tree there should be a house, warm and red, with tall white pillars before the open door, and within—ah, within there should be life and love and laughter, things she had never known!

Early in November the tree was bare. Not a leaf of all the whispering myriad was left. There had been storms, before which the tree had bowed and bent, its stark branches straining and fretting; but always it had reared its head again when the storm was spent. In December came a succession of splendid crimson sunrises, and over the royal glow—a delicate tracery, strong yet fine—spread the bare black branches of the tree. At sunset the clouds behind the branches were rose-tinted; at night, moon-silvered. At night, too, the web was filled with

stars, like goldfish caught in a net. No matter how hard the day had been for Margaret, how wearisome the endless measuring of endless yards of ribbon, she had her quiet hour at the window, from which she turned away rested beyond measure. When it snowed, she leaned out to feel the soft, cool touch upon her cheek, and wondered what message these silent flakes, so many winged Mercurys, brought to the tree—assilent as themselves now, without its green tongues.

And how she changed! The thin cheeks rounded and took on a faint tinge of pink, the tired eyes brightened with an inner flame. She smoothed her hair with defter fingers and donned her



THE SKY WAS EMPTY. NO, LIFE WAS EMPTY. WHY, THEN, SHOULD SHE GO ON LIVING? THE NOISES OF THE ALLEY BELOW AROSE INSISTENTLY.

simple garments with a daintier touch. Good Mrs. Boehm attributed the change to her own cooking, and the girls at the store winked knowingly and hinted at a "beau." Of their hints she knew nothing, for as spring approached she was absorbed in the one desire to see the putting forth of tender green upon her tree.

But this came late. April came and went and the tree showed no sign. Margaret grew anxious. She walked out of her way in search of other trees to see whether any had budded. To her distress she found many quite full-leaved. Should she find where her tree grew and see if aught was amiss at the root? This she could not bring herself to do. Could she desecrate her picture of the happy garden where the bees hummed and fragrance arose like incense from an altar? No, it had become too real. She drew back from a possible shock at the discovery of the actual setting.

By the end of the first week in May, however, she observed that the sky about the tree appeared blurred. The branches and twigs were no longer sharply defined. It was life! Life uprising through the stark branches and spilling over into bursting buds!

That day the floorwalker sharply reprimanded her for her absentmindedness and inattention to duty. When she turned upon him her vague, sweet smile, he wondered at the look in her eyes.

Four days later she knelt at her window, her whole soul in her eyes. The sun was setting in such splendor that the eastern sky, a tender blue, was filled with soft pink ravelings of the glory. Ah, but the tree! You should have seen the tree! Blushing, brilliant, splendid with spring, it had clothed itself with rosy life to the end of every tiniest twig. The tree glowed within its soft veil like a bride; it stood silent, regal, like a queen crowned.

Margaret laid her two hands together upon her bosom.

"O God," she said, simply, softly, "I thank you!"

Next day at the store she "took stock," a long and wearisome business, wherein her patience was strained almost to the breaking point. As she turned home, after six o'clock, she wondered what new beauty would clothe the tree to-night. The western sky was yellow, but she would not look eastward yet. "And oh," she thought, "how lovely the garden must look, with new

flowers blooming." Then she laughed, half wistfully, at her own imaginings.

In her room she took off her outdoor wraps with trembling fingers, then knelt at the window with closed eyes. She would pray first. Then, like any pagan, "O tree, I worship your beautifulness, and I love you!"

When she looked, only the soft saffron clouds upon the blue met her eyes, and it was some time before the truth reached her consciousness. The tree was gone. Do you understand? *It was gone!* There was no tree there. Not anywhere. The sky was empty. The sky? No, life was empty. Why, then, should she go on living? The noises of the alley below arose insistently. There was nothing now to keep them down. But oh, it couldn't be! She would seek the garden. But wait! If there was no tree, there was no garden. What *was* there left, anyway?

She rose dazedly from her knees and slipped downstairs. Dinner was in progress. She could hear the hum of voices and the clatter of dishes. She turned to the front door. Mrs. Boehm, catching sight of her, went out into the hall with a dish of smoking potatoes in her hand.

"Why, Miss Panner, you ain't going out again without any dinner, be you?" she called.

Margaret turned a white face. "The tree is gone. I must find it," she said dully, and went out, closing the front door softly.

Reaching the street, she ran swiftly. She must hurry. Maybe they were still cutting the tree down. If she hurried she might save it. She *must* save it. Else why go on living? At the corner she crossed diagonally to save time. But she did not see the heavy motor-car turning sharply into the alley toward the garage.

A shout of warning, a rush, a roar, earth slipping away, away—then darkness.

Two days later Mrs. Boehm stood at the foot of a white hospital bed.

"Poor lamb," she said, wiping away her tears, "so quiet and sweet-spoken; and for all she never had any friends a-visitin', she seemed so happy-like."

"Yes," said the nurse, "she has been happy, evidently. She talked of doves and bees and trees in a garden, as though she loved and enjoyed them all."

"And all alone in the world, poor child," sighed Mrs. Boehm.

"No, not now," said the nurse softly.

For the slender form upon the little white bed was still.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE rumbling and groaning train had been toiling along from Memphis, Tennessee, toward Bald Knob, Arkansas, all through a hot afternoon. The stops had been frequent, but at last came one of unusual duration. After a tiresome interval, the conductor walked back through the mosquito-punctuated aisles until his glance met a sympathetic face. He bent over the kindly-looking passenger, and whispered:

"Stranger, have you a bit of string about you? The engine's broke."

A distinguished society leader of New York, lately returned from a motor trip through France, said that her most delightful experience was hearing the French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.

It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign—"BANKRUPT SALE," and to the left—"CLOSING OUT AT COST." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door, in larger letters—"MAIN ENTRANCE."

A fond mamma had found occasion during the morning to reprimand her small daughter with more than usual severity. It seemed to hurt the child's feelings considerably. In the afternoon the little girl sat on the sofa staring vacantly out of the window, apparently wrapped in meditation. The mother relented

and, coming over to the side of the little girl, placed her hand on the child's shoulder and asked: "What are you thinking about, dear?"

"I 'uz jus' finkin'," said the little girl, "if I want six or eight bridesmaids."

A man went into a store to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words "*Tempus Fugit*."

The obliging *vendeuse* offered him another pen. "Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these stubs better, Mr. Fugit."

"I think you said, 'Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the West?'"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; kalsomining."

An old Greenock salt applied for employment aboard a vessel, but, having no discharge papers, he was rejected in favor of a younger man whose written credentials proved satisfactory to the captain. Subsequently, however, the captain was unable to obtain a crew of fully qualified seamen, and at the last moment he signed on the Greenock man for a transatlantic voyage.

The first day out, he was put to work washing down the deck, while his rival with the discharge papers was perched aloft with a bucket, adding a coat of tar to the rigging. Even as the old salt was casting sad glances at his qualified

shipmate, the vessel gave a lurch and the unfortunate seaman dropped over the side, bucket and all.

The old salt made his way leisurely toward the bridge.

"Now, Cap'n," he said, "you know that mon yer signed on wi' the papers?"

"Well, what of it, my man?" the captain rejoined.

"He's just gone off wi' your bucket."



"This necklace, madam," said the salesman newly promoted to the curio department, "was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them."



In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of the parties to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know this auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?" he continued.

"I have known that auger," said the witness, impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."



"Pa, what is an equinox?"

"Why, it's—it's— Don't they teach you anything at school? I thought you studied mythology. An equinox, my son, is a fabled animal, half-horse, half-ox. Its name is derived from 'equine,' meaning horse, and 'ox.' Schools are different now from what they were when I was a boy."



"Children," said the minister, addressing the Sunday-school, "I want to talk to you a few moments about one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night and day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any

volition on your part, hidden away, as it were, in the depths, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

And during the pause of oratorical effect came a small voice: "The gas meter."



When the "Three Twins" was playing at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, two years ago, there was a fire one night. About midnight the story came into a Philadelphia newspaper office. The dispatch said "Three Twins" had been burned out during the evening performance. A copyreader wrote the headline:

"THREE TWINS BURNED OUT AT HERALD SQUARE THEATRE"

The managing editor, five minutes later, got the proof. It puzzled him, but only momentarily, for he "corrected" it to read:

"TWO TWINS BURNED OUT AT HERALD SQUARE THEATRE"

—which is how it was printed.



One day a farmer drove into town with a load of produce and spent the rest of the day and part of the night with convivial companions. On his way home he fell asleep, and his wagon came in contact with a tree by the roadside, startling the horses into a burst of speed. They broke away and went clattering down the road. The farmer slept on. He was thus found next morning at daylight by a stranger on horseback.

"Hello!" called out the horseman. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

The farmer peered up and down the road in a dazed way. "Well," he said, "my name is Rogers and I've lost a blamed fine span of horses."

Then he got down from his seat and inspected the vehicle. "And if I ain't Rogers," he added, "I've found a blamed fine wagon."



HE had worked hard to bring in his favorite story. At last in desperation he stamped his foot and shouted: "Hark, children! What was that? Was that a gun? Now, speaking of guns, that reminds me—"





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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

MR. WILDER'S letter in the September "Publisher's" in which he argued for "delegated" as against "popular" government awoke a young cyclone of criticism. Every serious-minded citizen is concerned to know all the arguments on a question so big with promise or menace. We give you here some of the criticisms of Mr. Wilder's position, and his answer. The writer believes that any plan is worth an experiment, which has for its object the closer interest of all the people in their government and a greater sense of personal responsibility. They will make mistakes—grievous ones, expensive ones, doubtless. But the game is worth the candle. We grow men not by placing safeguards about them but by making them strong within to resist evil and do good. Why not likewise a nation?

POPULAR GOVERNMENT VS. DELEGATED GOVERNMENT

By ROBERT L. OWEN

United States Senator from Oklahoma

In Mr. Wilder's letter of July 19, 1910, published in EVERYBODY'S September issue (p. 431), he affirms: "We are departing from the idea of delegated government and drifting to the idea of popular government," and defends the one against the other, questioning the wisdom of "popular government" but endorsing "delegated government." He says: "The present drift is all toward a complete upset of our theory of government. The theory has not been wrong." . . . "It seems a pity to depart from a theory just at the time when it gives promise of successful operation," and he points to Roosevelt, Hughes, Folk, and to Denver's purification, and to the retirement of

Cannon, Aldrich, and Hale as evidence of the success of "delegated government and the needlessness of its overthrow by popular government"—which "means to my mind," says Mr. Wilder, "*only the domination of the ignorant mass, its defeat by cunning intelligence, and the ultimate adjustment of affairs after socialism by a beneficent despot.*"

Mr. Wilder's ideas are somewhat confused: Popular government and delegated government are not antitheses. *Popular government means the perfecting of delegated government*, which in recent years has been debased by Machine Rule and by notorious corruption. No domination by the ignorant mass need be feared under popular government, which will raise the intelligence qualification of the suffrage and establish the domination of the intelligent and honest mass of sensible, patriotic men who compose the Republic.

The weakness of delegated government as now conducted is this: that under Machine Rule *the delegated representative in legislative, executive, and judicial office is not selected by those who delegate the power*—the people; he is merely *elected* by the people after being selected by the Machine; he is not, therefore, directly responsible to those who delegate the power—the people—but naturally looks to the Machine, the source of his position and power and continuance in office, and gives his loyalty to the Machine as a matter of course; he can do things and refuse to do things which those who delegate the power, who pay the bills, and suffer all the consequences—the people—do not want in the first place or do want in the second place.

Popular government means the perfecting of delegated government in these weak places. The Direct Primary (popular government) enables the people to *select* as well as *elect* their public servants, and for this Mr. Wilder's model statesmen stand—to wit, Roosevelt, Hughes, Folk, and those who "purified" Denver and put this system in effect in that city.

And against this method stand Cannon, Aldrich, and Hale (Mr. Wilder's bad examples), who insist on uncontrolled delegated government.

Delegated or representative government must always remain, and no "upset" of this theory is possible, for the common-sense reason (among others) that all the people cannot conveniently or economically exercise the full legislative, executive, or judicial function. Delegated or representative government is convenient, economical, and sensible.

THE PEOPLE'S SERVANT

But when the delegates are not chosen by those who delegate the power and pay all the bills, when the representative does not properly represent those whom he claims to represent, whose votes elected him, whose paid servant he is, who invest him with official dignity and power; when he actually misrepresents them by passing laws they don't want and refusing to pass laws they do want—especially those needed for honest government; when he enters into an alliance offensive and defensive with corrupt commercial interests; when he and his allies are openly detected and convicted of false registration of dead men and fictitious persons, stuffing the ballot box by the votes of repeaters, using the names of those falsely registered; when he is detected writing laws to shelter monopolies and failing to pass or execute the laws necessary to protect those whose *delegated representative* he claims to be—then shall the people whose public servant he is be denied the right to perfect "the theory of delegated power" so that *those who delegate* can directly recall him or select by the *Direct Primary* a proposed *delegated representative* to succeed him?

Shall not those who are represented have the *Right of Recall* if the delegated representative prove to be a thief or a crook or grossly incompetent? If not, why not? The Right of Recall is a popular government amendment of the delegated government system.

Shall not those who are represented have a right to veto a grant by their delegated representative in the City Council, or in the State Legislature, of a public franchise of enormous value without adequate public compensation and for private profit? If not, why not?

This is the power of the *Referendum*, by which five per cent. of the voters interested may by petition refer the act opposed to the next regular election for a vote of the whole people, who may approve or reject the act as they think proper. This is a popular government improvement on the delegated government system.

Shall not those *who are represented* (the people) have a right to pass a thoroughgoing "Corrupt

Practices Act," like the Huntly act in Oregon (See Sen. Doc. 603, 61 Cong. 2 Sess.) by which the corrupt use of money in buying votes and influence, by which intimidation, coercion, and bribery, and widespread dissemination of campaign lies are abated—if they have waited in vain for forty years for their *delegated representatives* to pass such an act? If not, why not?

This is the power of the *Initiative*, an important improvement of popular government on delegated government by which eight per cent. of the voters may petition for a thoroughgoing "Corrupt Practices Act," for example, and have the act voted on by the whole people at the next regular election.

It works to perfection in Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Oregon, Oklahoma, etc., and in many cities of the United States, witness Des Moines, Galveston, Los Angeles, Buffalo, etc.

Mr. Wilder perhaps has not observed that sixty-two cities of the United States, from Buffalo to Los Angeles and Tacoma have during the last two years adopted the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall as popular government improvements of the delegated government plan. He does not, perhaps, know that this plan is the basis of the future purification of Denver (*his model*) and that Ben Lindsey with this "Big Stick" of the "People's Rule" recently broke the back of two Machine Rule cliques in Denver, commonly known as the Republican Machine and the Democratic Machine.

Senator Jonathan Bourne's great speech of May 5, 1910, on the Oregon system, explaining the improvements of the delegated system by the amendments of the popular system of government has reached an issue of 1,700,000 copies and is the completest answer to Mr. Wilder's timid anticipations. If Mr. Wilder will kindly study Senator Bourne's speech and "The Code of the People's Rule" (Senate Document 603, 61st Cong. 2nd Sess.), all his fear for the upset of delegated government by popular government will be ended, and he will discover that *popular government*, or "the people's rule," really means the *perfection of delegated government* and the complete attainment and consummation of a truly representative government.

"IGNORANT MASSES" SHOULD NOT EXIST

Since you have passed Mr. Wilder's letter on to the public, I am strongly tempted to make a few comments on its contents.

An ordinarily intelligent man calls in expert guidance for his important concerns—doctors, lawyers, architects, and other specialists—but if he doesn't like the proposals of the experts he employs, he feels free to dismiss them and secure

Continued on Page 71 of the Advertising Section.